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in

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11**

YOUNG ALLIES

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MAR.**

COMICS





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The YOUNG ALLIES

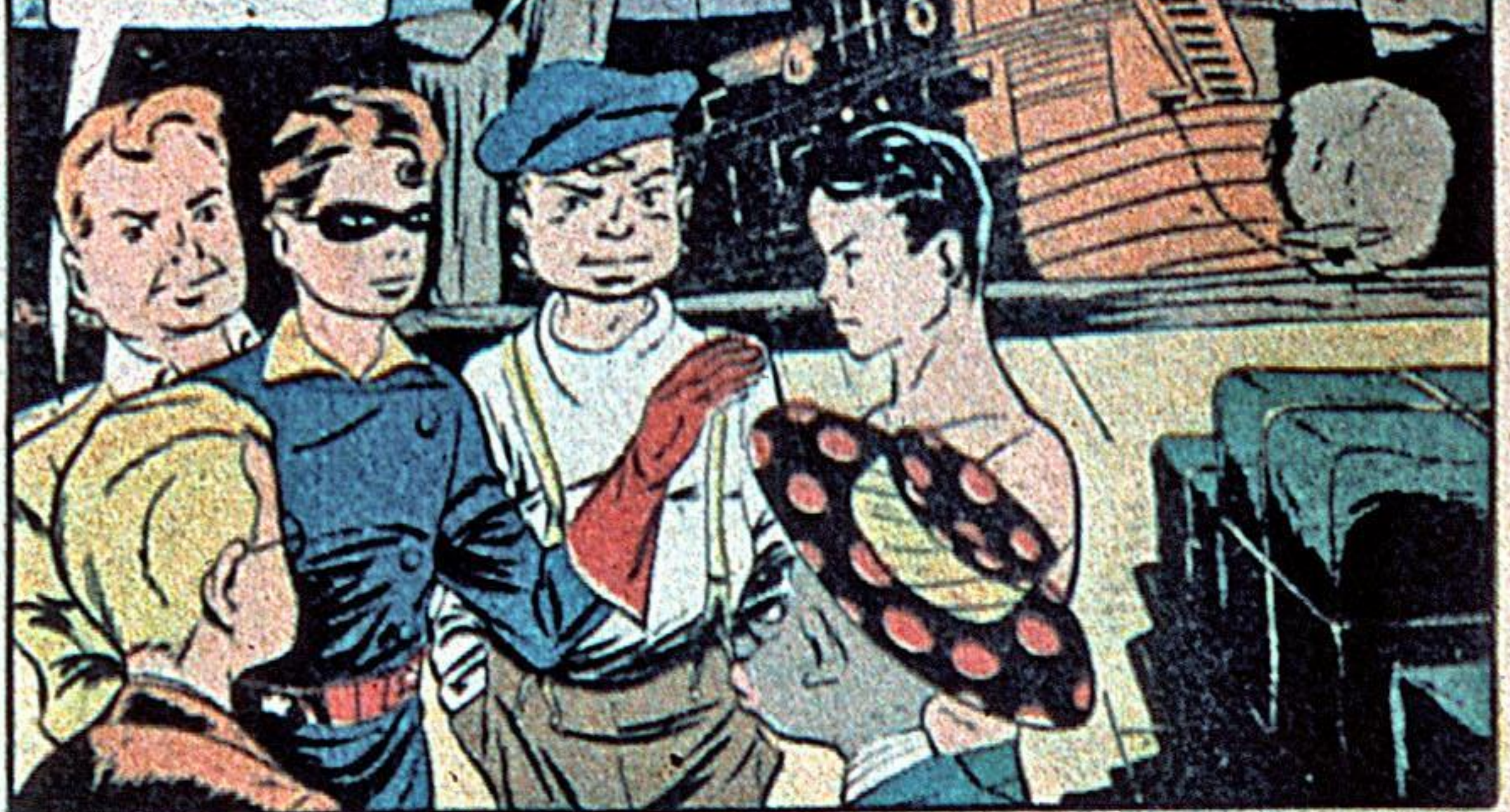


WITH THE SHADOW OF A HORRIBLE FATE CONSTANTLY DODGING THEIR EVERY EFFORTS, THE SIX COURAGEOUS YOUNG ALLIES PIT THEIR COURAGE AND RESOURCEFULNESS AGAINST THE WHOLE MIGHT OF ALL NAZI EUROPE IN A SERIES OF HECTIC ADVENTURES! --- THE LONE SIX AGAINST THE NAZI MILLIONS!!

OUR STORY OPENS WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES CONCERNED ABOUT THE ALL OUT SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN AND THE RESULTANT LOSS OF LIFE AND SHIPS.... THEY ARE DETERMINED TO DO THEIR SHARE IN TRYING TO STOP THIS GRAVE MENACE TO THE ALLIED CAUSE....

NOW SCATTER IN PAIRS-- AND REMEMBER, EVERY TIME WE STOP A WAGGIN TONGUE-- IT MAY MEAN WE STOP A SHIP!

YES! AND KEEP WATCH FOR MEN TRYING TO ENGAGE SAILORS IN CONVERSATION!



ONLY MOMENTS LATER.... BUCKY AND JEFF COME UPON TROUBLE!

BUCKY, LOOK, A FIGHT!

FISHING TACKLE

LOOKS LIKE SOME GUY'S BEATING UP A MERCHANT MARINE OFFICER!



QUICKLY THE TWO YOUNG ALLIES LEAP TO HELP THE SAILOR!

C'MON, JEFF! LET'S HELP HIM!

I'LL WHISTLE FOR THE OTHERS!

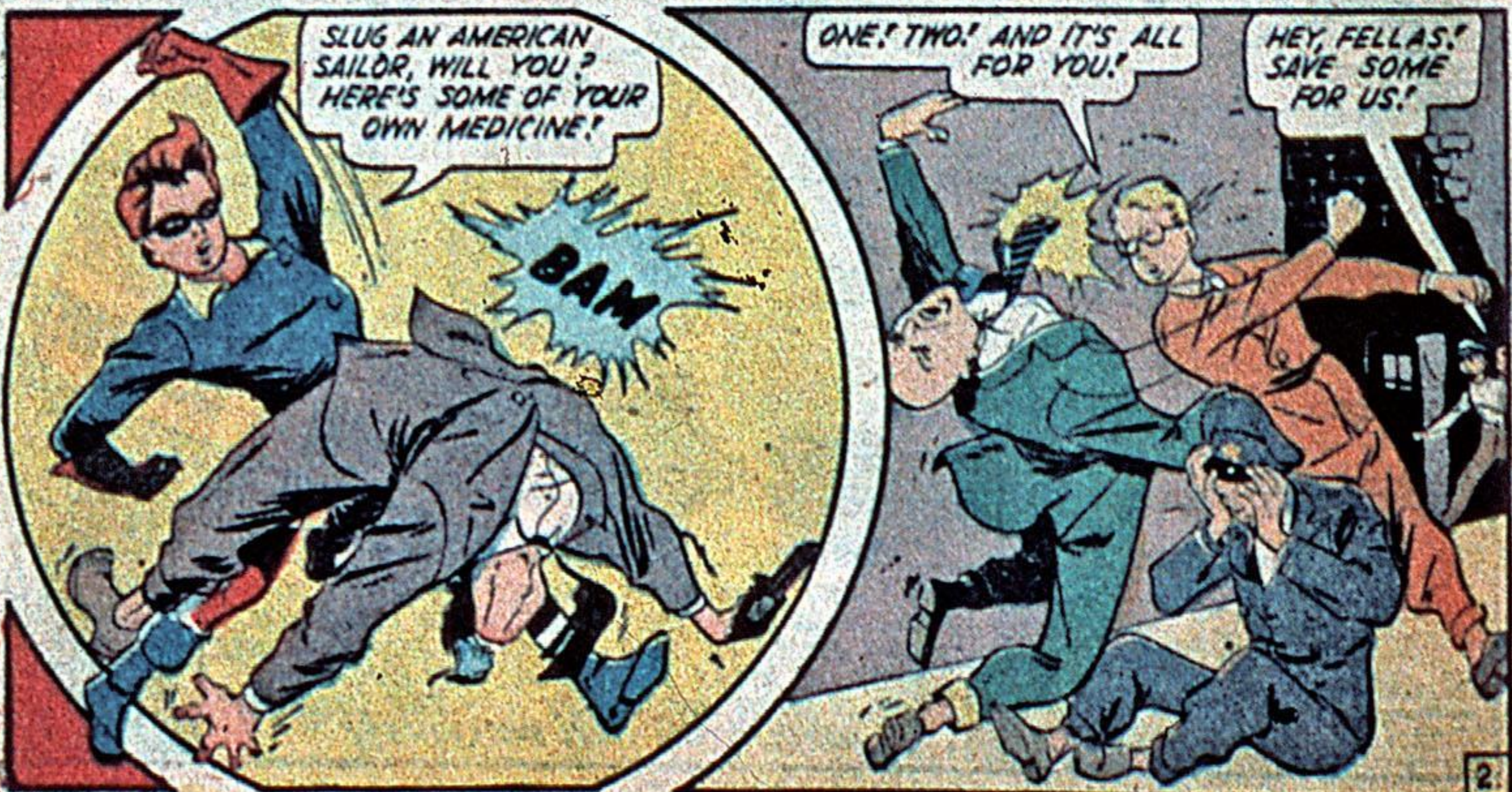


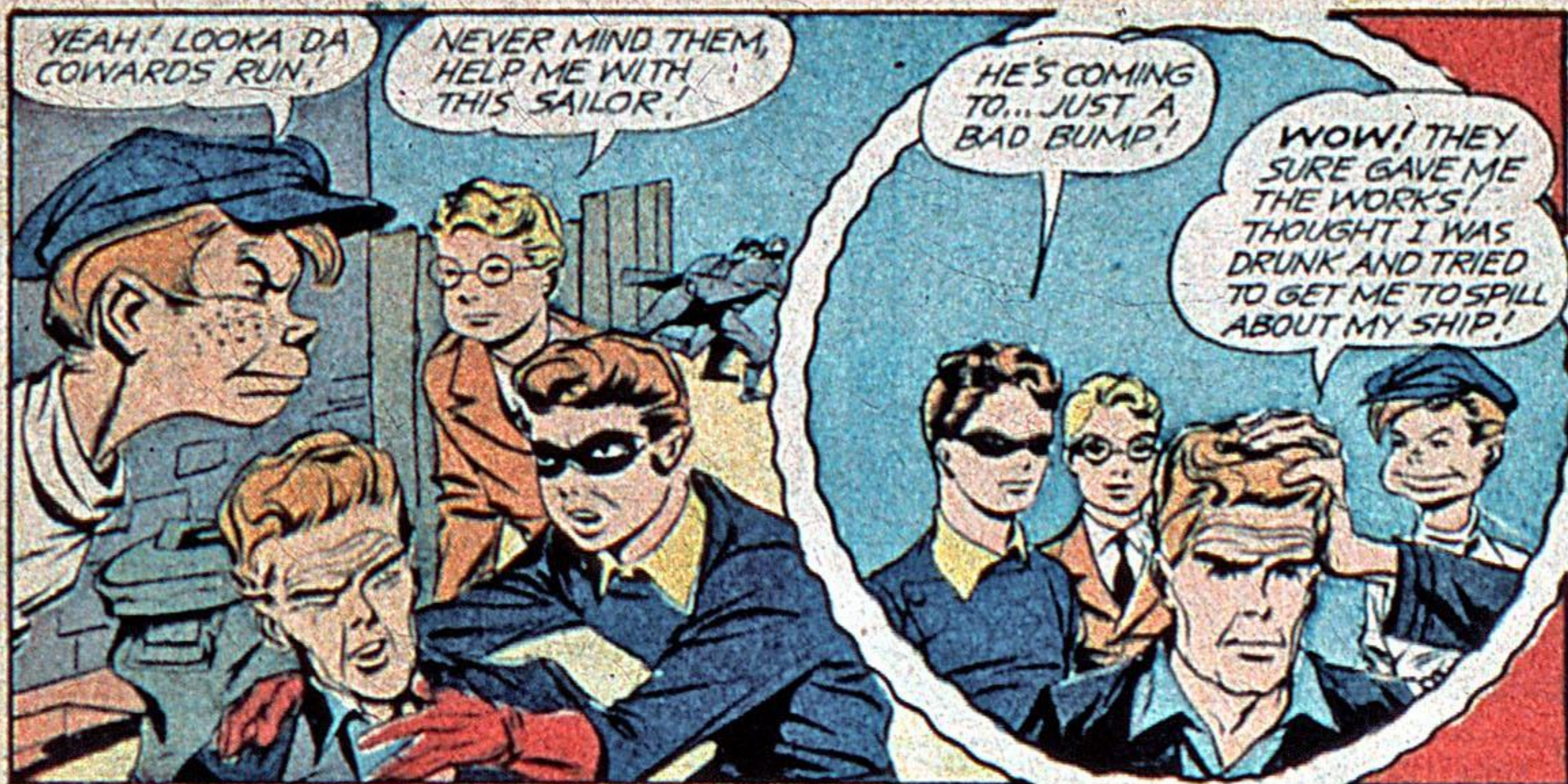
SLUG AN AMERICAN SAILOR, WILL YOU? HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

BAM

ONE! TWO! AND IT'S ALL FOR YOU!

HEY, FELLAS! SAVE SOME FOR US!





YEAH! LOOKA DA
COWARDS RUN!

NEVER MIND THEM,
HELP ME WITH
THIS SAILOR!

HE'S COMING
TO... JUST A
BAD BUMP!

WOW! THEY
SURE GAVE ME
THE WORKS!
THOUGHT I WAS
DRUNK AND TRIED
TO GET ME TO SPILL
ABOUT MY SHIP!



C'MON, SAILOR,
WE'LL HELP YOU
TO YOUR SHIP!

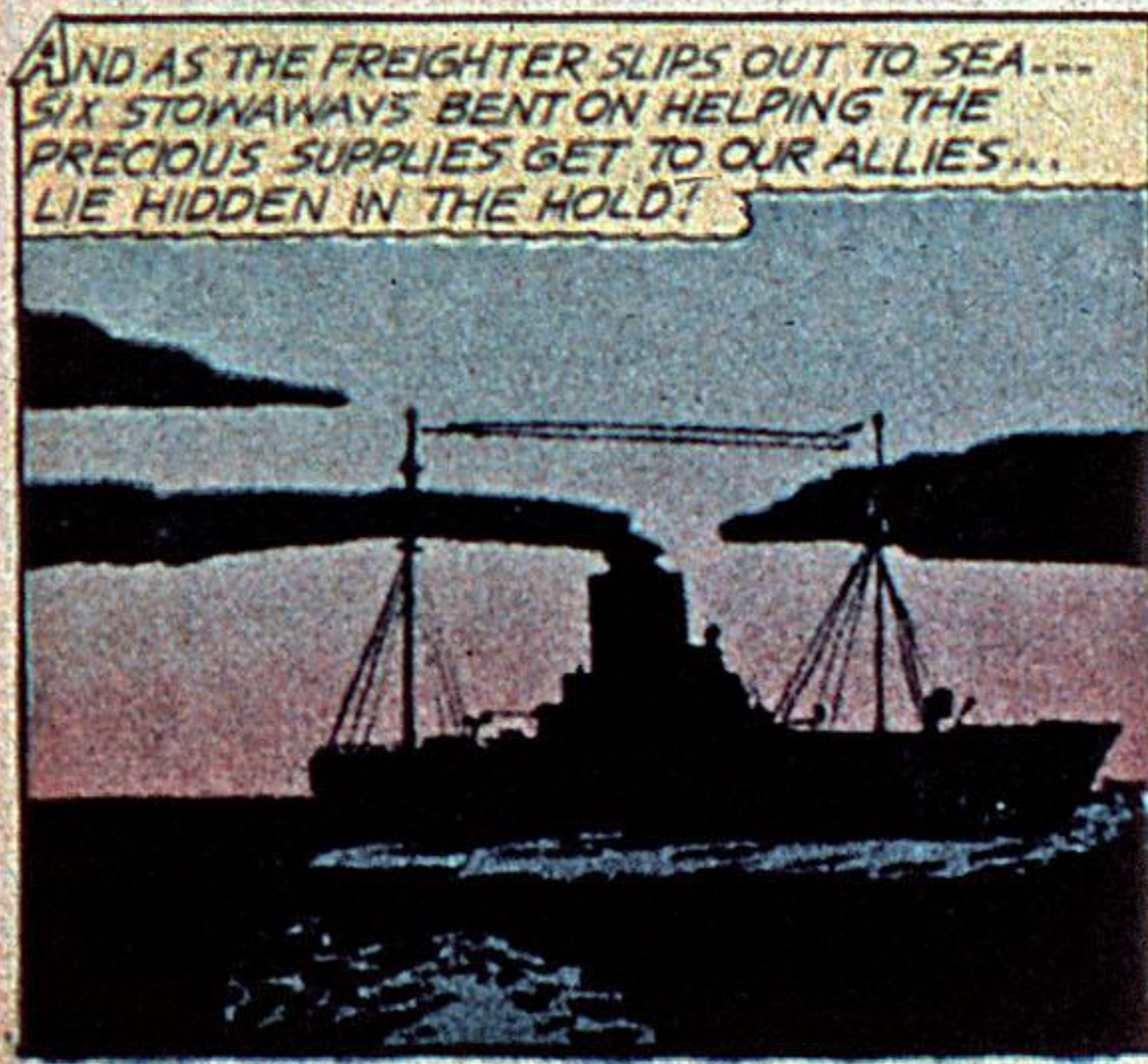
THANKS! IT'S RIGHT
DOWN HERE ON
PIER 18!



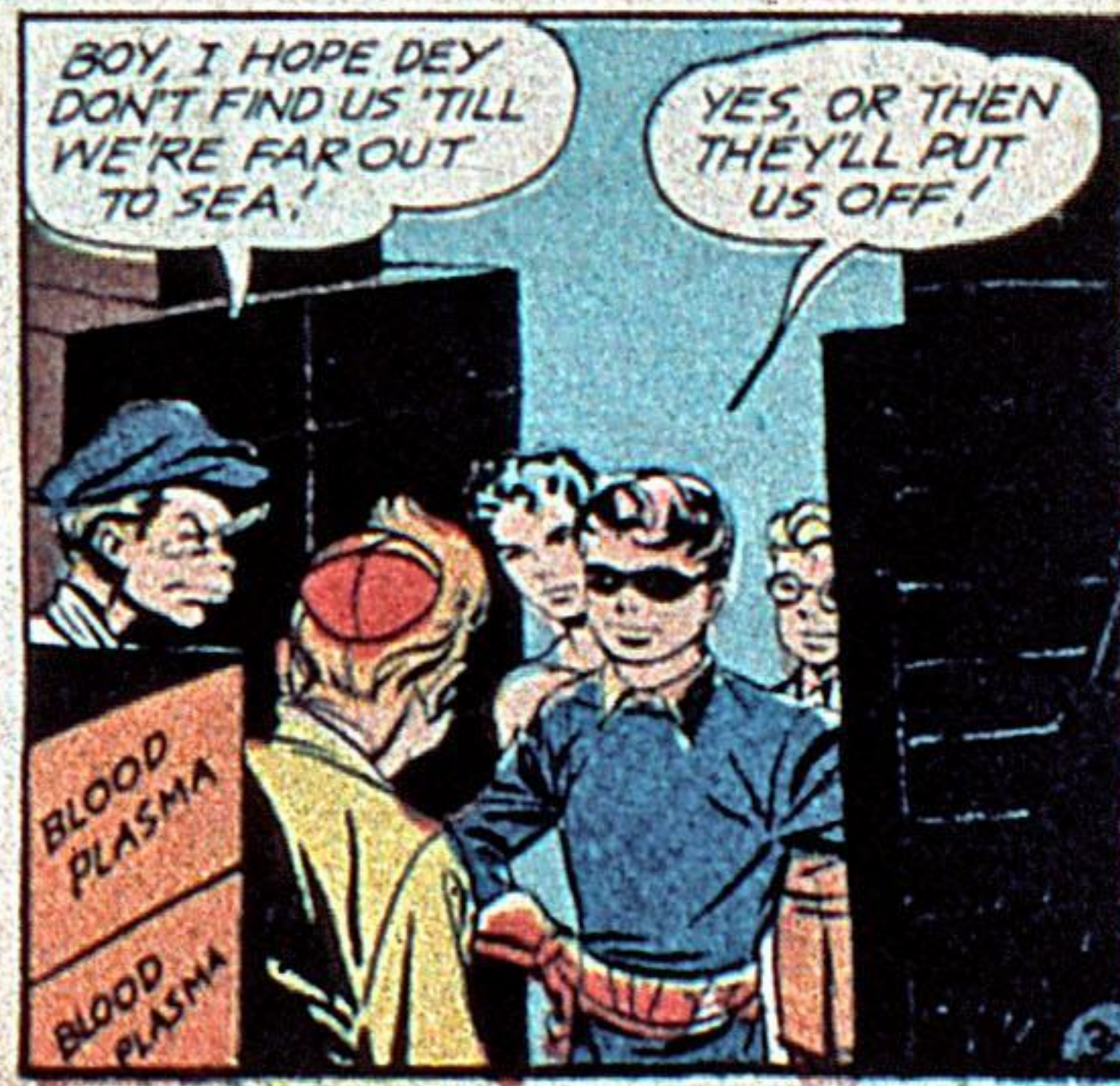
LATER THAT NIGHT... ABOARD AN AMERICAN
FREIGHTER...

BUT, GEE, CAPTAIN, IF
YOUR SHORT-HANDED...
WHY CAN'T WE
FELLOWS SHIP
AS HANDS?

SORRY, LADS!
YOU'RE TOO
YOUNG! NOW GET
ALONG... WE'RE
WEIGHING ANCHOR!

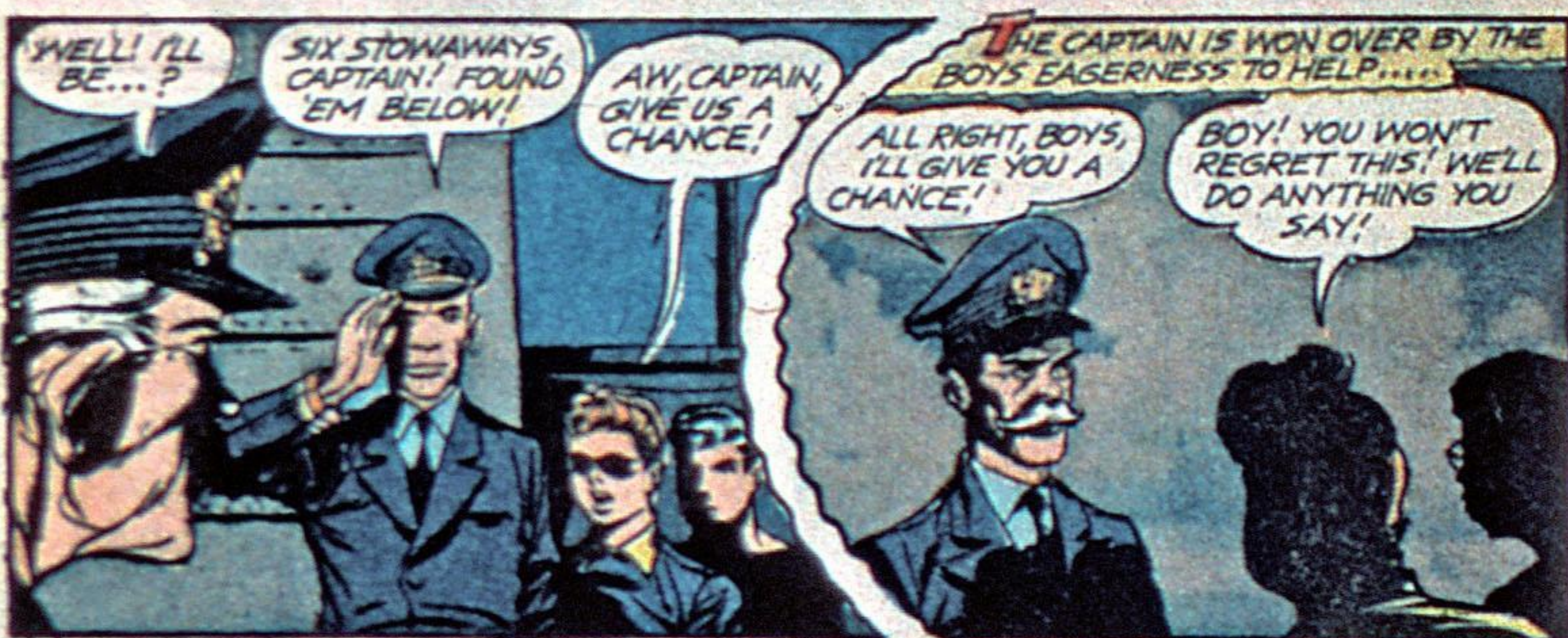


AND AS THE FREIGHTER SLIPS OUT TO SEA...
SIX STOWAWAYS BENT ON HELPING THE
PRECIOUS SUPPLIES GET TO OUR ALLIES...
LIE HIDDEN IN THE HOLD!

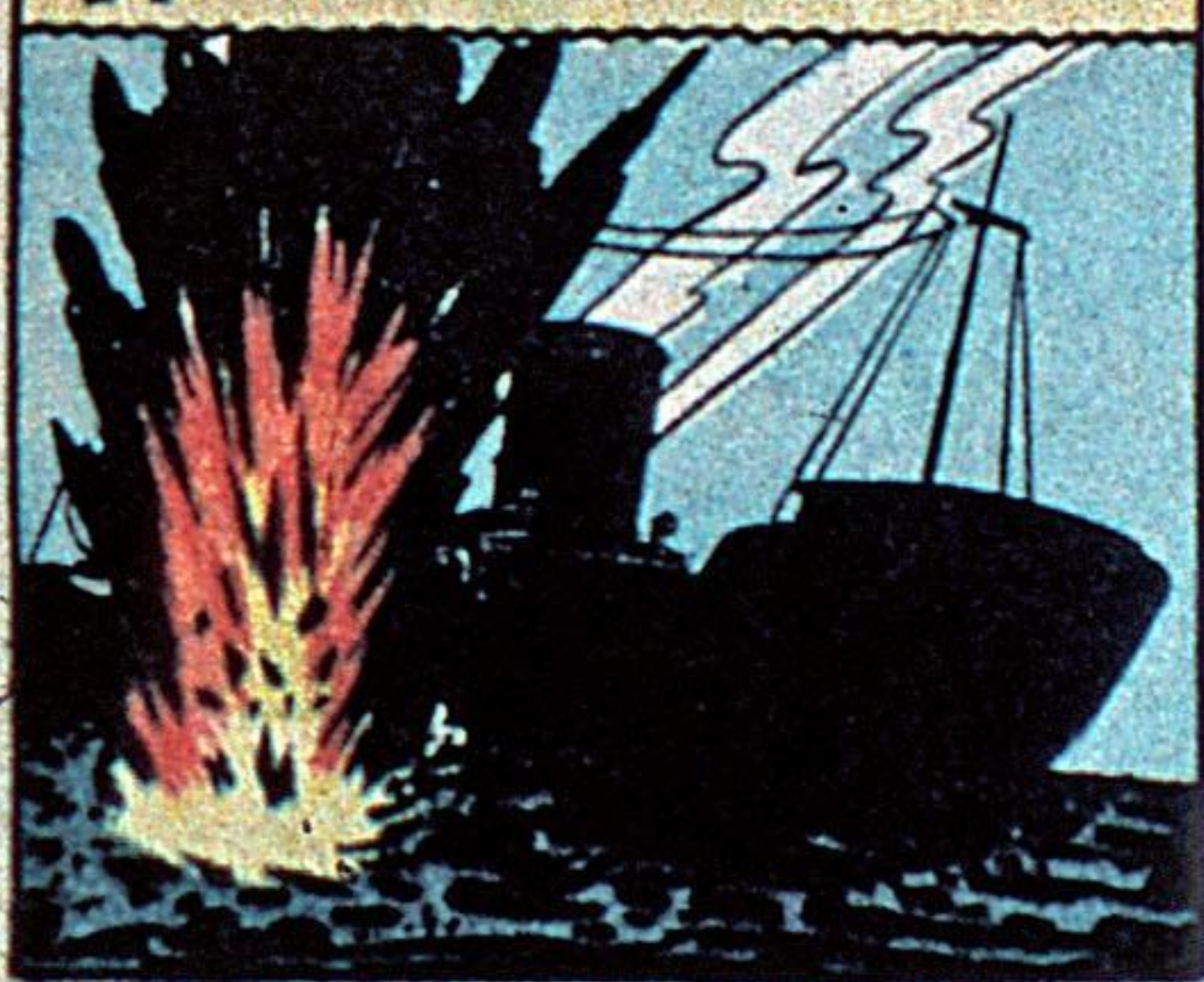


BOY, I HOPE DEY
DON'T FIND US 'TILL
WE'RE FAR OUT
TO SEA!

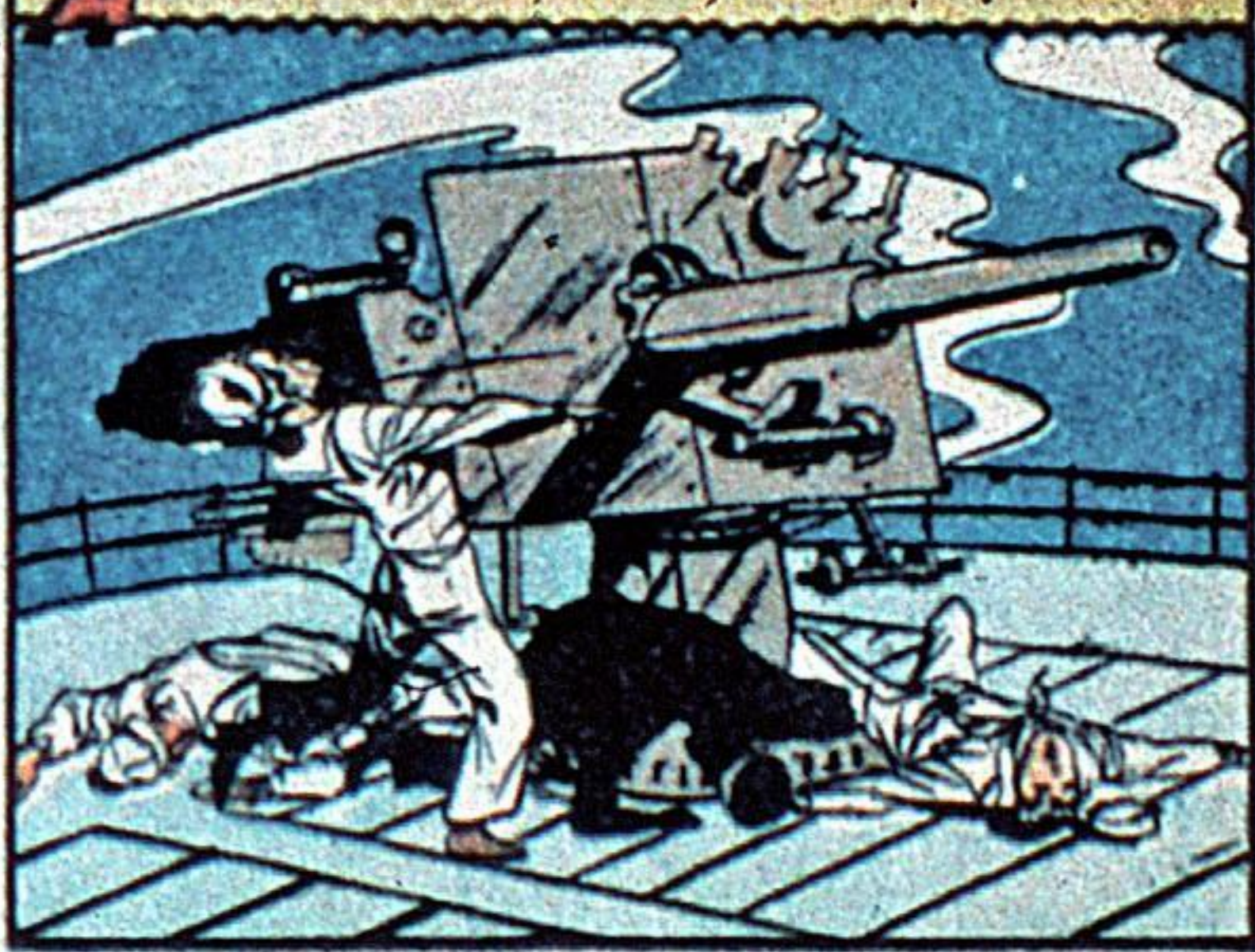
YES, OR THEN
THEY'LL PUT
US OFF!



A SHOT FROM THE NAZI RAIDER HITS
THE AMERICAN FREIGHTER!



AND KNOCKS OUT THE AMERICAN GUN CREW!



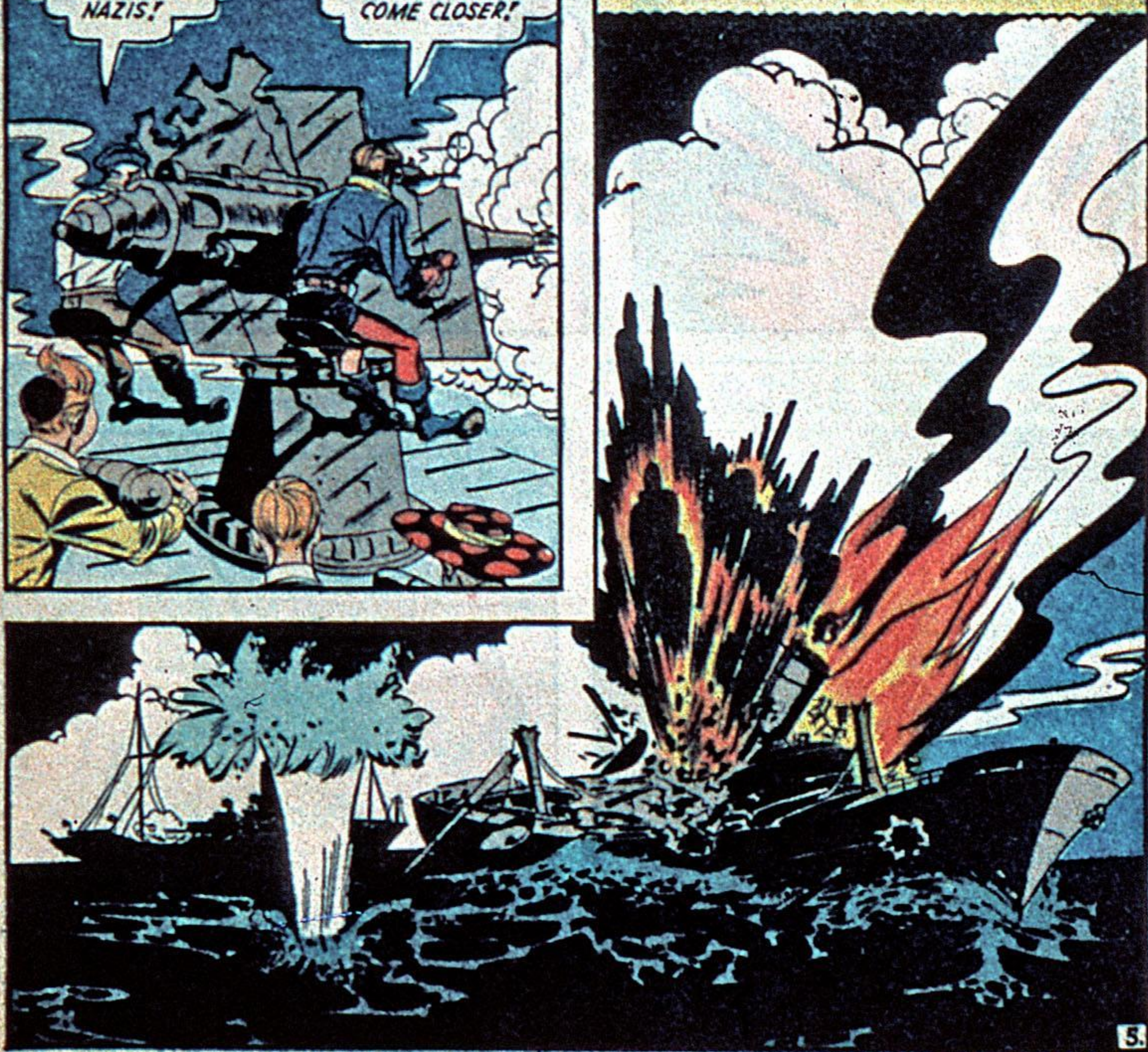
BUT THE YOUNG ALLIES LEAP INTO THE BREACH!

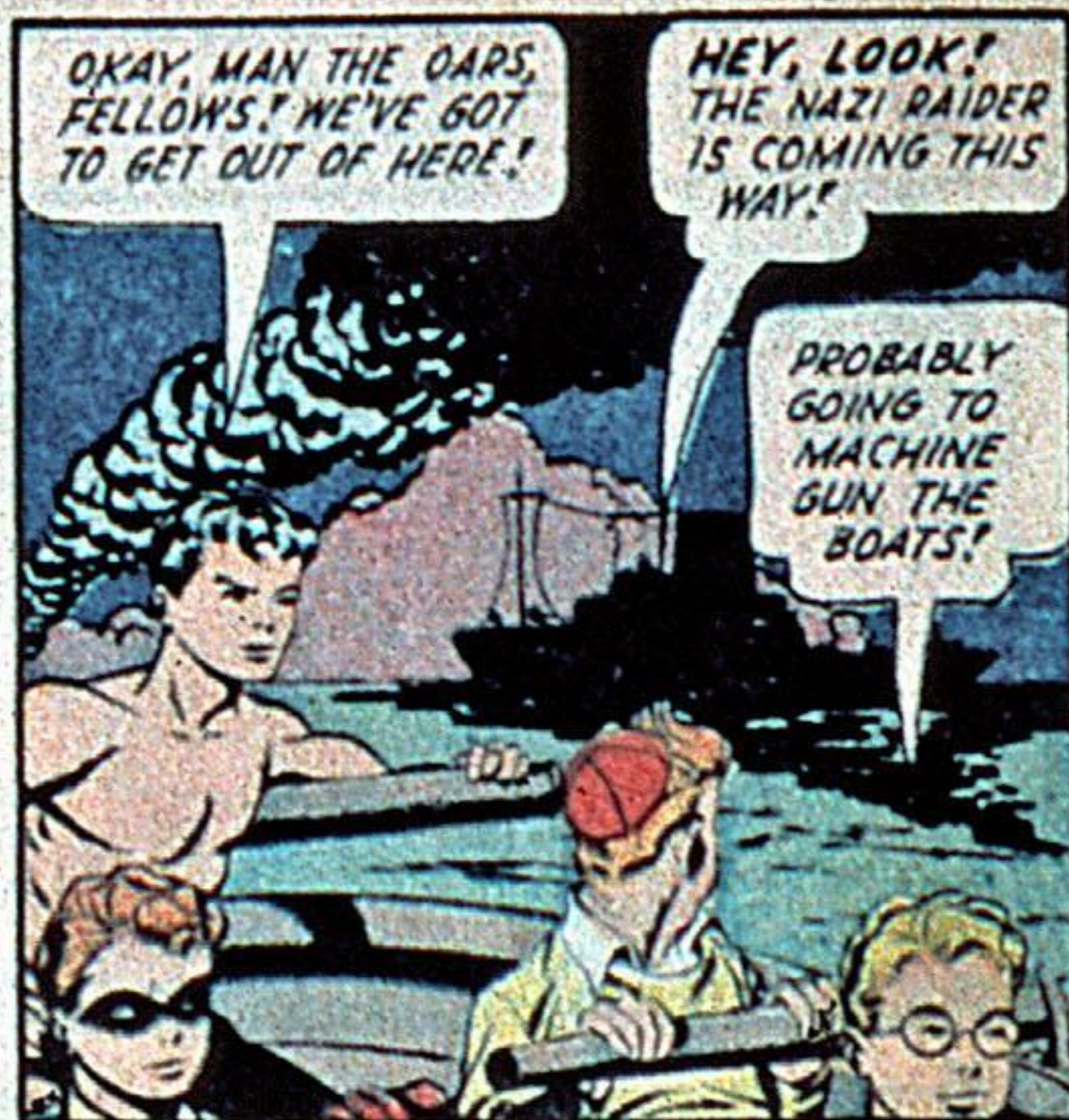
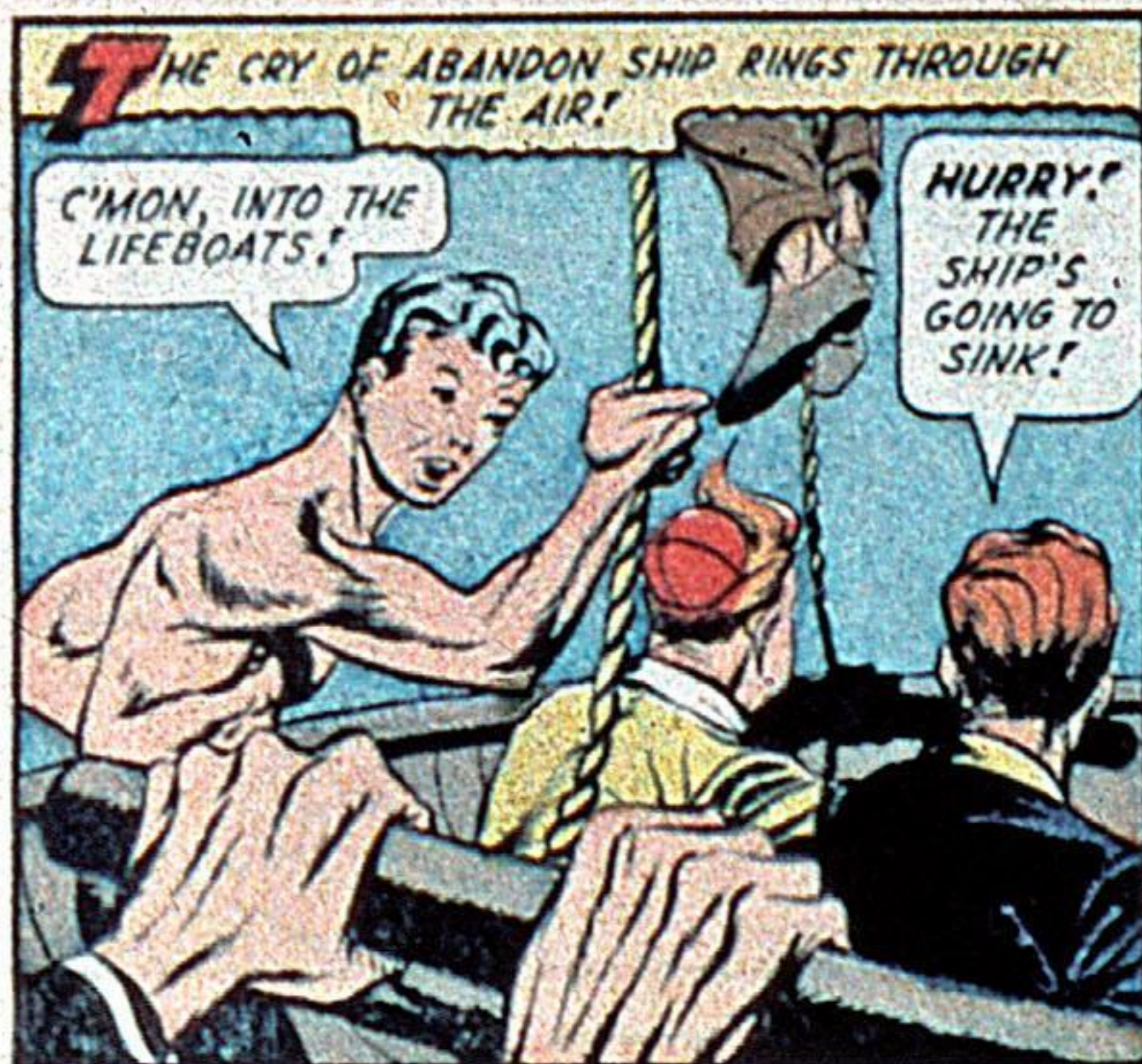
COME ON! WE'LL
SHOW THOSE
NAZIS!

THE COWARDS!
THEY DON'T DARE
COME CLOSER!



OUTGUNNED BUT NOT OUTMANNED --- THE
GALLANT AMERICANS FIGHT TO THE LAST
DITCH BUT THE STURDY FREIGHTER, NOW A
SHATTERED HULK, BEGINS TO SETTLE ---





BUCKY GIVES THE SIGNAL! AND THE YOUNG ALLIES SWING INTO ACTION!

C'MON, JEFF! INTO THE RADIO SHACK!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BUCKY!

VALIANTLY, THE YOUNG ALLIES FIGHT TO GIVE JEFF TIME TO GET TO THE RADIO SHACK!

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT!

HELP! HE YILL BURN US!

C'MERE, HEINIE!

NO! NO!

HEY, THERE! LEAVE SOMETHIN' FO' ME!

RADIO ROOM

MINUTES LATER, TORO AFTER A SUSTAINED EFFORT, COLLAPSES TO THE DECK AND THE OTHERS INCLUDING JEFF, ARE SNOWED UNDER BY A NEW NAZI RUSH!

OWWGH!

UGH! CAN'T KEEP MY FLAME ON ANY LONGER!

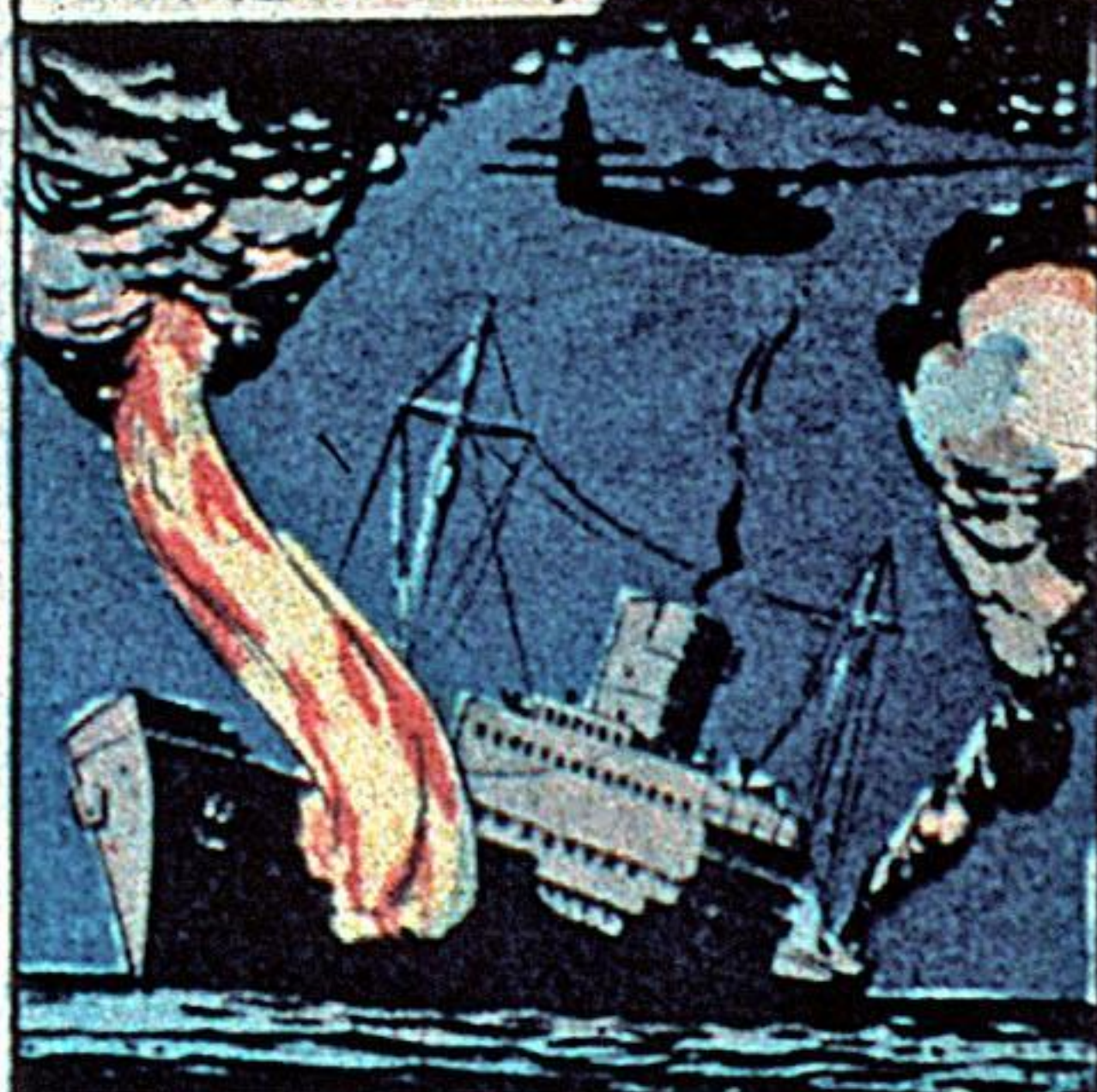
THE NEXT DAY THE BRUISED YOUNG ALLIES ARE TRANSFERRED TO A HUGE NAZI SUB! BUT----

HA! HA! TAKE GOOD CARE OF DER BOYS! SEE DOT DEY GET PLENTY OF EXERCISE, YA!

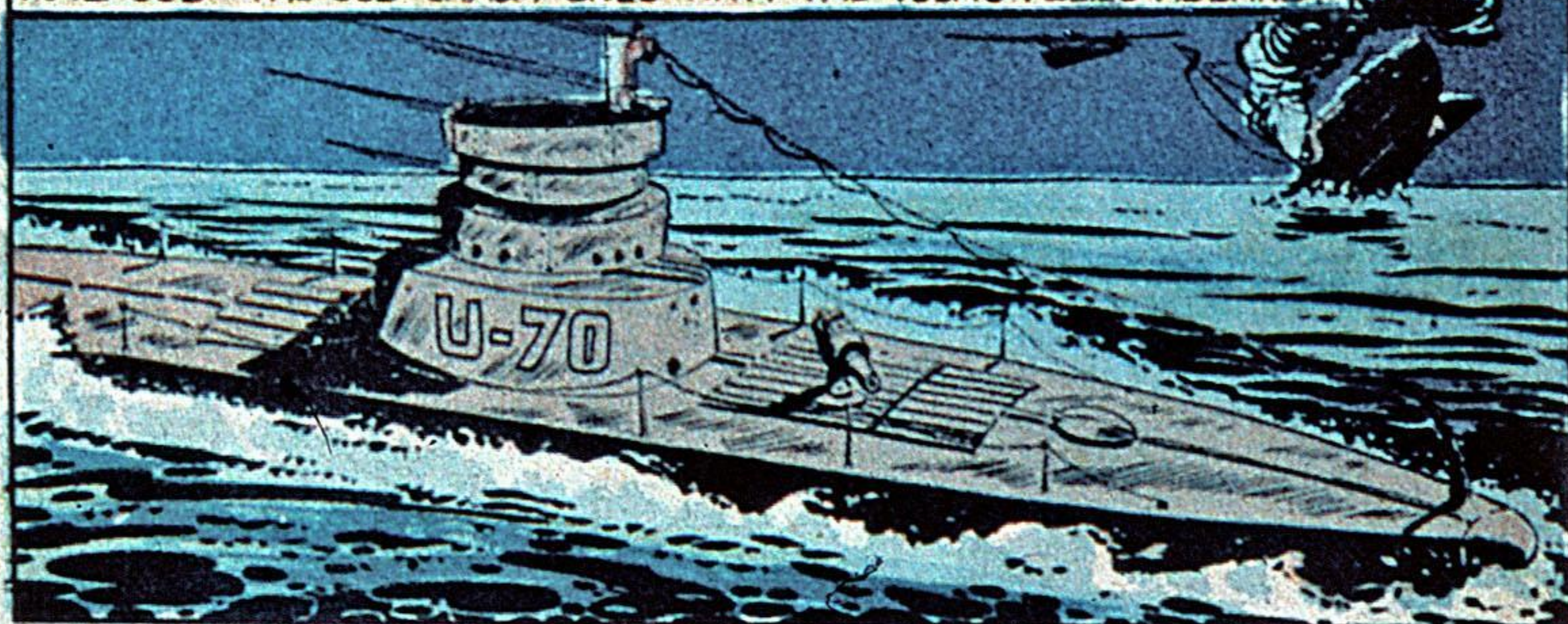
SUDDENLY THE NEMESIS OF THE NAZI SEA RAIDERS APPEAR! AMERICAN PATROL PLANES!



THE AMERICAN PLANE QUICKLY GOES ABOUT IT'S BUSINESS AND SCORES DIRECT HITS ON THE SURFACE RAIDER!



BUT, BEFORE THE PATROL PLANE CAN SWING BACK FOR A BOMBING RUN ON THE NAZI SUB—THE SUB CRASH DIVES WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES ABOARD!



LATER... DOWN IN THE SUB WHICH HAD ESCAPED FROM THE PATROL PLANE!

YOU LITTLE SHWEIN VILL PAY FOR DER SINKING OF OUR RAIDER! YOU VILL ALL YORK LIKE SLAVES FOR THE GLORY OF DER THIRD REICH!

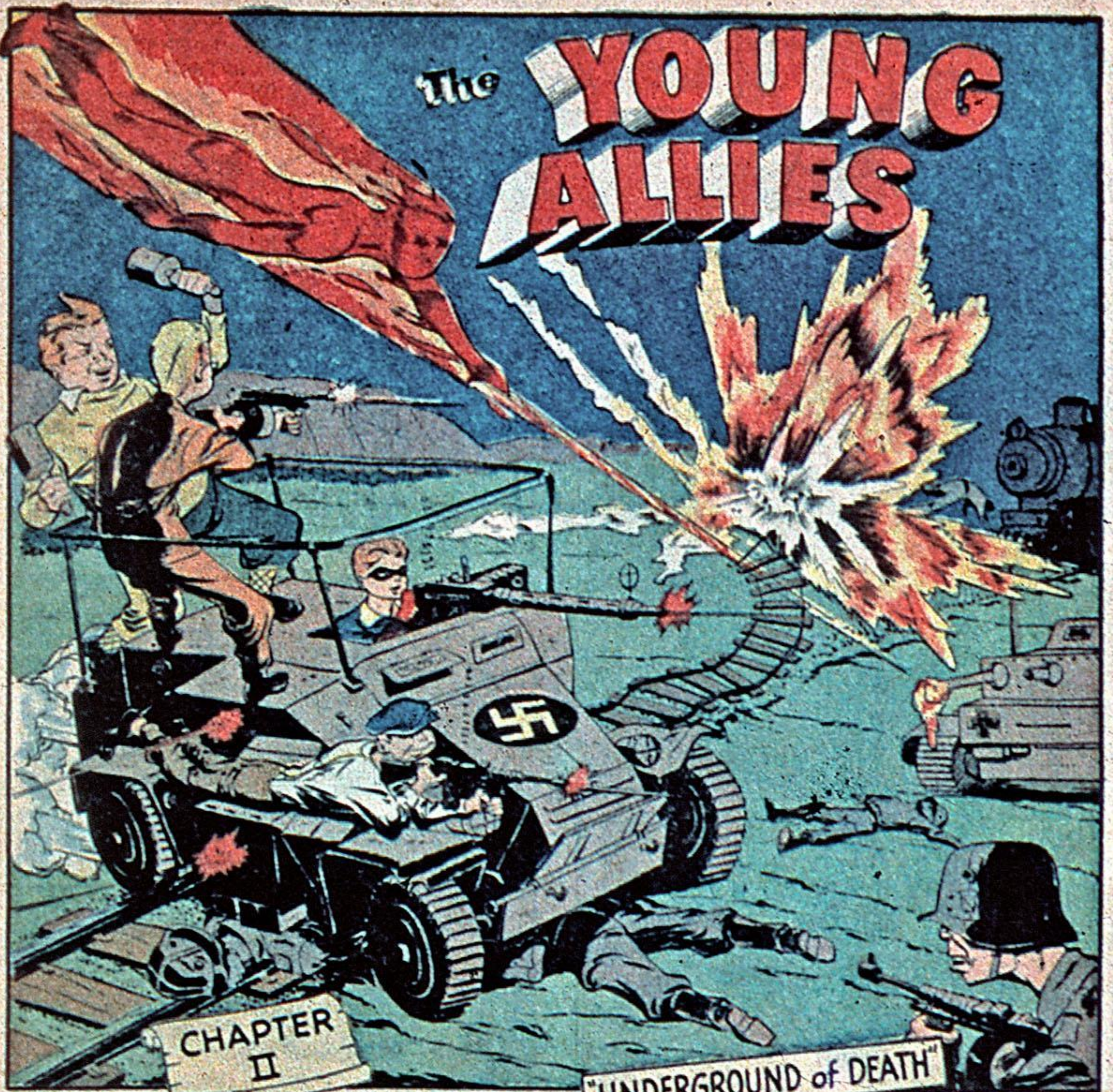
YIPPEE!
THE PLANE
GOT
THE RAIDER!



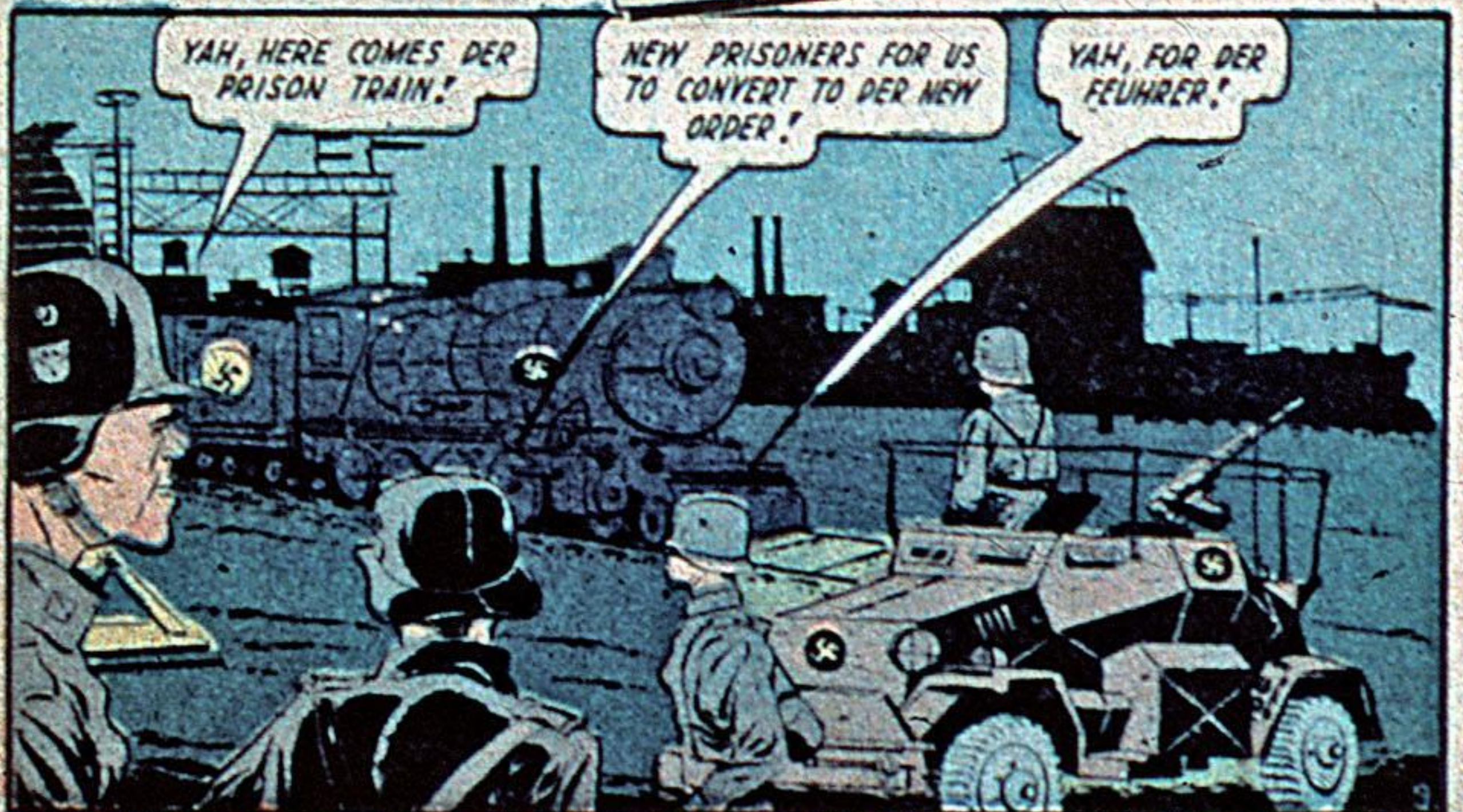
AND SO.... AS THE NAZI SUB SLIPS INTO A U-BOAT BASE ON THE COAST OF OCCUPIED FRANCE, OUR BRAVE YOUNG ALLIES FACE A PRECARIOUS FUTURE AT THE HANDS OF THE MERCILESS NAZI KILLERS.... AS PRISONERS OF WAR!

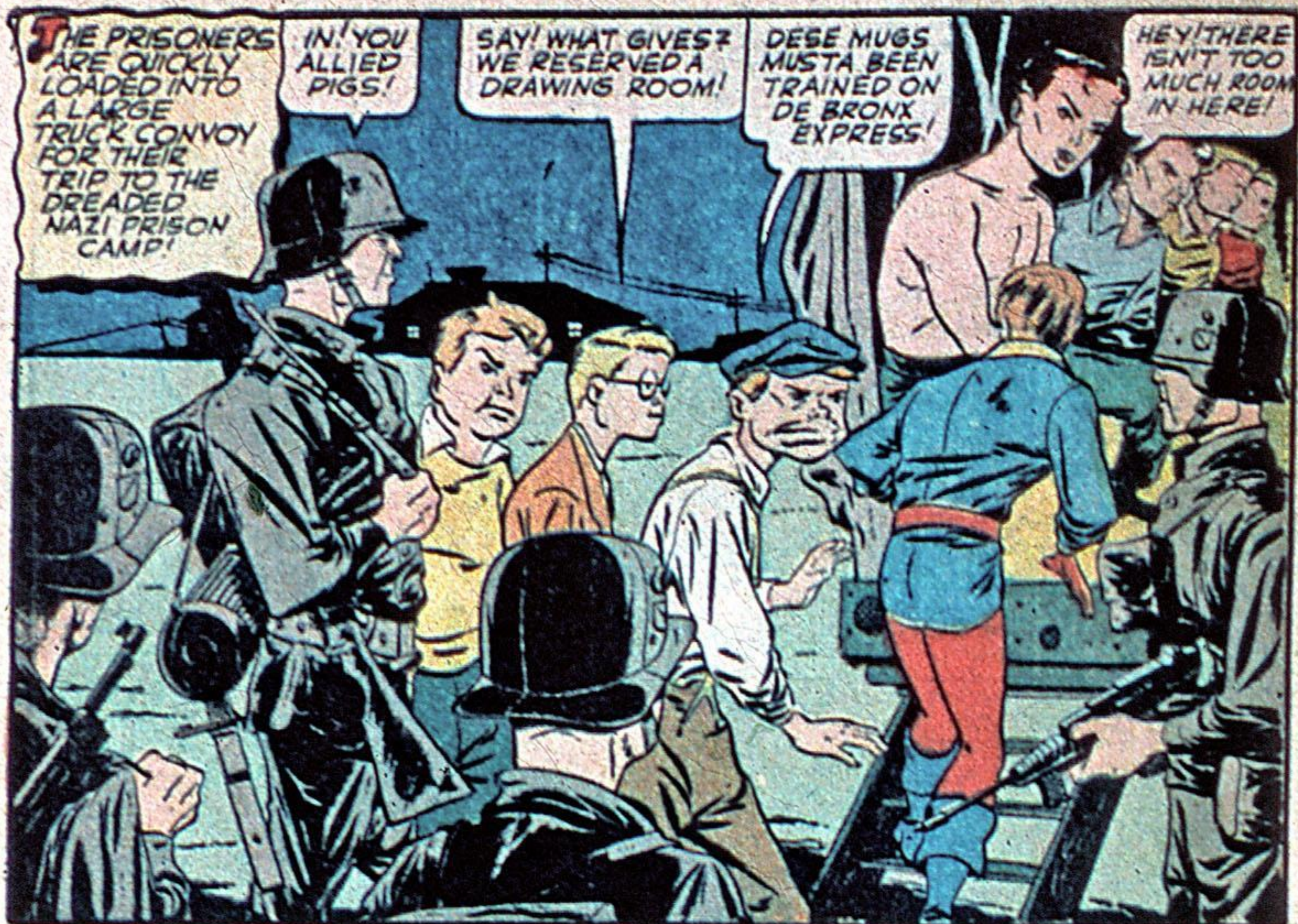


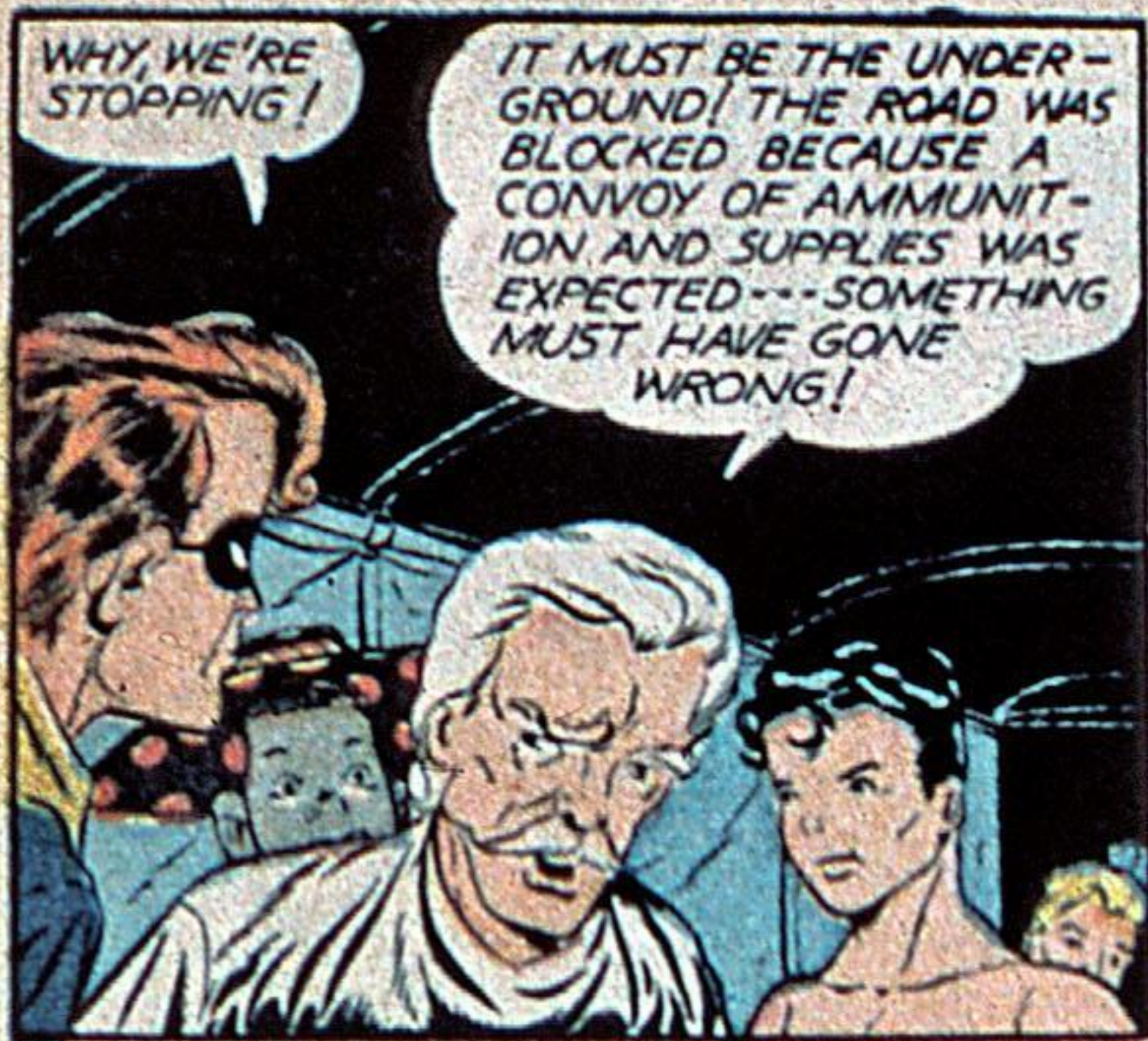
The YOUNG ALLIES



THE NEXT DAY... THE NAZI PRISON TRAIN ARRIVES WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES AT ITS DESTINATION-- THE SLAVE LABOR CAMPS!

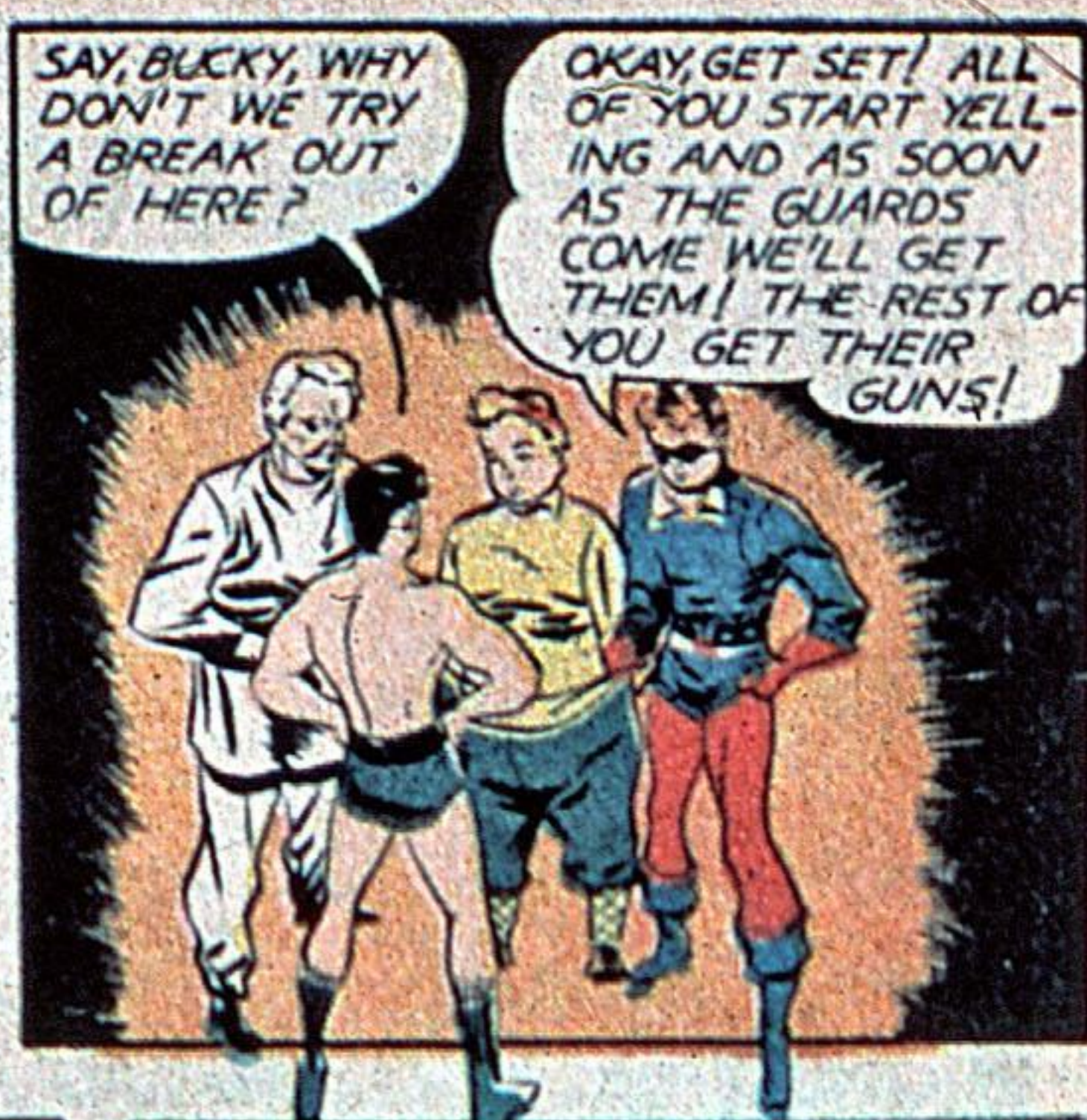






WHY, WE'RE STOPPING!

IT MUST BE THE UNDERGROUND! THE ROAD WAS BLOCKED BECAUSE A CONVOY OF AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES WAS EXPECTED---SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG!



SAY, BUCKY, WHY DON'T WE TRY A BREAK OUT OF HERE?

OKAY, GET SET! ALL OF YOU START YELLING AND AS SOON AS THE GUARDS COME WE'LL GET THEM! THE REST OF YOU GET THEIR GUNS!



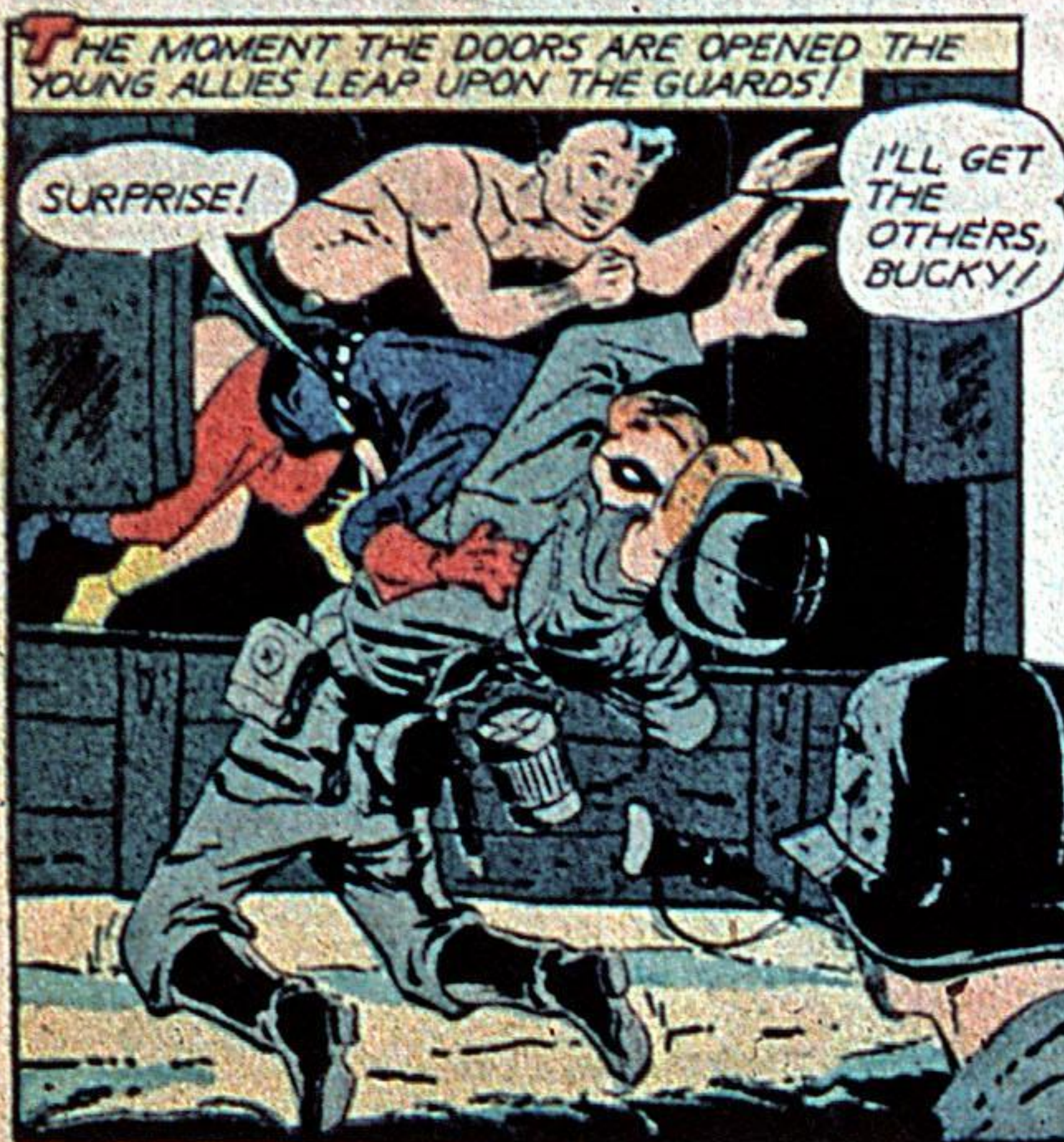
THE NAZI GUARDS COME RUNNING TO INVESTIGATE THE COMMOTION!

VOT IS'ALL DER NOISE?

VE VILL SHUT DEM UP MIT OUR RIFLE BUTTS!



SHUDDUP UP IN DERE OR I'LL --- AAGHH!



SURPRISE!

I'LL GET THE OTHERS, BUCKY!

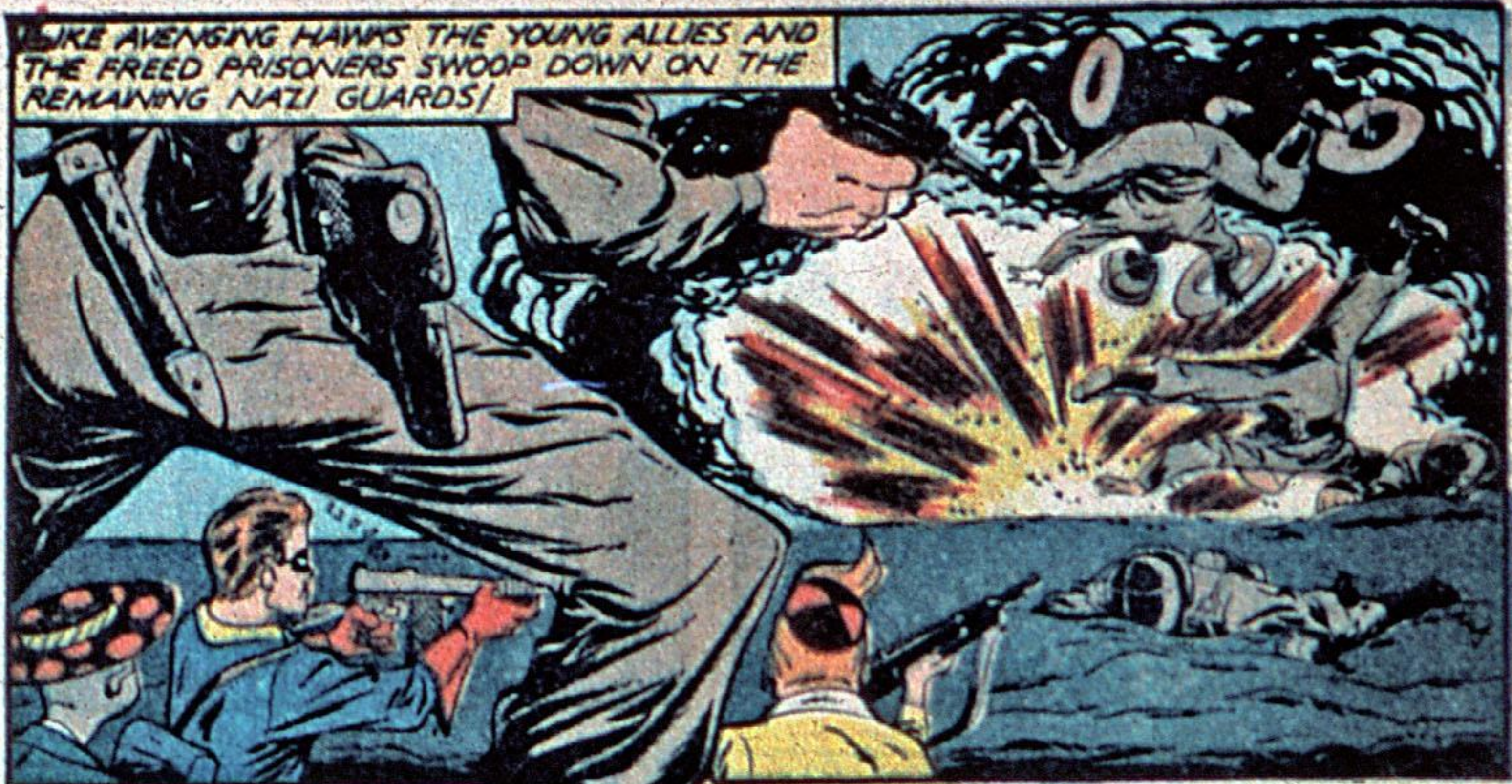


MOMENTS LATER...OUR RESOURCEFUL YOUNG ALLIES HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

SAY, AIN'T DIS GARBAGE SUPPOSED TO BE THE MASTER RACE?

GET THE OTHER GUARDS AND FREE THE PRISONERS!

LIKE AVENGING HAWKS THE YOUNG ALLIES AND THE FREED PRISONERS SWEEP DOWN ON THE REMAINING NAZI GUARDS!



CAPTURE ONE ALIVE!
WE WANT TO FIND OUT
ABOUT THE AMMU-
NITION CONVOY!

I GOT
ONE!



OKAY, HEINIE---TELL
US WHERE THE
AMMUNITION
CONVOY IS!

YAH! YAH!
DON'T SHOOT,
I'LL TELL!



YAH! DER SUPPLY CONVOY
IS COMING IN BACK! VE
CHANGED DER SCHEDULE--
VE--TOUGHT DOT--IF DER
UNDERGROUND WOULD SAB-
OTAGE--DER PRISON--
WOULD GET IT FIRST!

YOU MURDERING RATS---
SENDING A CONVOY OF
PEOPLE AHEAD OF THE
AMMUNITION CONVOY SO
THEY'D BE KILLED IN ORDER
TO PROTECT YOUR SUPPLI-
ES! C'MON GANG!
WE'RE GONNA GET THAT
SUPPLY CONVOY!

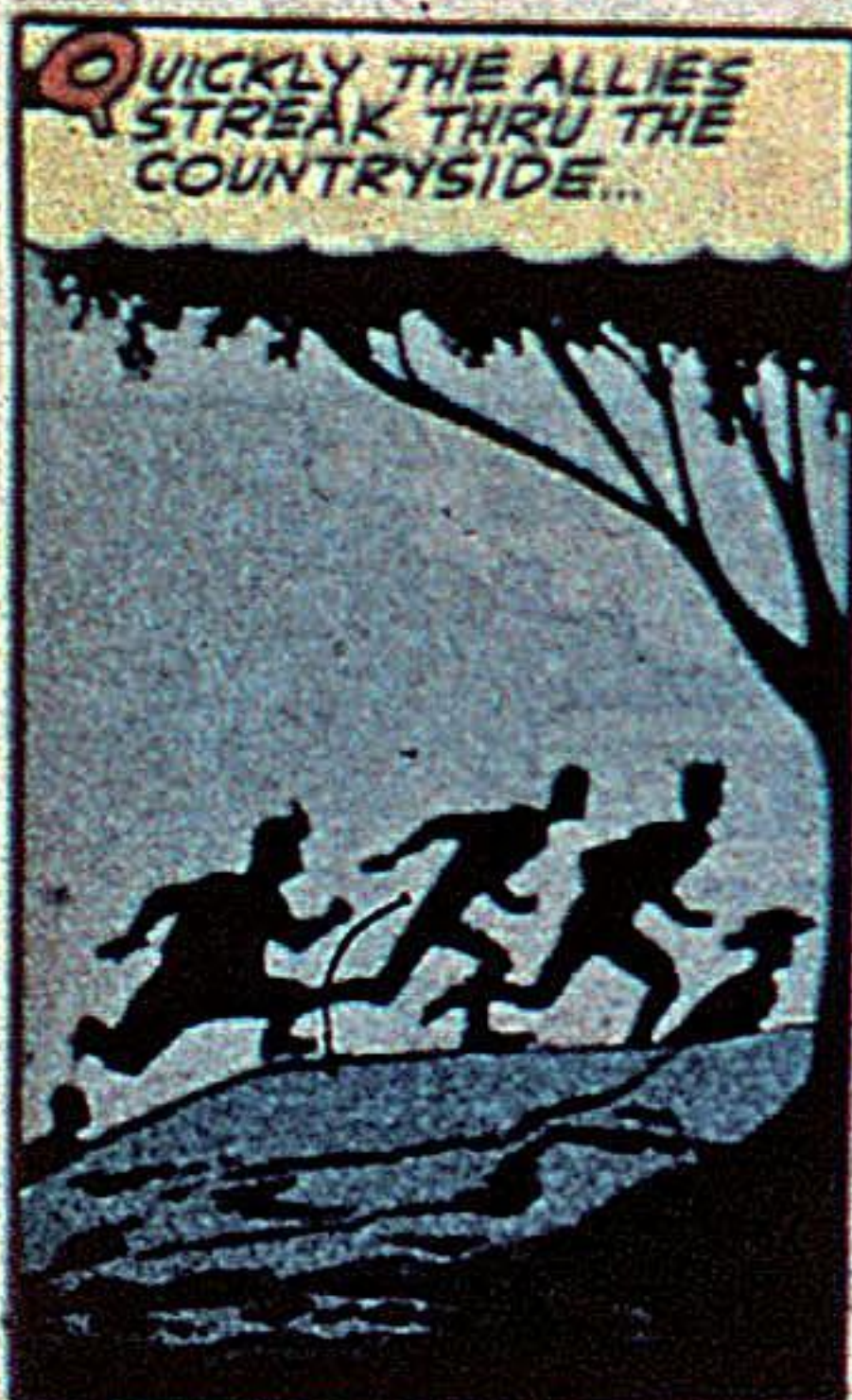


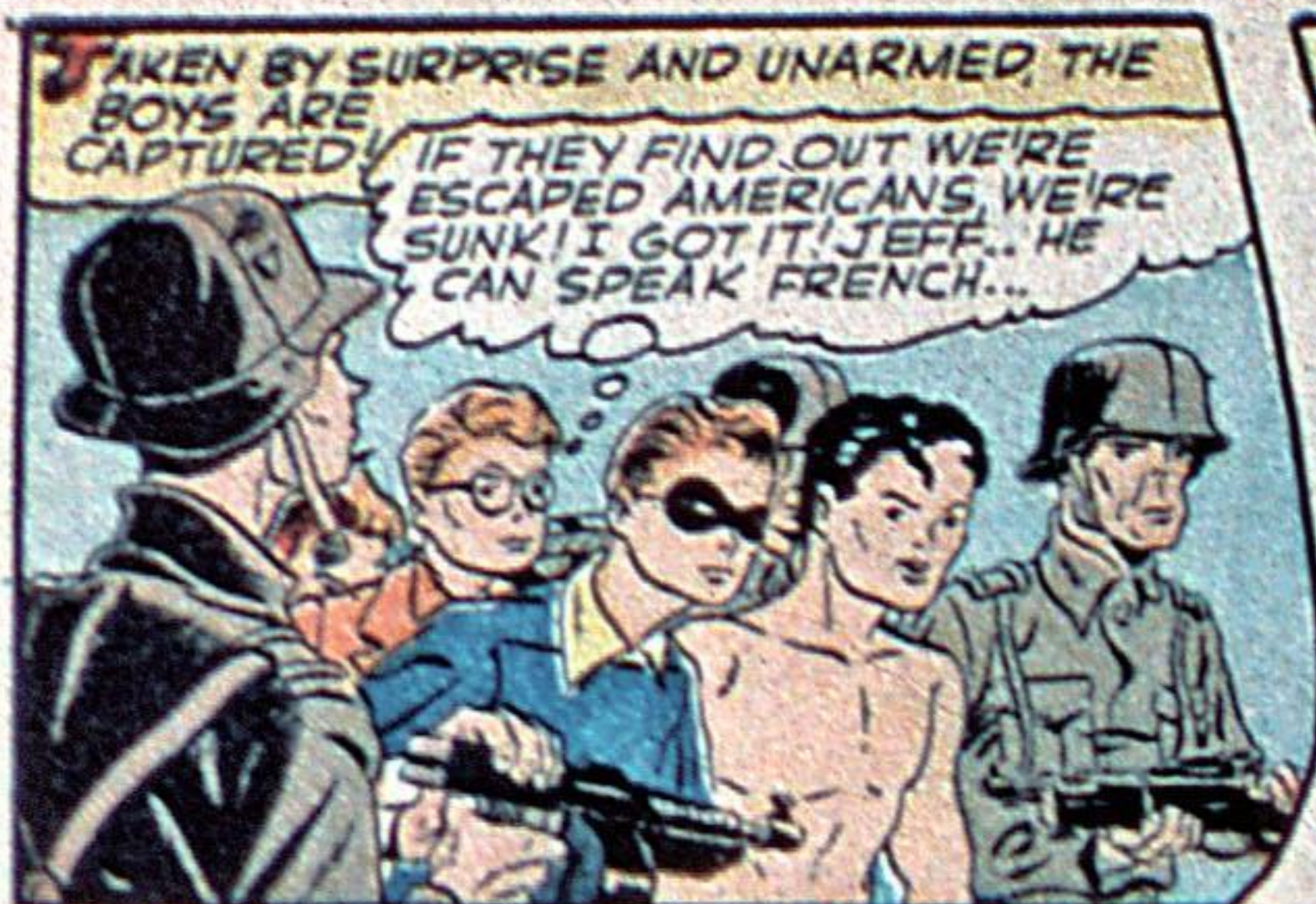
AND AS BUCKY CALLS
THE YOUNG ALLIES INTO
ACTION--RETRIBUTION
STRIKES DOWN THE CRING-
ING NAZI KILLER!

ONE LESS
ENEMY FOR
FRANCE!

YAHOO!
WE'LL FIX
'EM!







SUDDENLY A LITTLE OLD FRENCHMAN INTERRUPTS THE YOUNG ALLIES CONVERSATION...

HEE-HEE, LE CLERE KNOWS YOU ARE AMERICANS! HEE-HEE...

HE KNOWS YOU PLAN TO ESCAPE! WHEN YOU DO...GO HIDE IN THE MAGINOT LINE... HEE-HEE! I WILL TELL YOU WHERE THE NAZIS WILL NEVER FIND YOU! HEE-HEE!

OKAY OLD MAN, TELL US!



LATER THAT NIGHT IN THE SLAVE QUARTERS.....

HERE'S THE PLAN! TOMORROW, BY SIX O'CLOCK, HAVE ALL THE WORKERS IN THE EAST WING! WE'LL BLOW THAT LAST!

OUI, OUI... M'SIEU WE UNDERSTAND!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE ALLIES TAKE THEIR FIRST STEP IN THEIR BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

SURE WE'RE EARLY! WE WANT TO DO OUR PART FOR THE REICH!

DOT ISS GOOT BOYS! UDDERS ARE LAZY DOGS! MAYBE YOU GET AN EXTRA PIECE OF BREAD FOR THIS!



AS THE DOOR GUARD TURNS--THE YOUNG ALLIES! STRIKE!

GET GOIN' FELLAS!



ALL RIGHT MEN--SPREAD THE POWDER!

TORO! BURN A BACK ENTRANCE FOR US TO GET OUT!

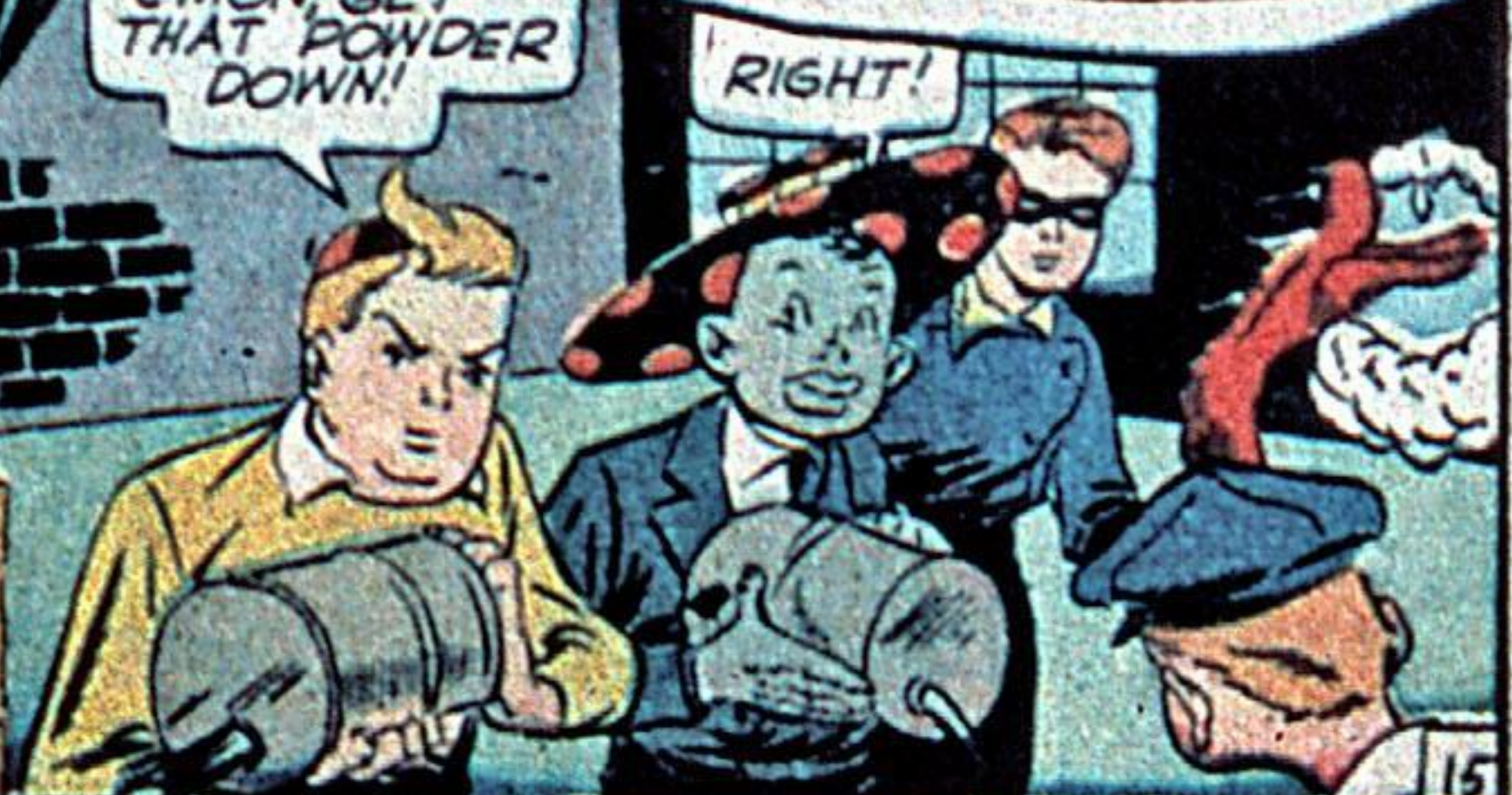
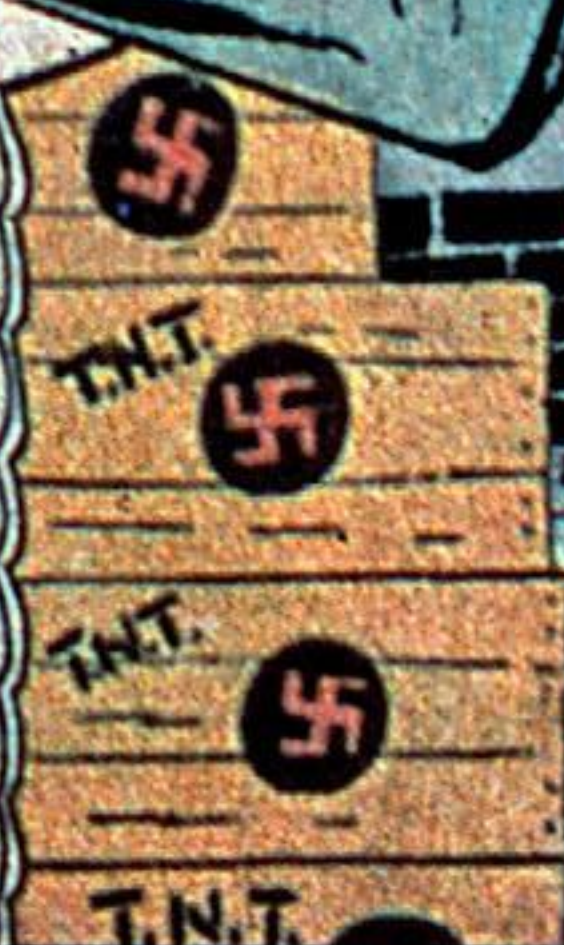
RIGHT!

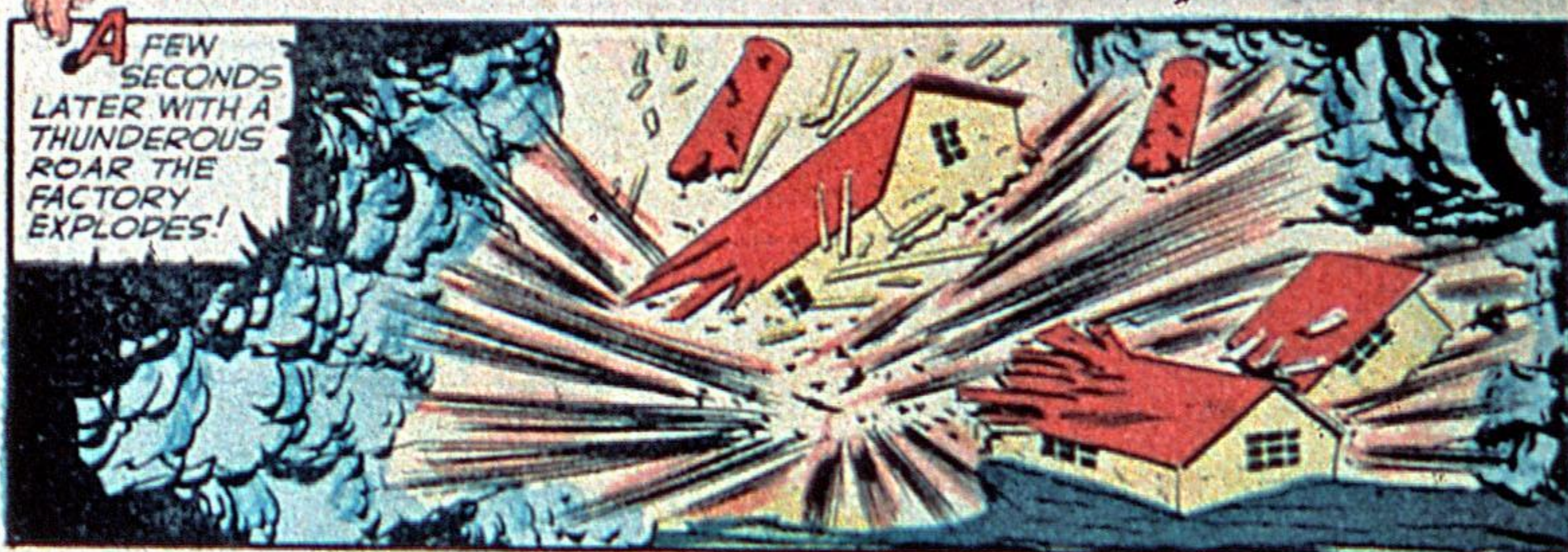
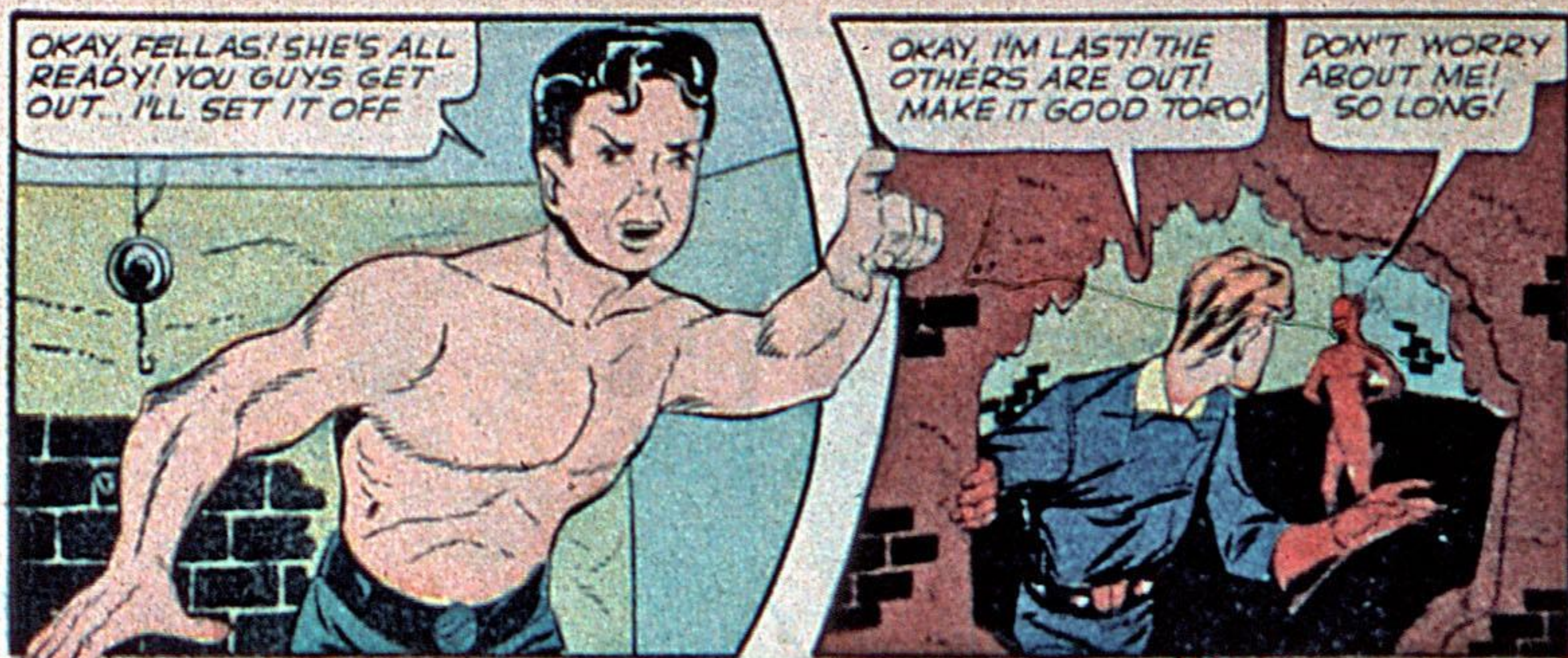


C'MON, GET THAT POWDER DOWN!

RIGHT!

WHILE BUCKY AND THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES CRISS-CROSS A TRAIL OF EXPLOSIVE POWDER TO POWDER STORES AND STACKS OF SHELLS... TORO BURNS AN EXIT FOR HIS PALS!







THE NEXT DAY...THE BOYS REACH THE DIS-
MANTLED MAGINOT LINE WITHOUT MISHAP.

AND TO THINK DIS
WAS ONCE THE
MAGINOT LINE!

DIS REMINDS DIS BOY
OF ONE OF DEM
MOOSALEEUMS!

KNUCKLES, YOU
STAY UP HERE
AN' KEEP AN'
EYE PEELED!

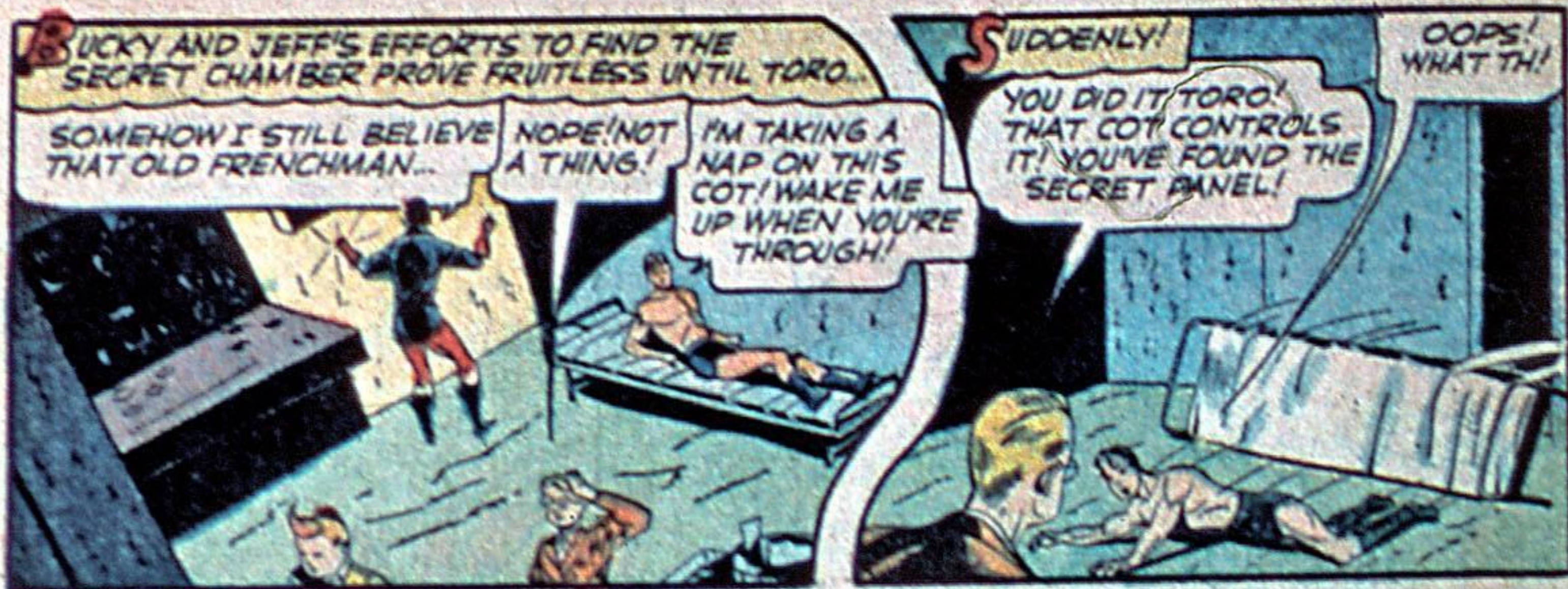


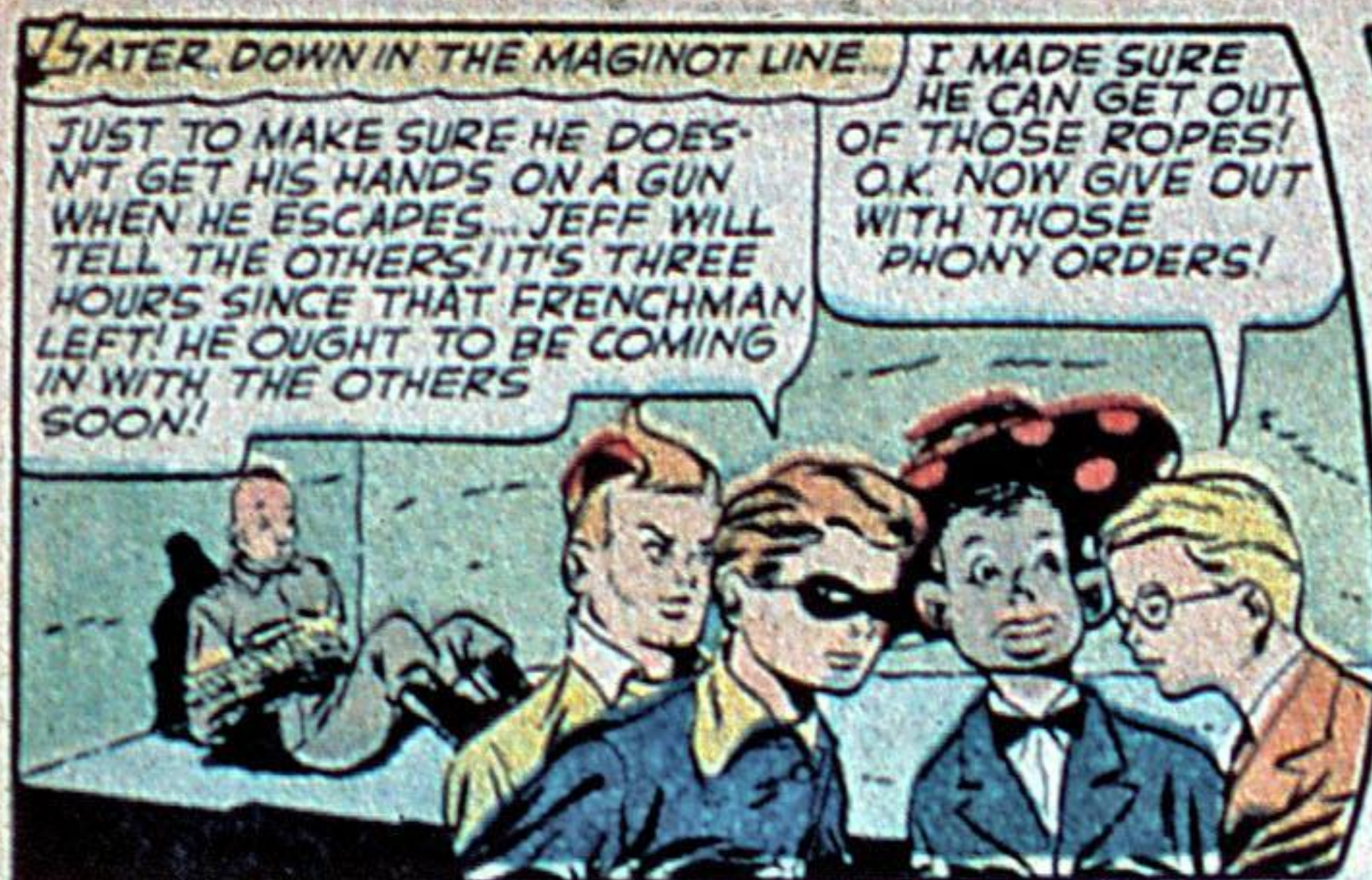
DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE
GHOSTLY ONCE POWERFUL FORTRESS
GO THE BOYS IN SEARCH OF THE
HIDING PLACE THE OLD FRENCHMEN
TOLD THEM ABOUT!

HE SAID IT WAS
BELOW THE STORE-
ROOMS! TO LOOK
FOR A DOOR
BEHIND AN
ELECTRIC
PANEL!

AW! THE NAZIS
WOULD'VE FOUND
IT! I THINK THE
OLD MAN IS
CRAZY!

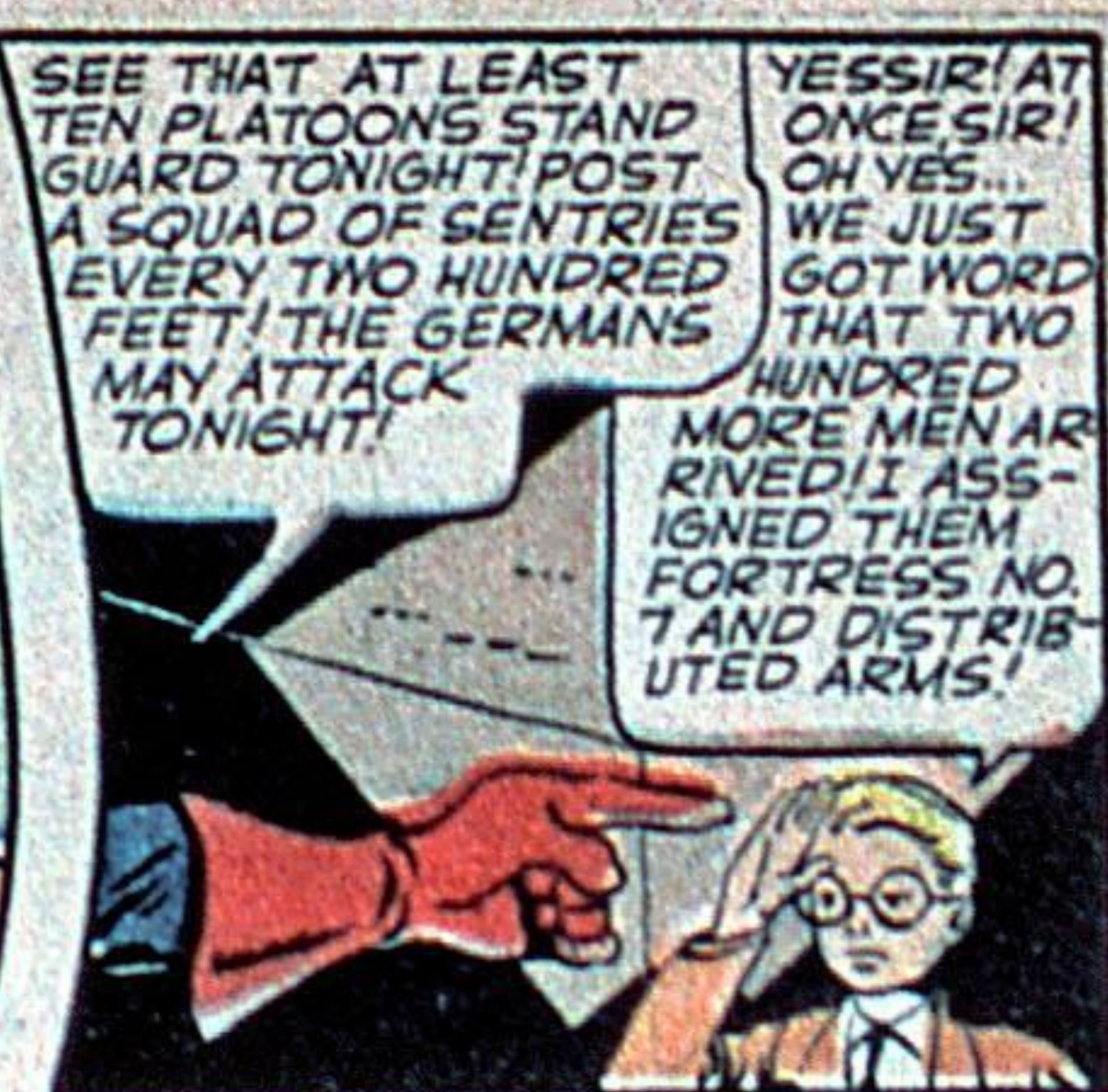






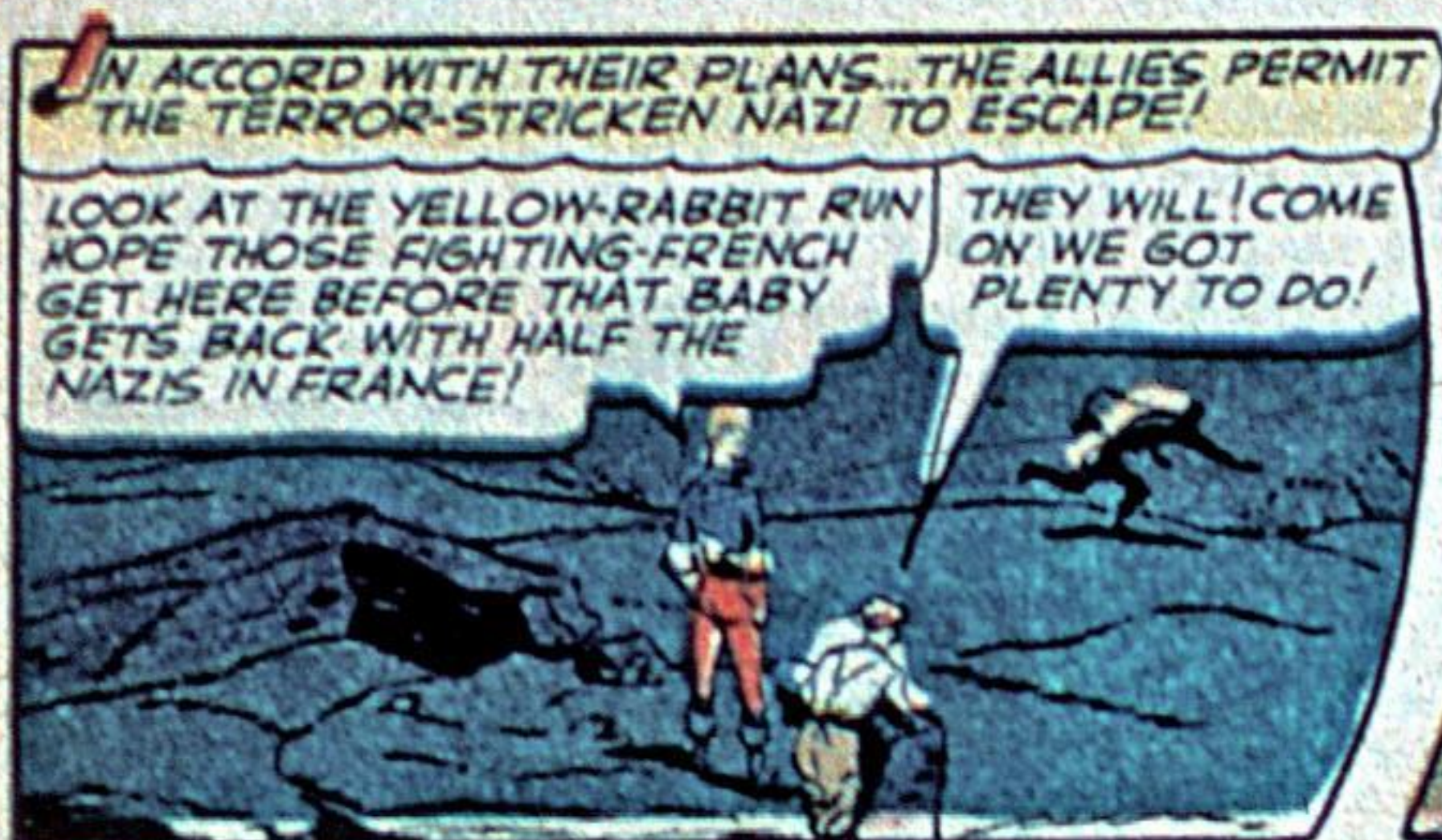
LATER DOWN IN THE MAGINOT LINE... JUST TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET HIS HANDS ON A GUN WHEN HE ESCAPES... JEFF WILL TELL THE OTHERS! IT'S THREE HOURS SINCE THAT FRENCHMAN LEFT! HE OUGHT TO BE COMING IN WITH THE OTHERS SOON!

I MADE SURE HE CAN GET OUT OF THOSE ROPES! O.K. NOW GIVE OUT WITH THOSE PHONY ORDERS!



SEE THAT AT LEAST TEN PLATOONS STAND GUARD TONIGHT! POST A SQUAD OF SENTRIES EVERY TWO HUNDRED FEET! THE GERMANS MAY ATTACK TONIGHT!

YESSIR! AT ONCE SIR! OH YES... WE JUST GOT WORD THAT TWO HUNDRED MORE MEN ARRIVED! I ASSIGNED THEM FORTRESS NO. 7 AND DISTRIBUTED ARMS!



IN ACCORD WITH THEIR PLANS... THE ALLIES PERMIT THE TERROR-STRICKEN NAZI TO ESCAPE!

LOOK AT THE YELLOW-RABBIT RUN HOPE THOSE FIGHTING-FRENCH GET HERE BEFORE THAT BABY GETS BACK WITH HALF THE NAZIS IN FRANCE!

THEY WILL! COME ON WE GOT PLENTY TO DO!

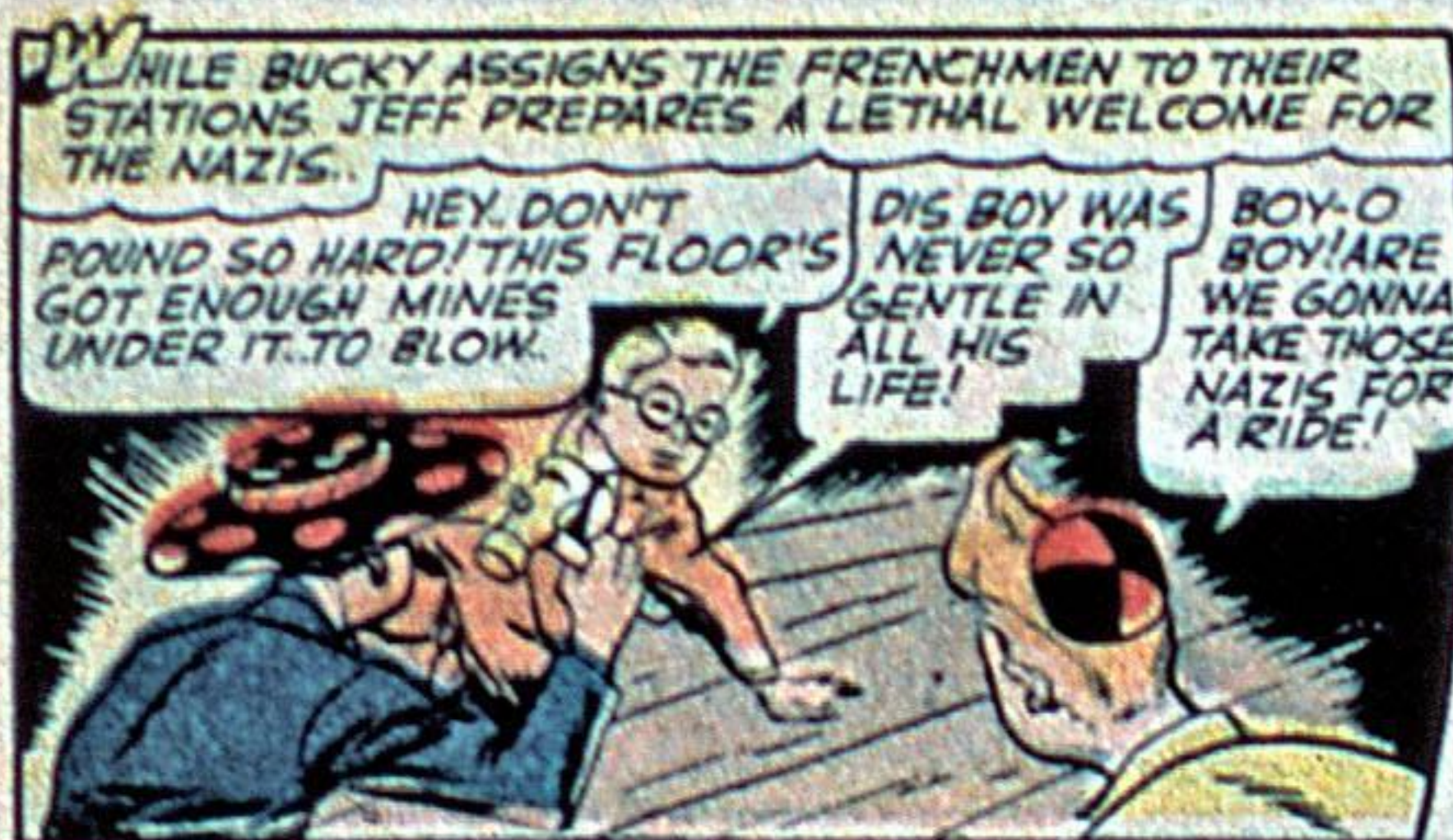


TWO HOURS LATER... THE GHOST ARMY OF THE MAGINOT LINE... GRIMLY ACCEPTS ARMS AND STANDS READY TO WELCOME THE EXPECTED NAZI ATTACK!

TAKE THEM TO FORT NO. 7 AND 8!

OUI! MERCI! WE WILL SHOW ZEM FILTHY NAZIS!

OUI! WE WILL GET ZEM!

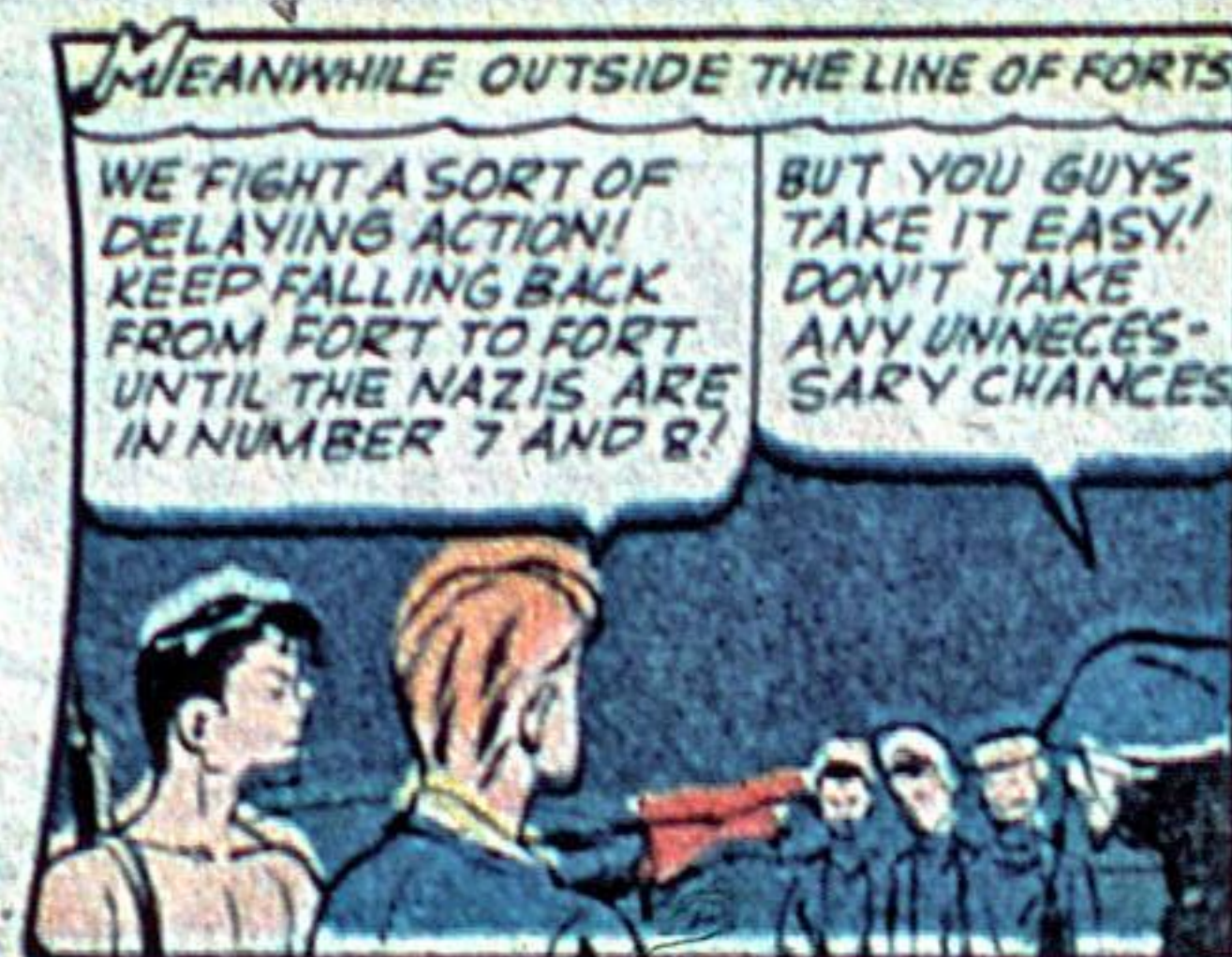


WHILE BUCKY ASSIGNS THE FRENCHMEN TO THEIR STATIONS, JEFF PREPARES A LETHAL WELCOME FOR THE NAZIS.

HEY, DON'T POUND SO HARD! THIS FLOOR'S GOT ENOUGH MINES UNDER IT TO BLOW.

DIS BOY WAS NEVER SO GENTLE IN ALL HIS LIFE!

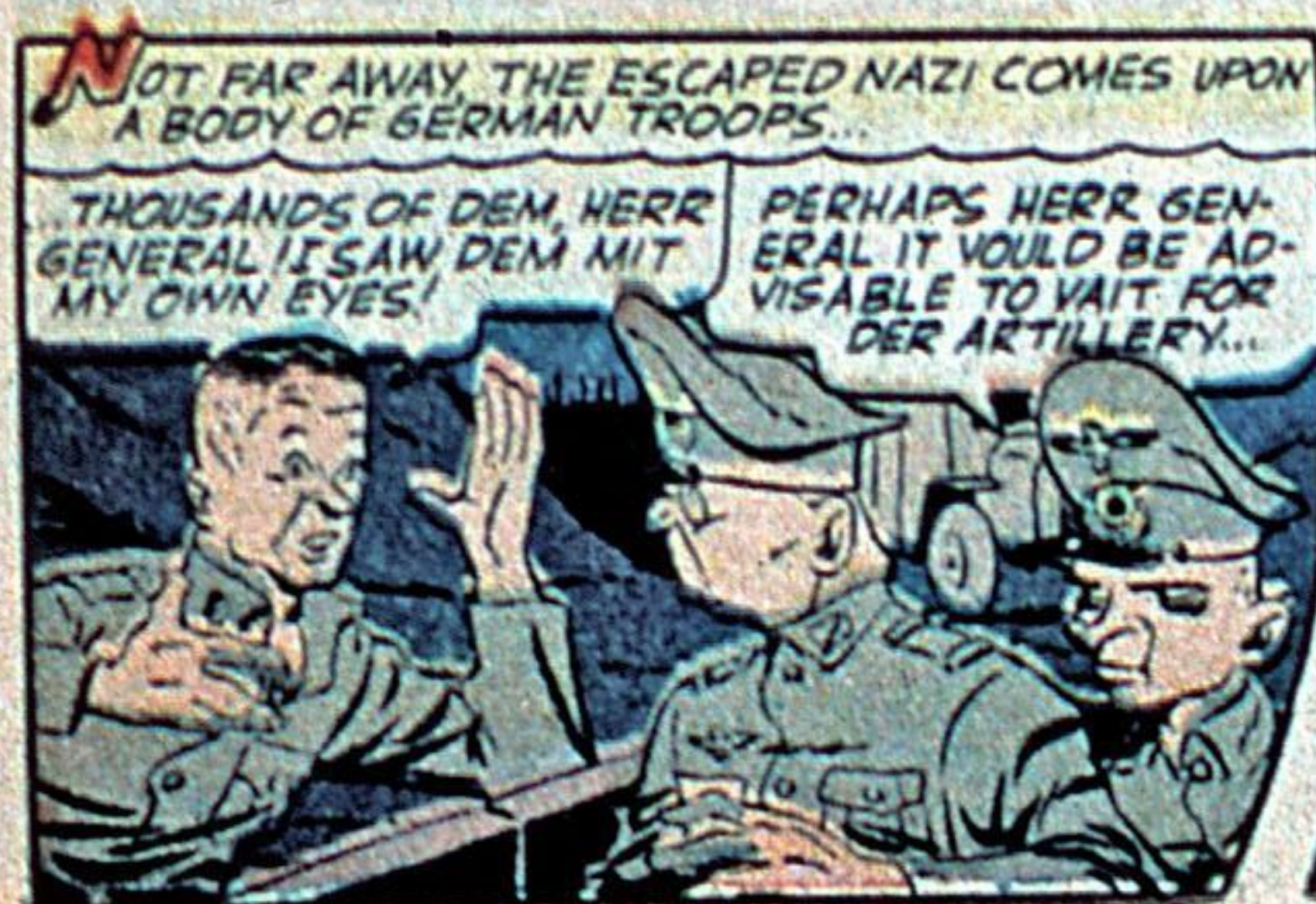
BOY-O BOY! ARE WE GONNA TAKE THOSE NAZIS FOR A RIDE!



MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE LINE OF FORTS

WE FIGHT A SORT OF DELAYING ACTION! KEEP FALLING BACK FROM FORT TO FORT UNTIL THE NAZIS ARE IN NUMBER 7 AND 8!

BUT YOU GUYS TAKE IT EASY! DON'T TAKE ANY UNNECESSARY CHANCES



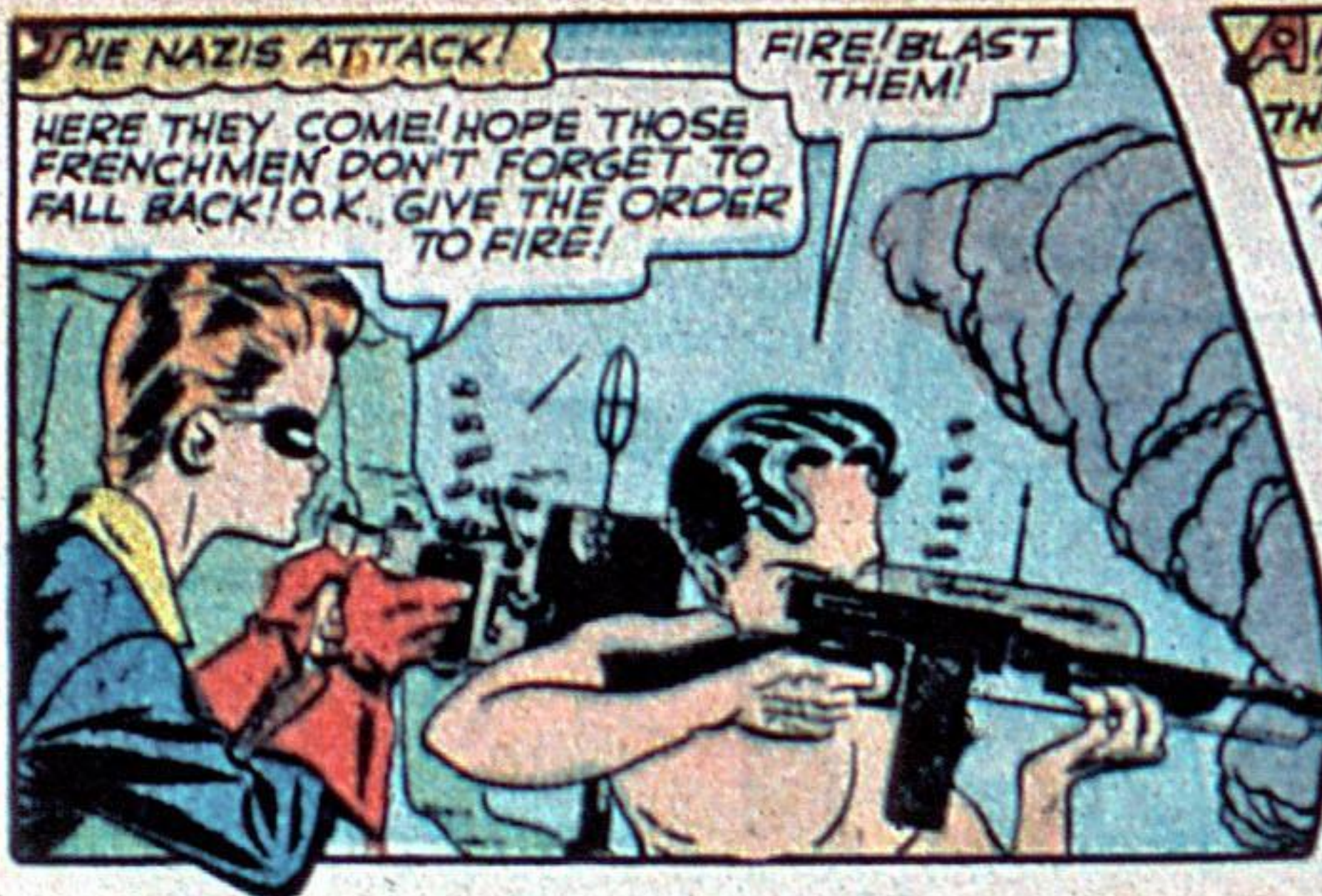
NOT FAR AWAY, THE ESCAPED NAZI COMES UPON A BODY OF GERMAN TROOPS...

THOUSANDS OF DEM, HERR GENERAL! I SAW DEM MIT MY OWN EYES!

PERHAPS HERR GENERAL IT WOULD BE ADVISABLE TO WAIT FOR DER ARTILLERY...



ACH, NONSENSE! VE VILL DRIVE DER RIFF-RAFF FRENCHMEN UND AMERIKANAR OUDT... AT VUNCE! VE HAFF 5000 MEN.. DOT ISS ENOUGH! GIFF DER ORDER TO ATTACK



THE NAZIS ATTACK!

HERE THEY COME! HOPE THOSE FRENCHMEN DON'T FORGET TO FALL BACK! O.K., GIVE THE ORDER TO FIRE!

FIRE! BLAST THEM!



AFTER HOURS OF FUTILE FRONTAL ATTACK, THE NAZIS GIVE THE ORDER THAT THE ALLIES ARE COUNTING ON!

ACH! ZUCH DUMKOPFS! TELL DAT CRAZY MAJOR SCHMIDT DOT HIS MEN SHOULD FORCE ONE OF DER FORTS UND DRIFE DEM FROM DERE POSITIONS!

YA! HERR GENERAL!



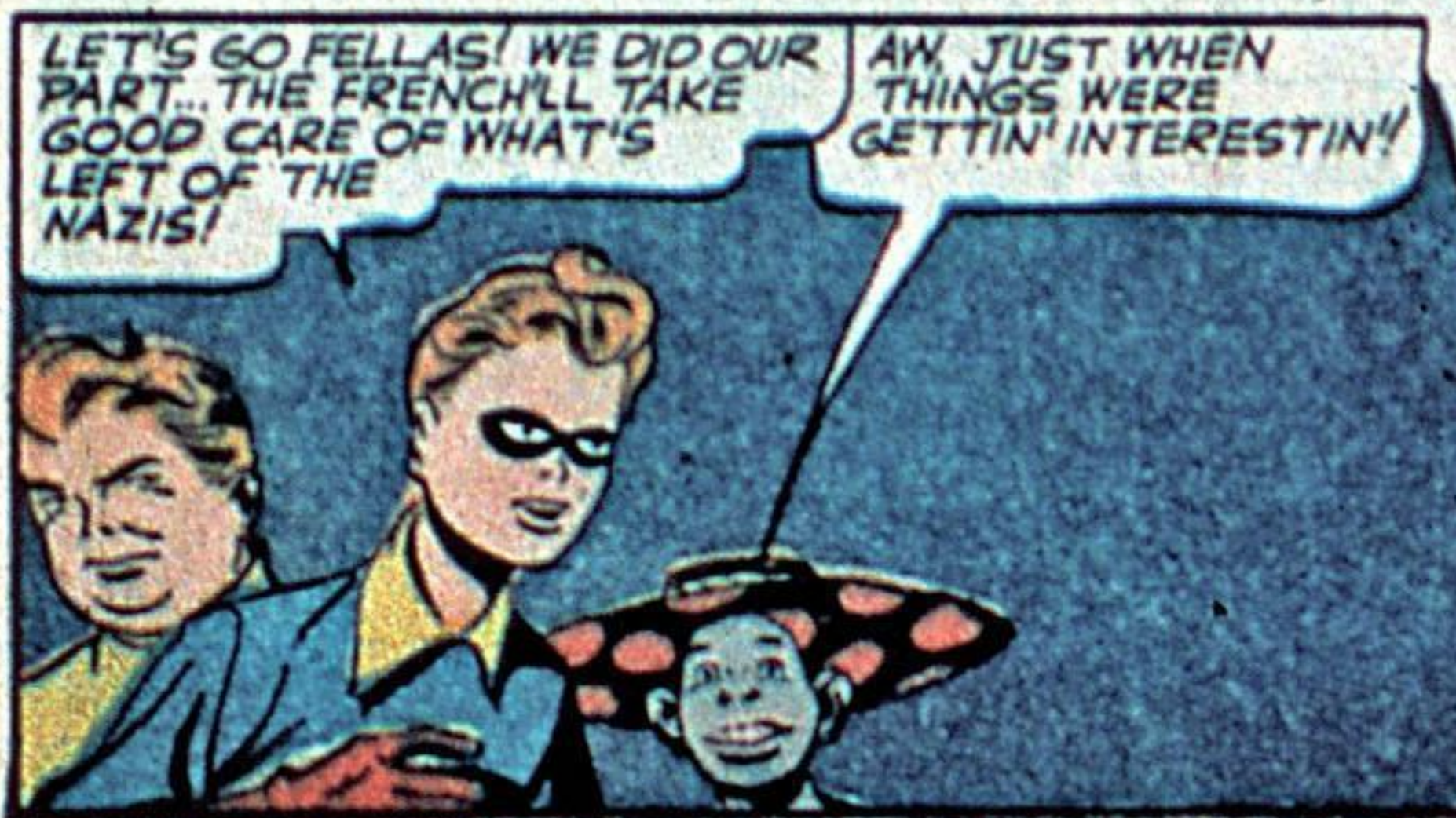
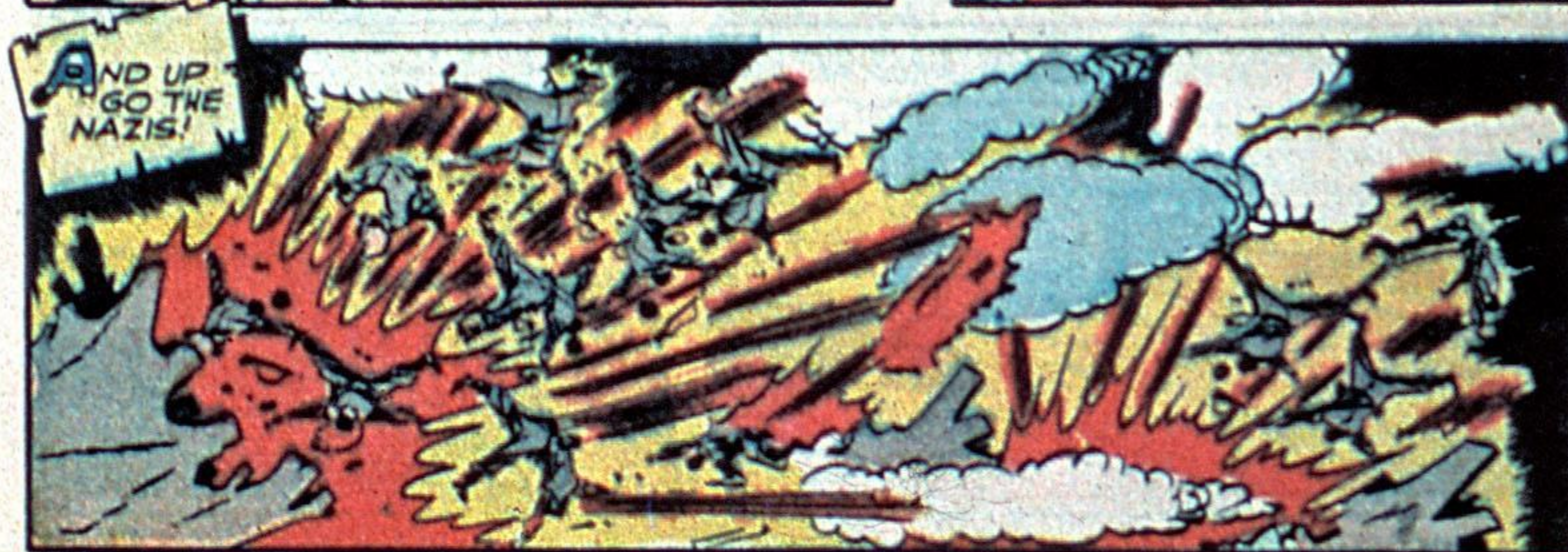
HOORAY! THE NAZIS FELL FOR IT! CAREFULL, MEN.. WE ARE IN NUMBER EIGHT.. BOTH THIS AND THE NEXT ONE IS MINED! START FALLING BACK!

THAT MEANS THEY MUST BE IN NO.'S ELEVEN AND TWELVE! SLAM DOORS SHUT WHEN WE FALL BACK! IT'LL TAKE SEVERAL MINUTES FOR THEM TO BREAK THE DOORS DOWN, THEN WE BLOW UP THE MINED FORTS!



CALCULATING THE EXACT MOMENT WHEN THE NAZIS WERE CROWDED INTO THE MINED FORTS... BUCKY GIVES THE SIGNAL! DOWN GOES THE PLUNGER!

GIVE 'ER THE JUICE!



LET'S GO FELLAS! WE DID OUR PART... THE FRENCH'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF WHAT'S LEFT OF THE NAZIS!

AW, JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GETTIN' INTERESTIN'!



BACK TO THE SECRET NAZI AIRFIELD, FELLAS!

YEP! AN' THEN WHERE?

AND THEN WHERE? WILL OUR YOUNG HEROES EVER GAIN THE SAFETY OF THE ALLIED LINES... IS THEIR SABOTAGE FINISHED OR...



LATER... BACK AT THE NAZIS CAMOUFLAGED AIRPORT...

...CINCH IF WE COULD GET THOSE GUARDS OUT OF THE WAY...

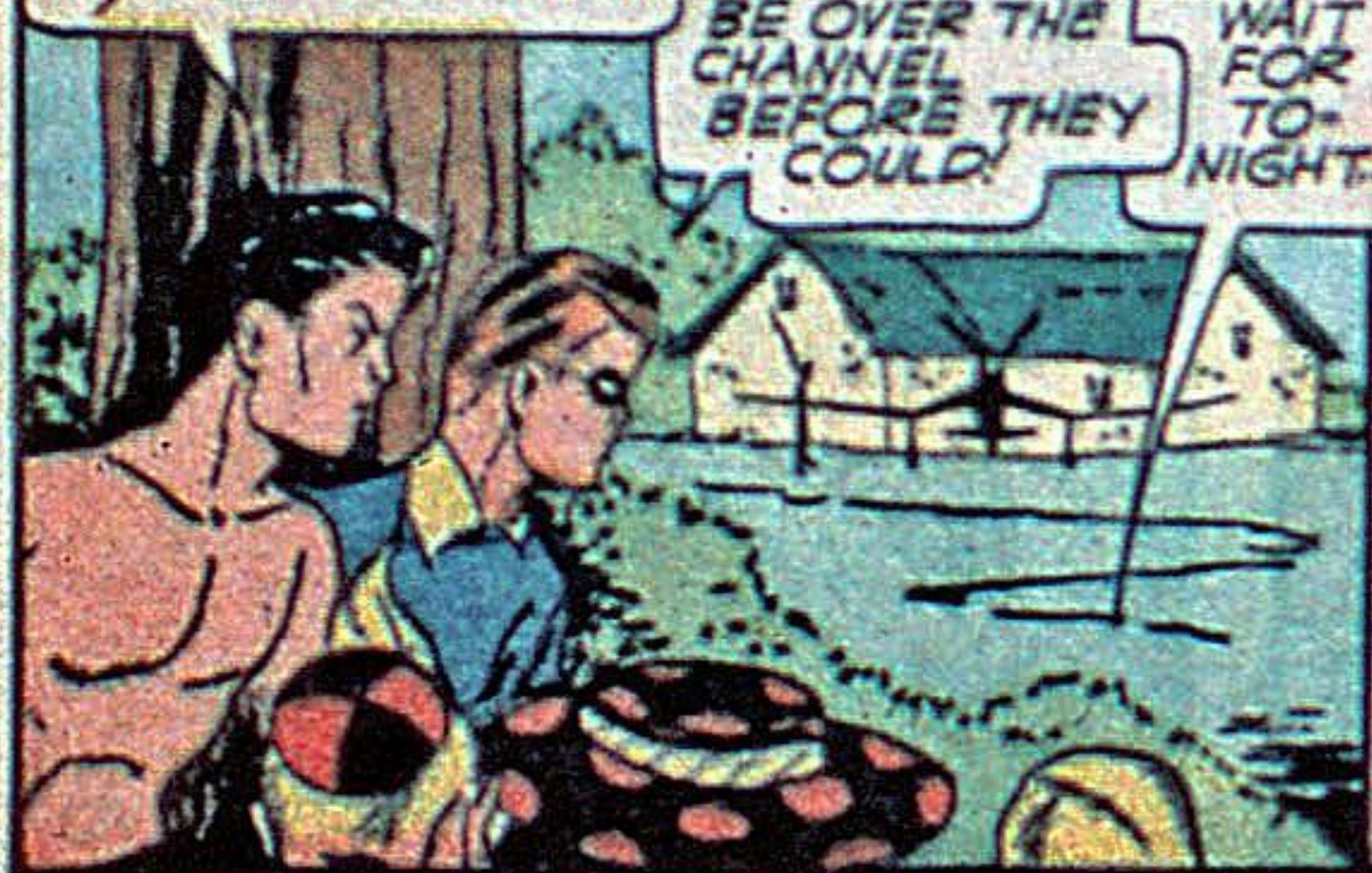
YEA! WE COULD HOP A COUPLE OF PLANES, BE OVER THE CHANNEL BEFORE THEY COULD!

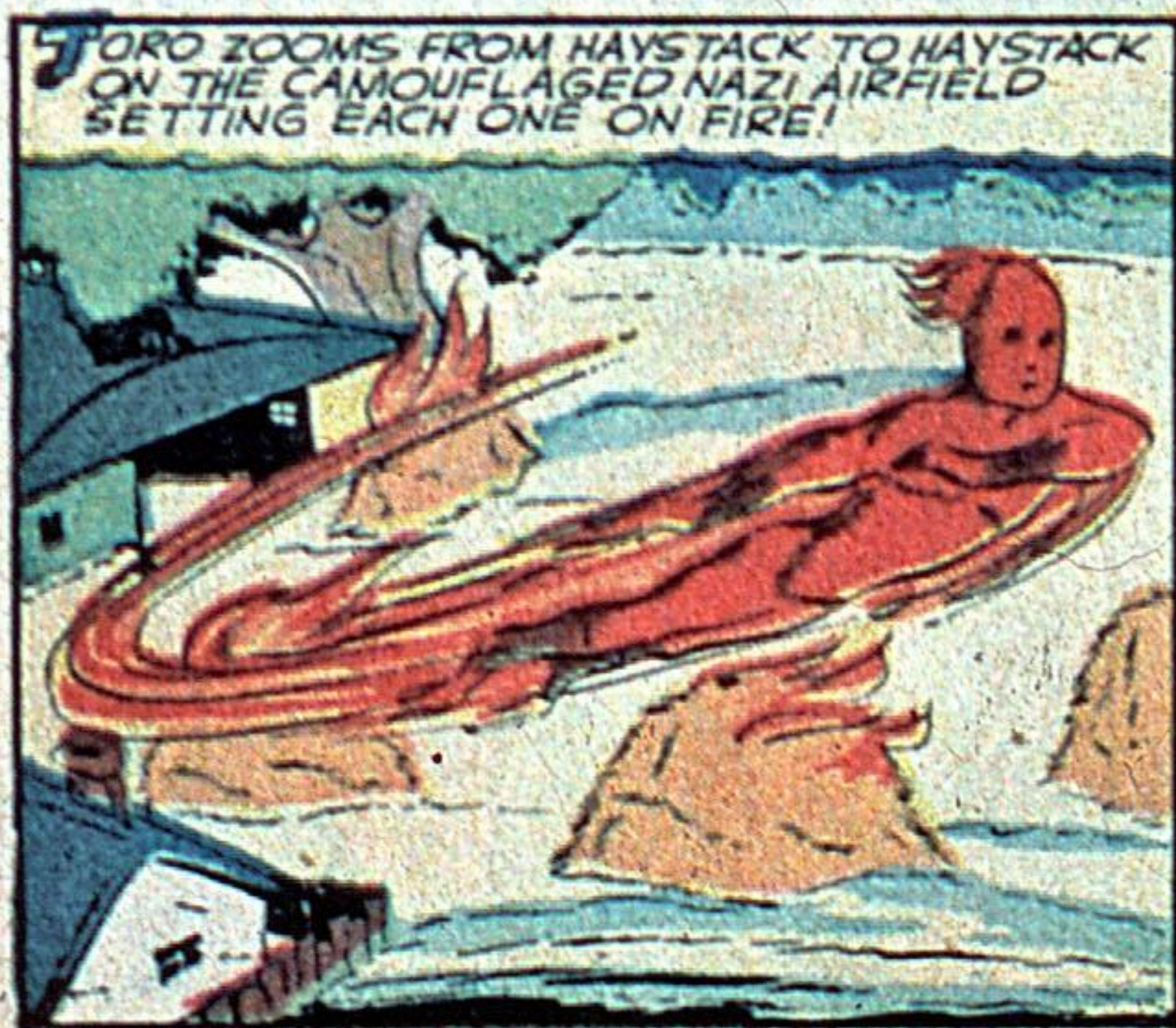
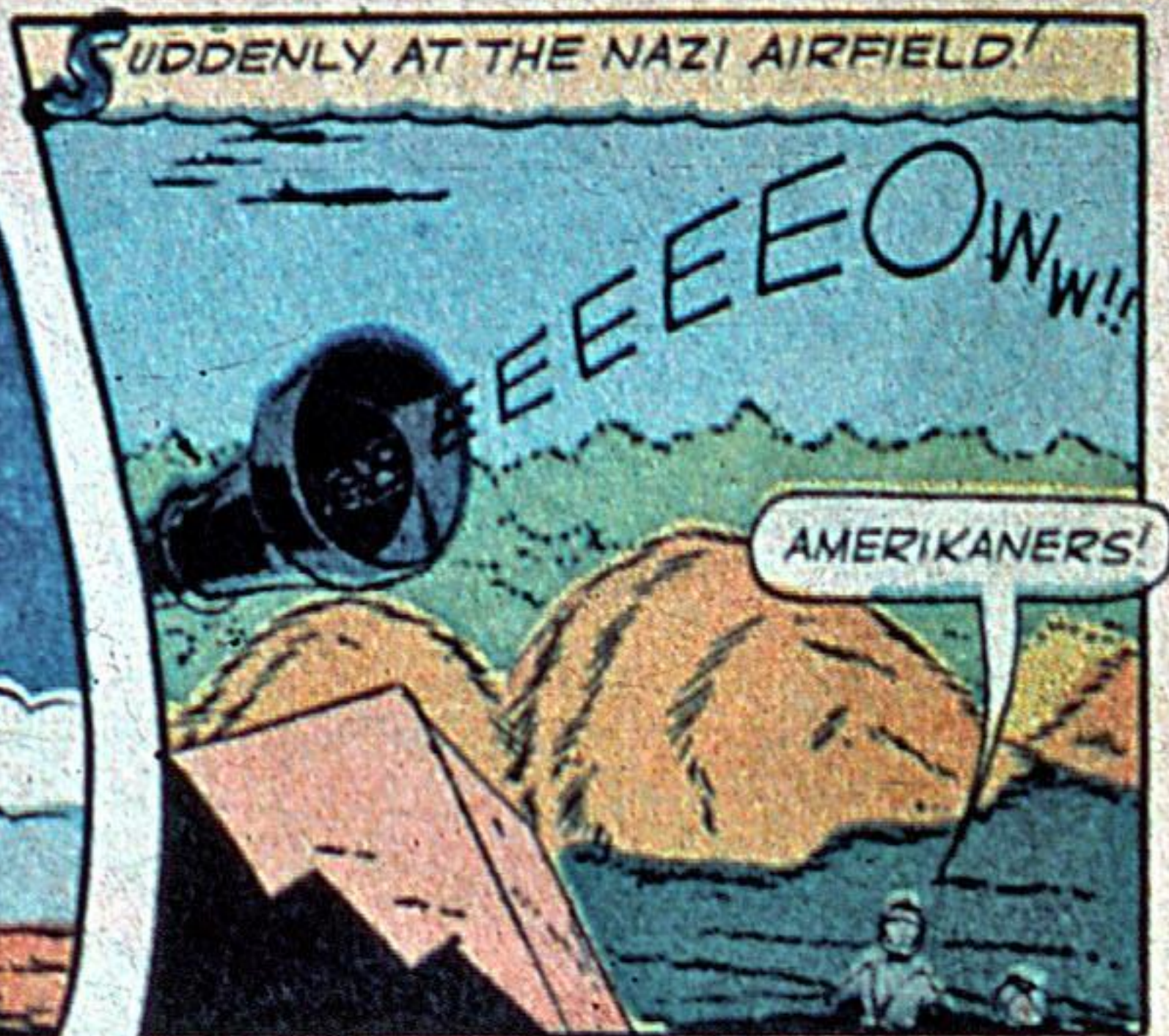
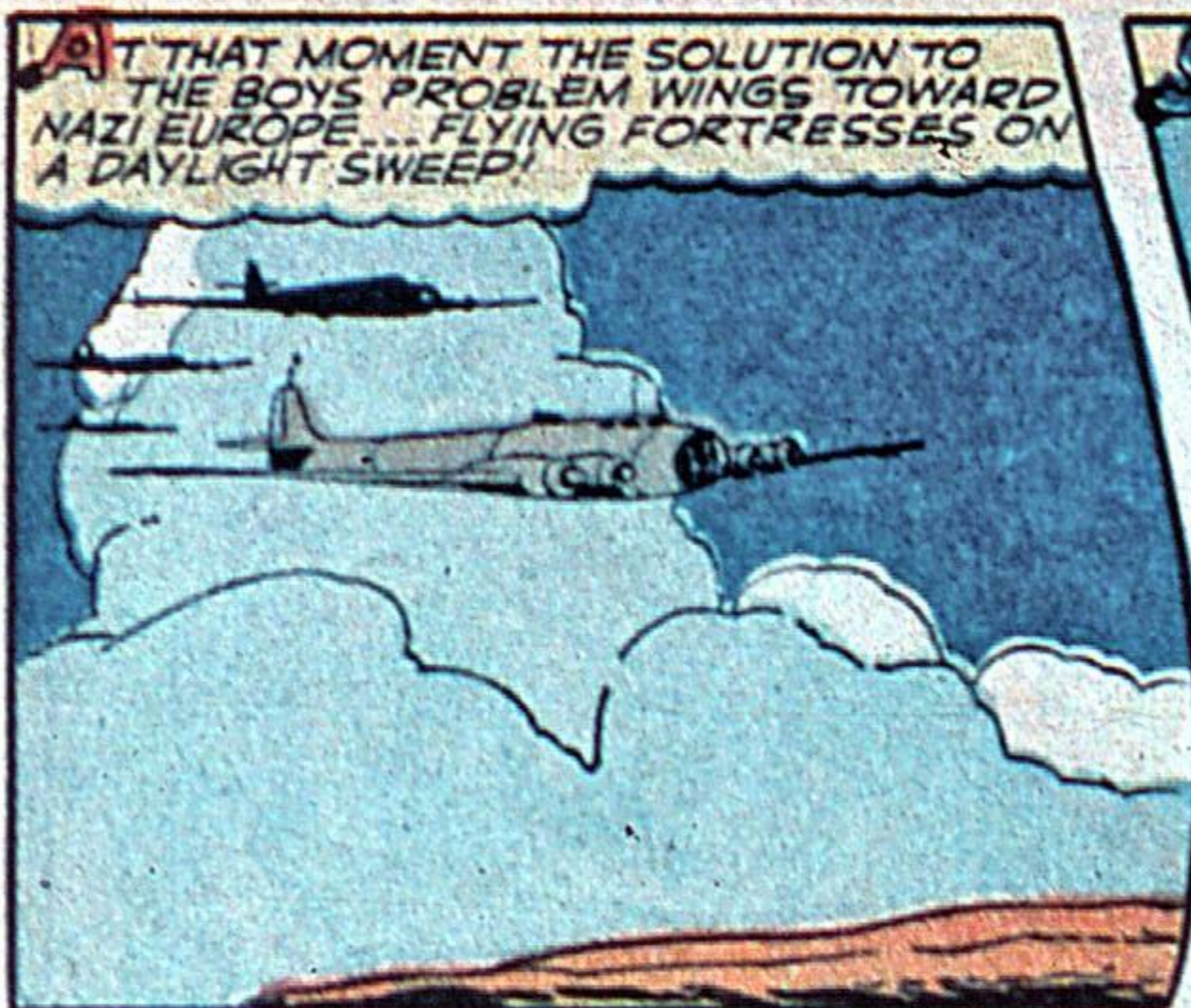
LOOKS LIKE WE ALL OUGHTA WAIT FOR TONIGHT.

DON'T MAKE ANY MOVEMENT OR THE GUARDS MAY SEE US!

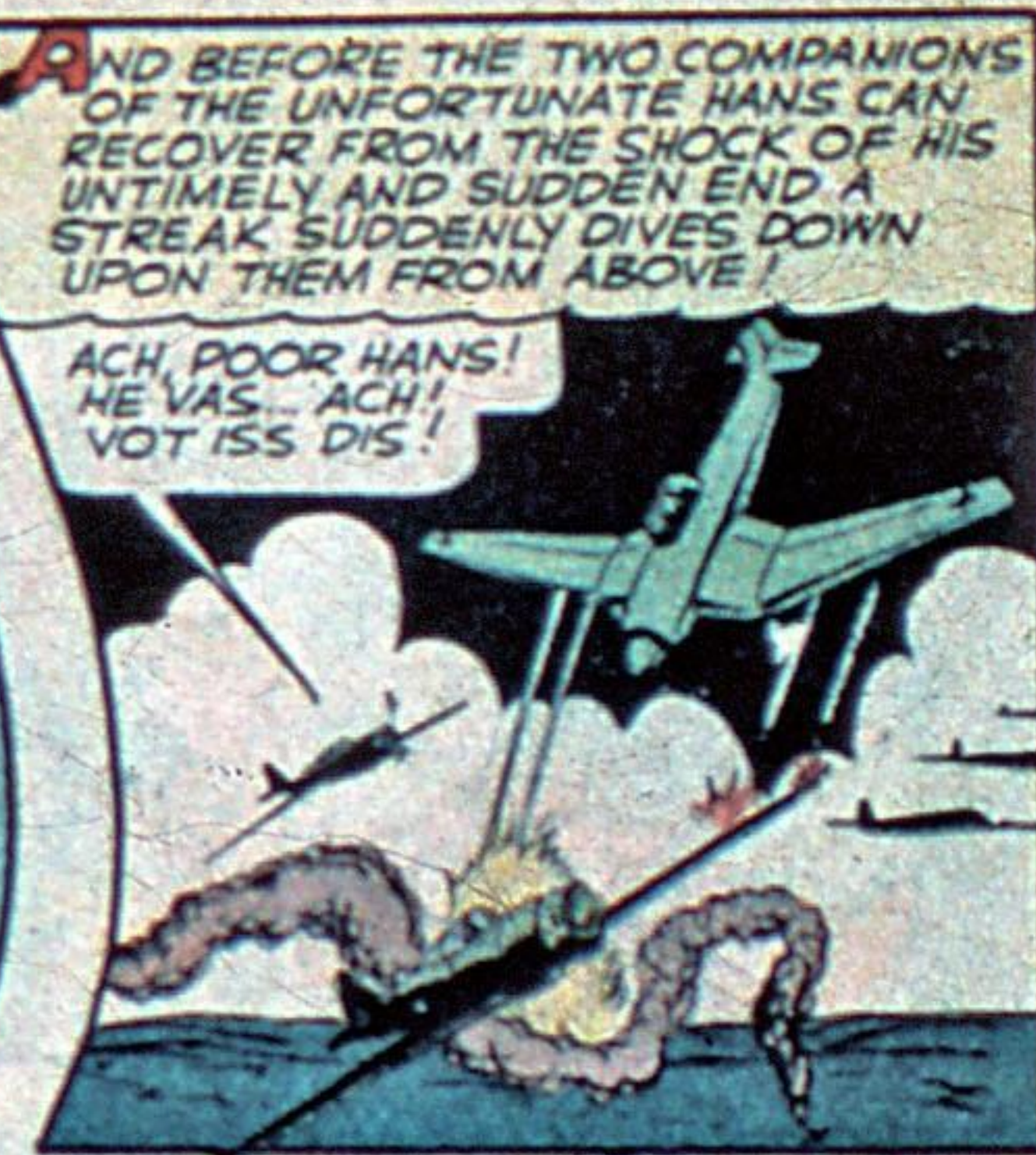
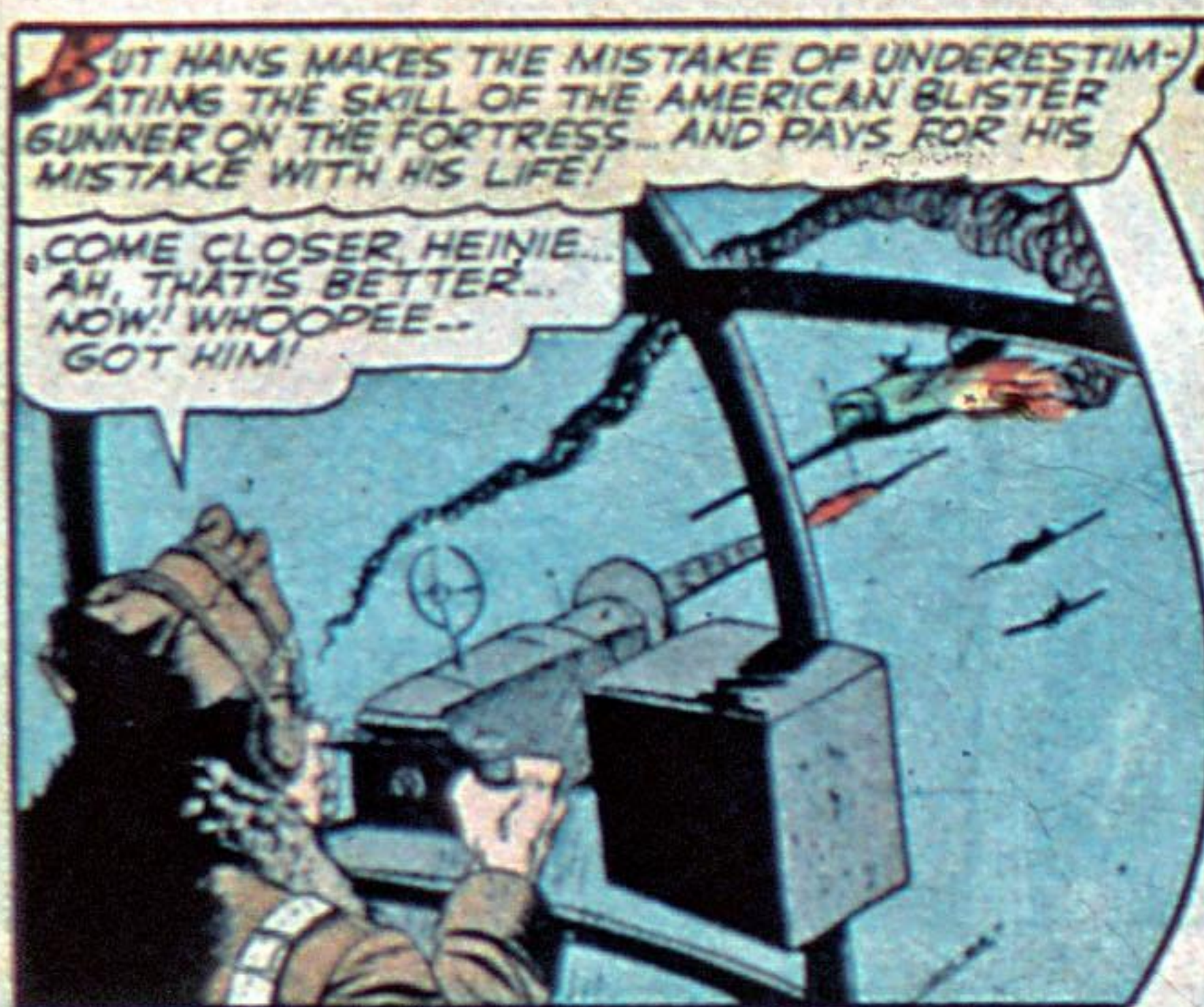
SUPPOSE THEY HAVE JACK-ACK AROUND!

START WORRYIN' ABOUT THAT WHEN WE'RE IN THE AIR...



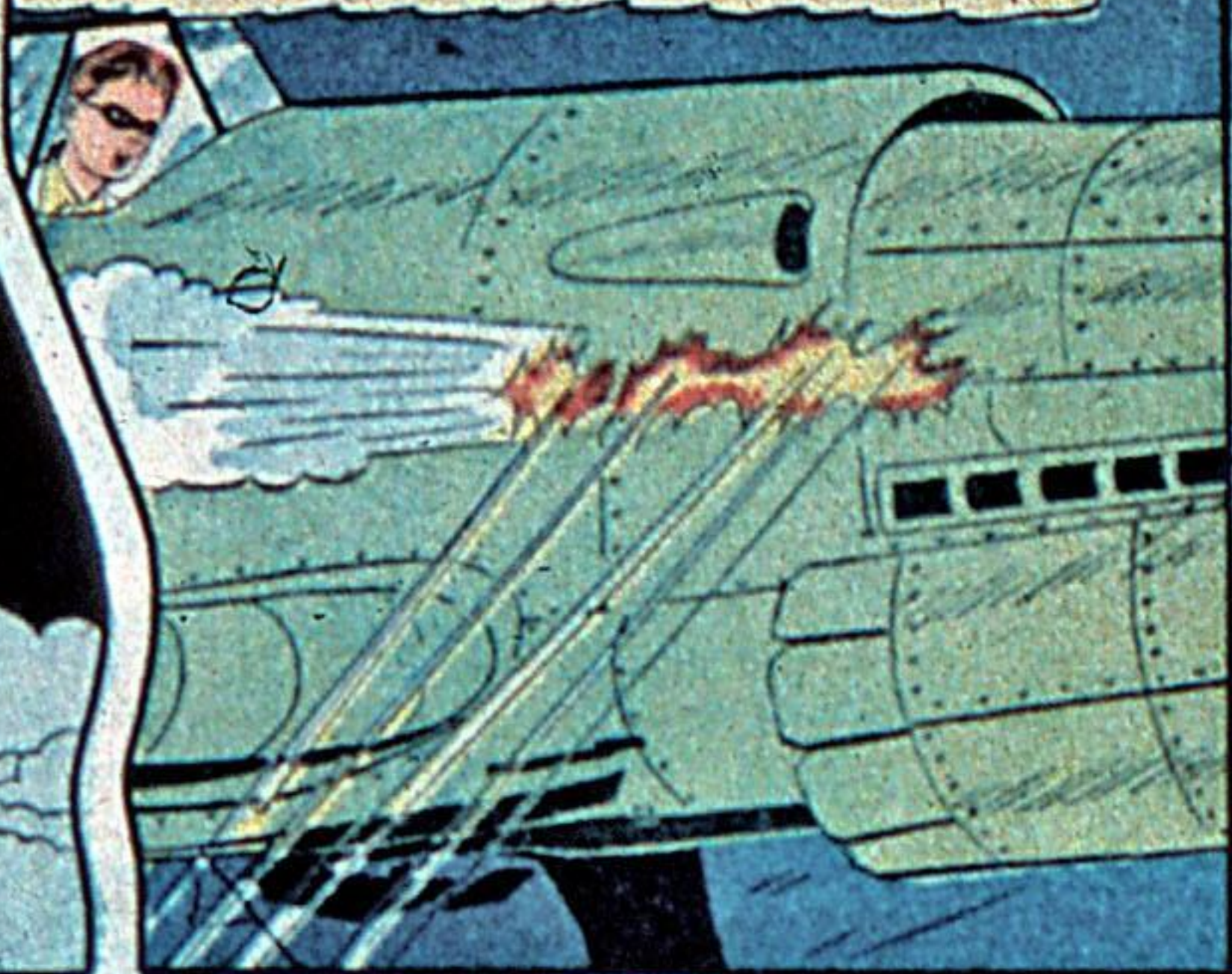
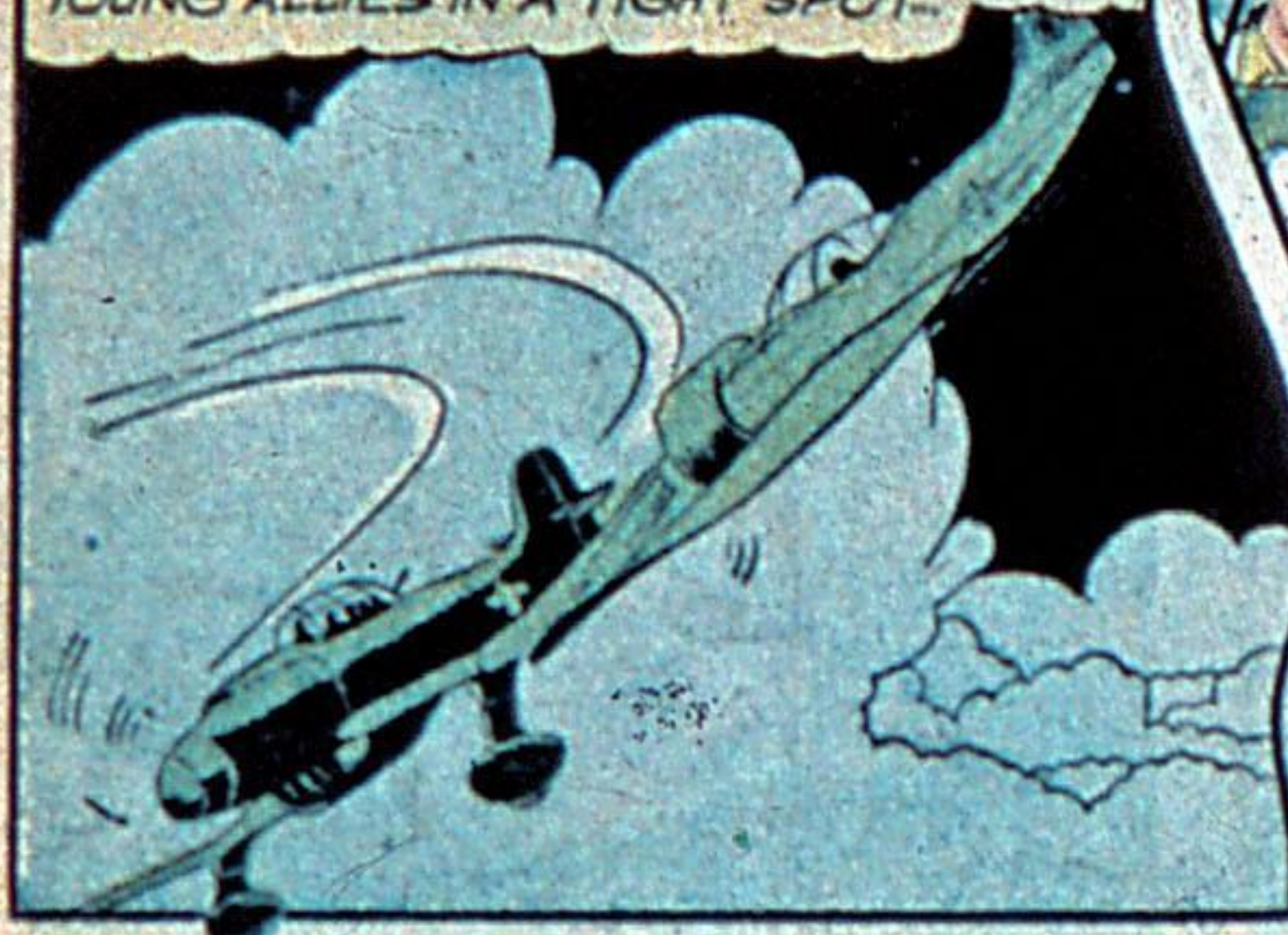






DESPERATELY, BUCKY TRIES TO GET HIS SLOWER, HEAVILY LADEN PLANE OUT OF THE WAY... BUT THE NAZI IS AN EXPERIENCED COMBAT PILOT AND WITH HIS FASTER PLANE SOON HAS THE YOUNG ALLIES IN A TIGHT SPOT...

AND A WELL PLACED BURST GETS THE ALLIES' MOTOR!

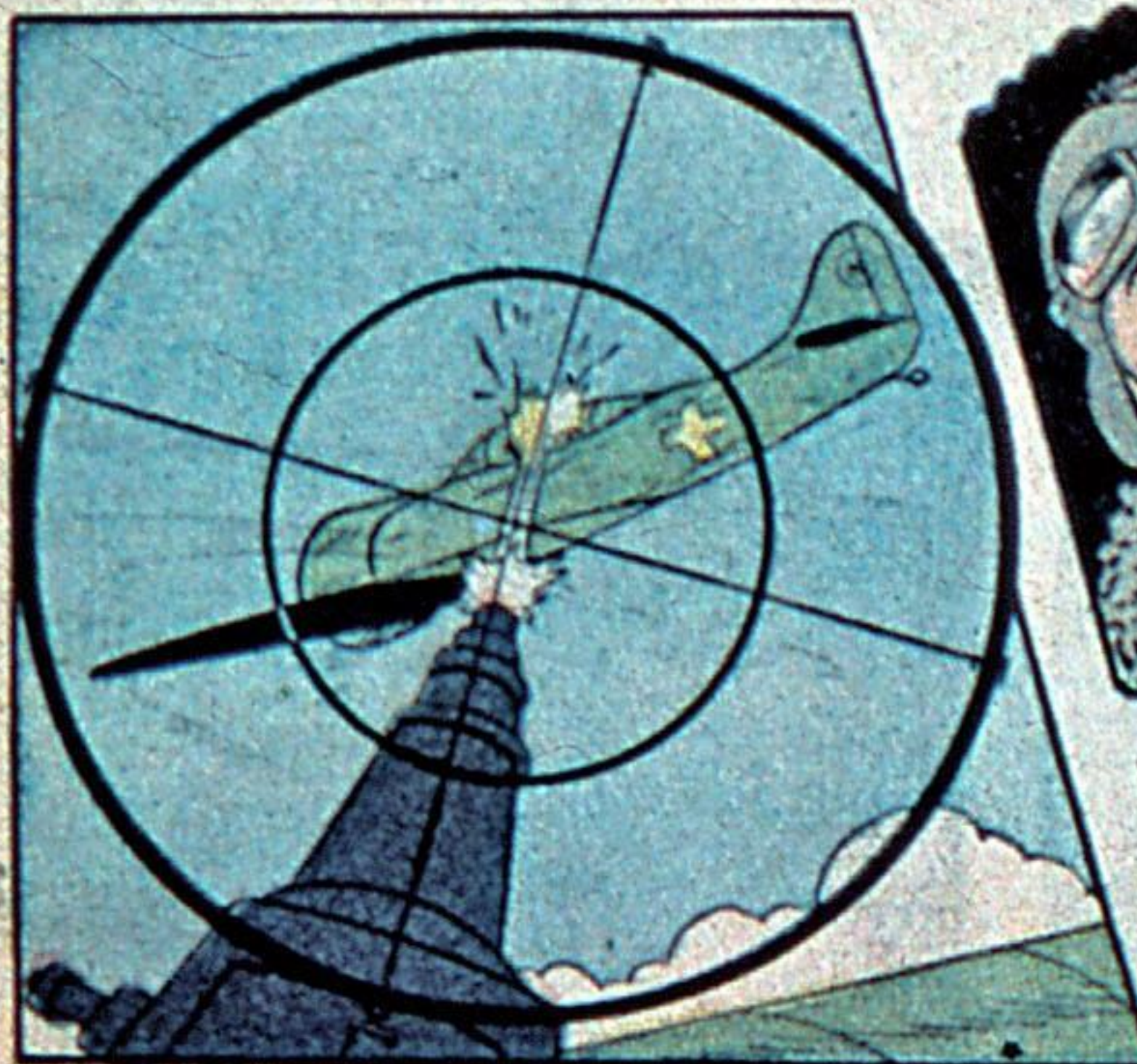
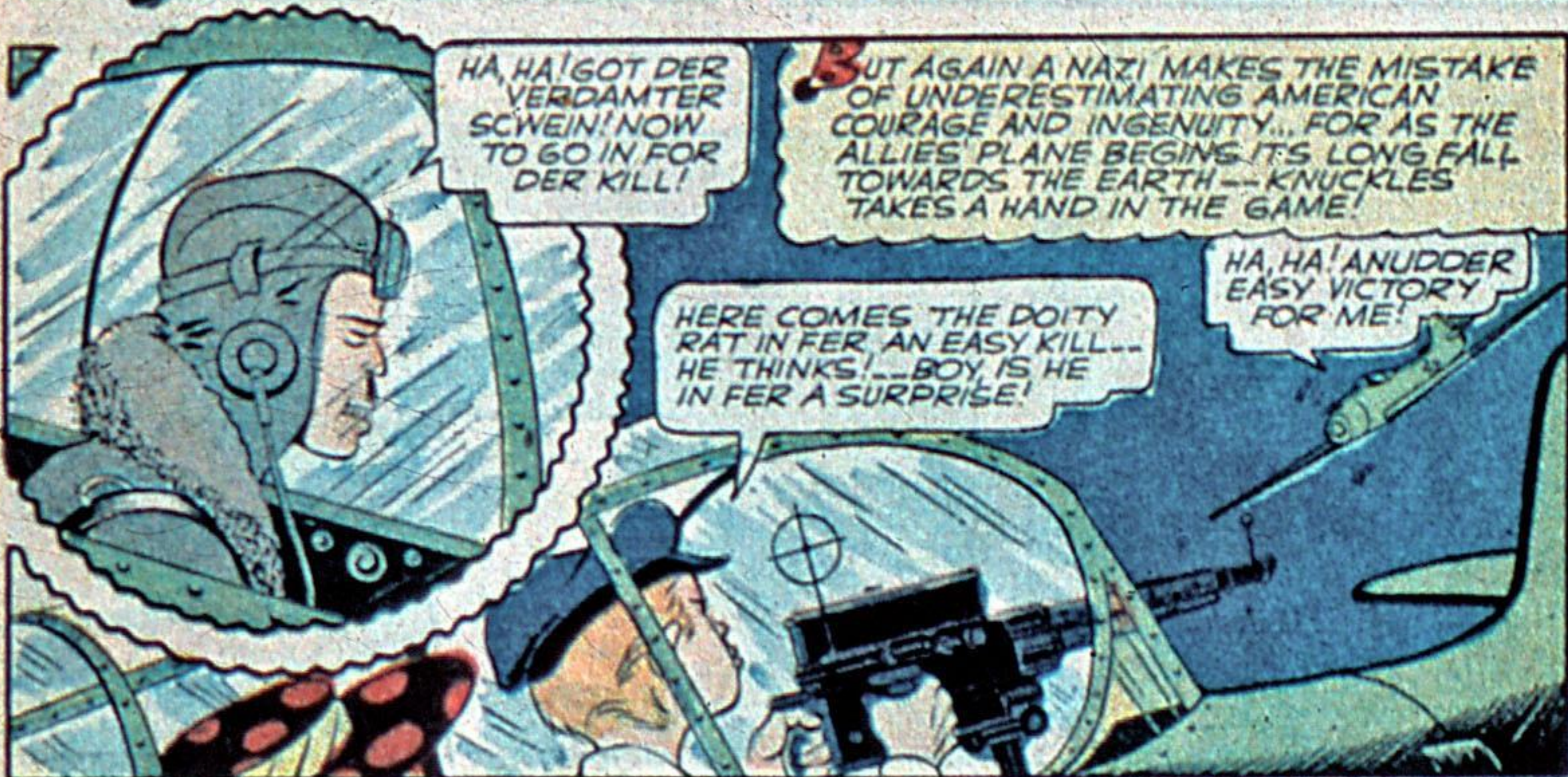


HA, HA! GOT DER VERDAMTER SCWEIN! NOW TO GO IN FOR DER KILL!

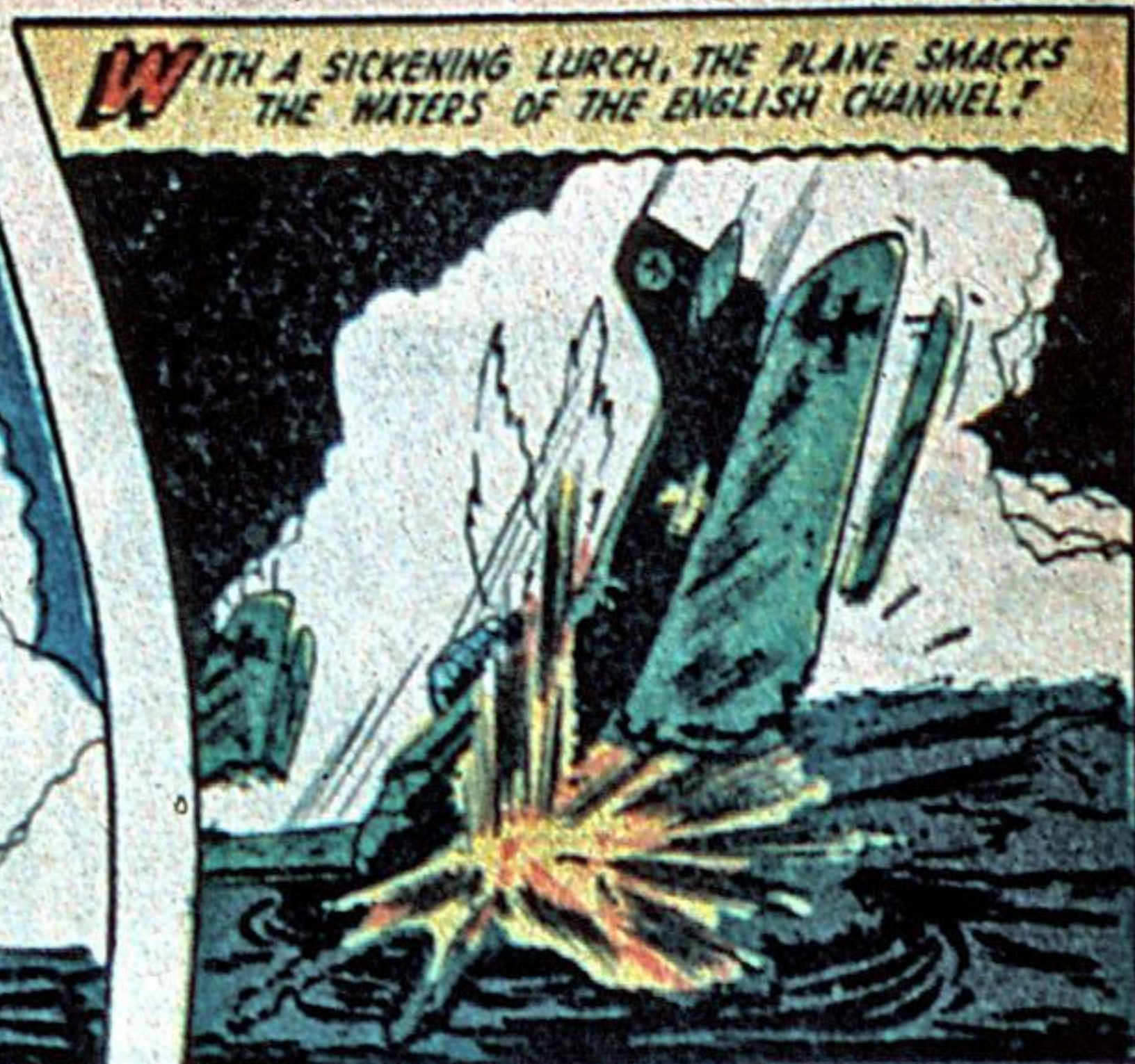
BUT AGAIN A NAZI MAKES THE MISTAKE OF UNDERESTIMATING AMERICAN COURAGE AND INGENUITY... FOR AS THE ALLIES' PLANE BEGINS ITS LONG FALL TOWARDS THE EARTH-- KNUCKLES TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME!

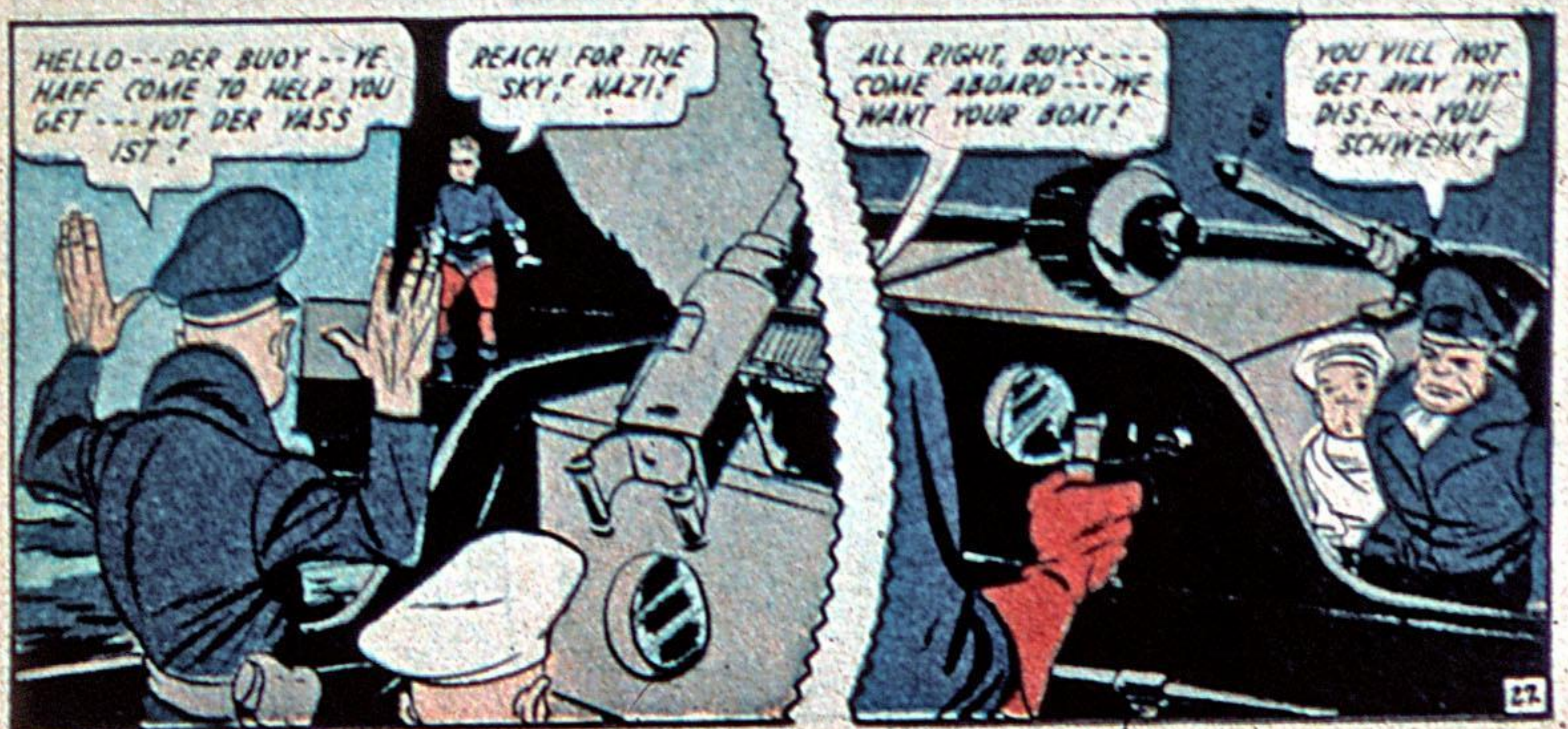
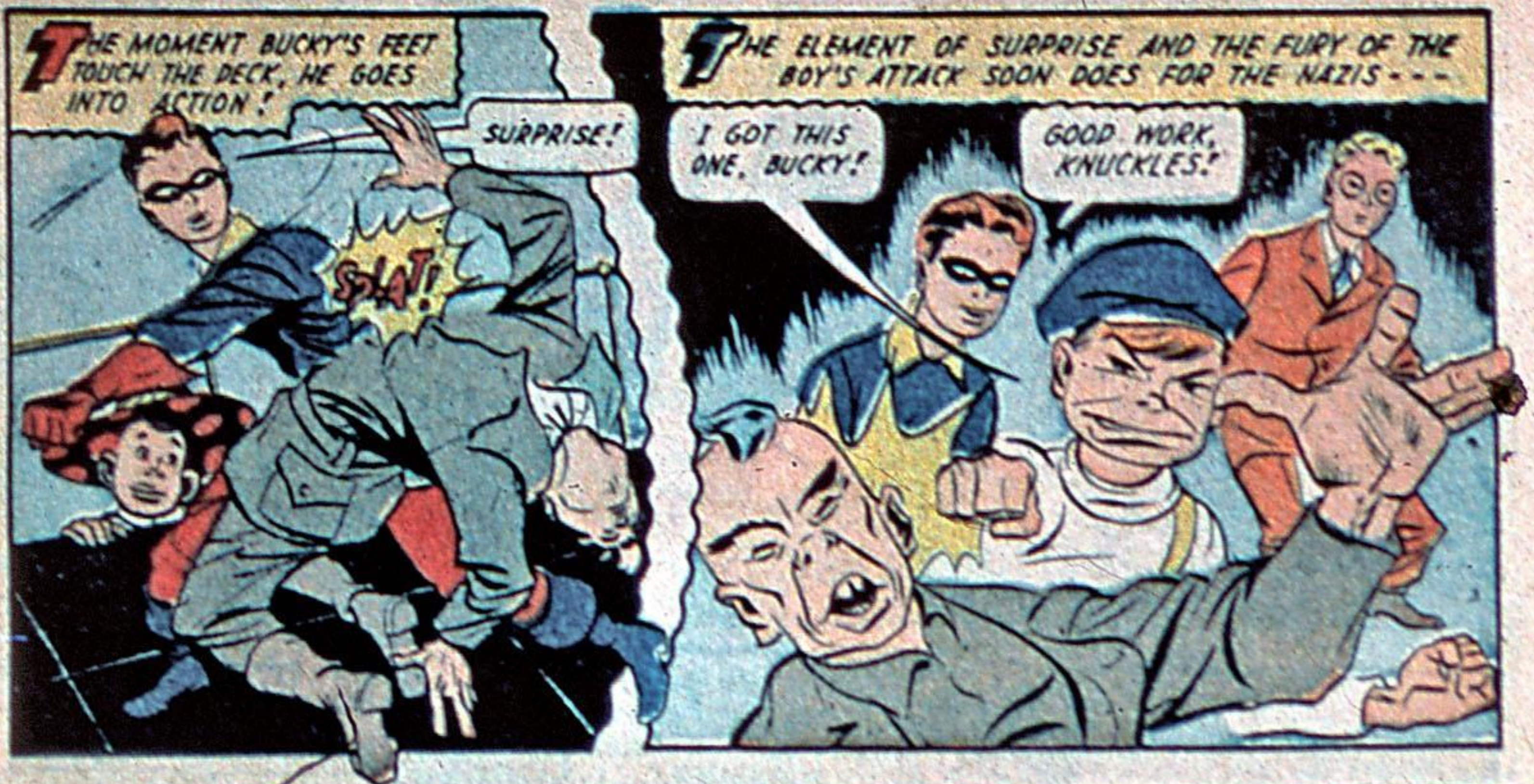
HA, HA! ANUDDER EASY VICTORY FOR ME!

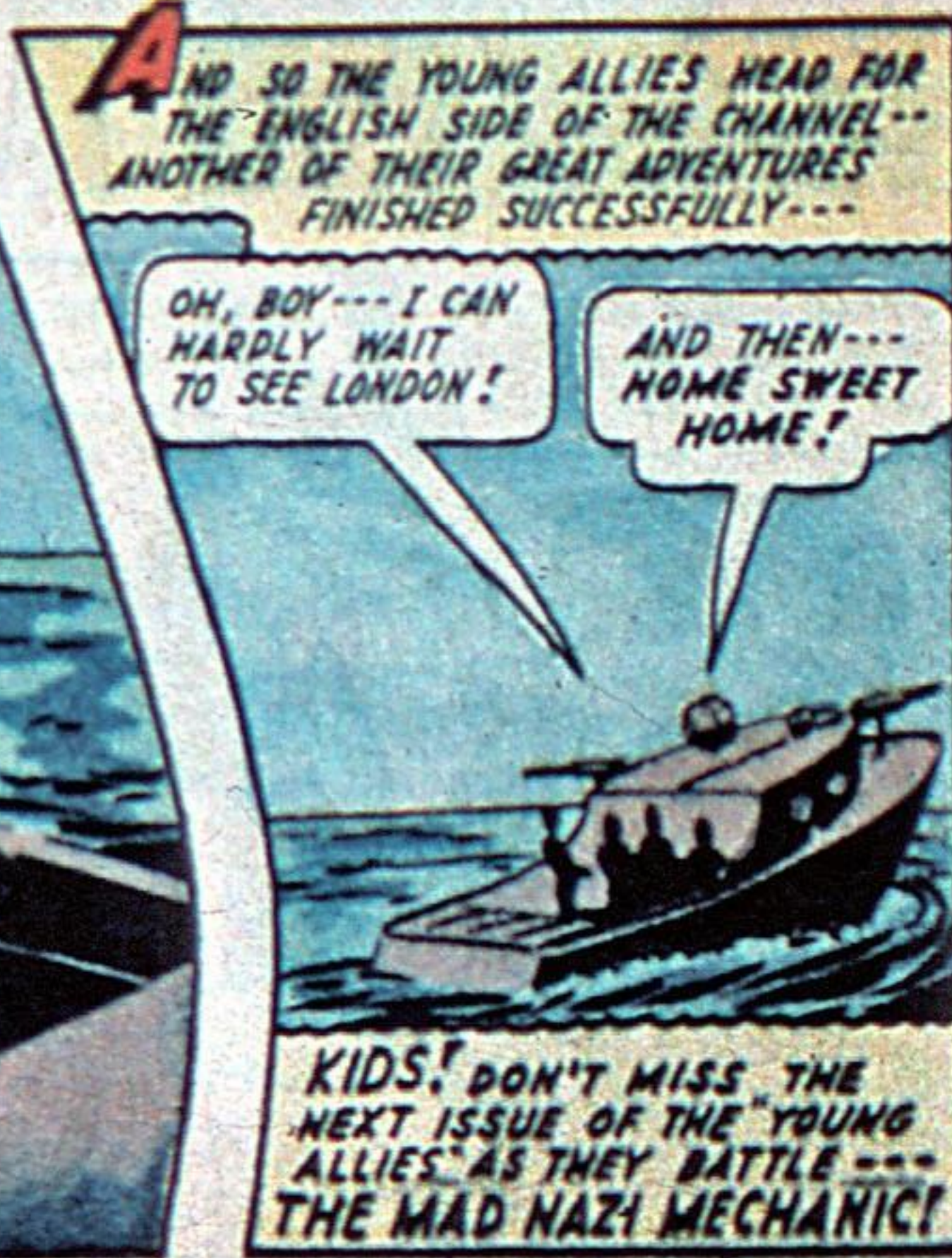
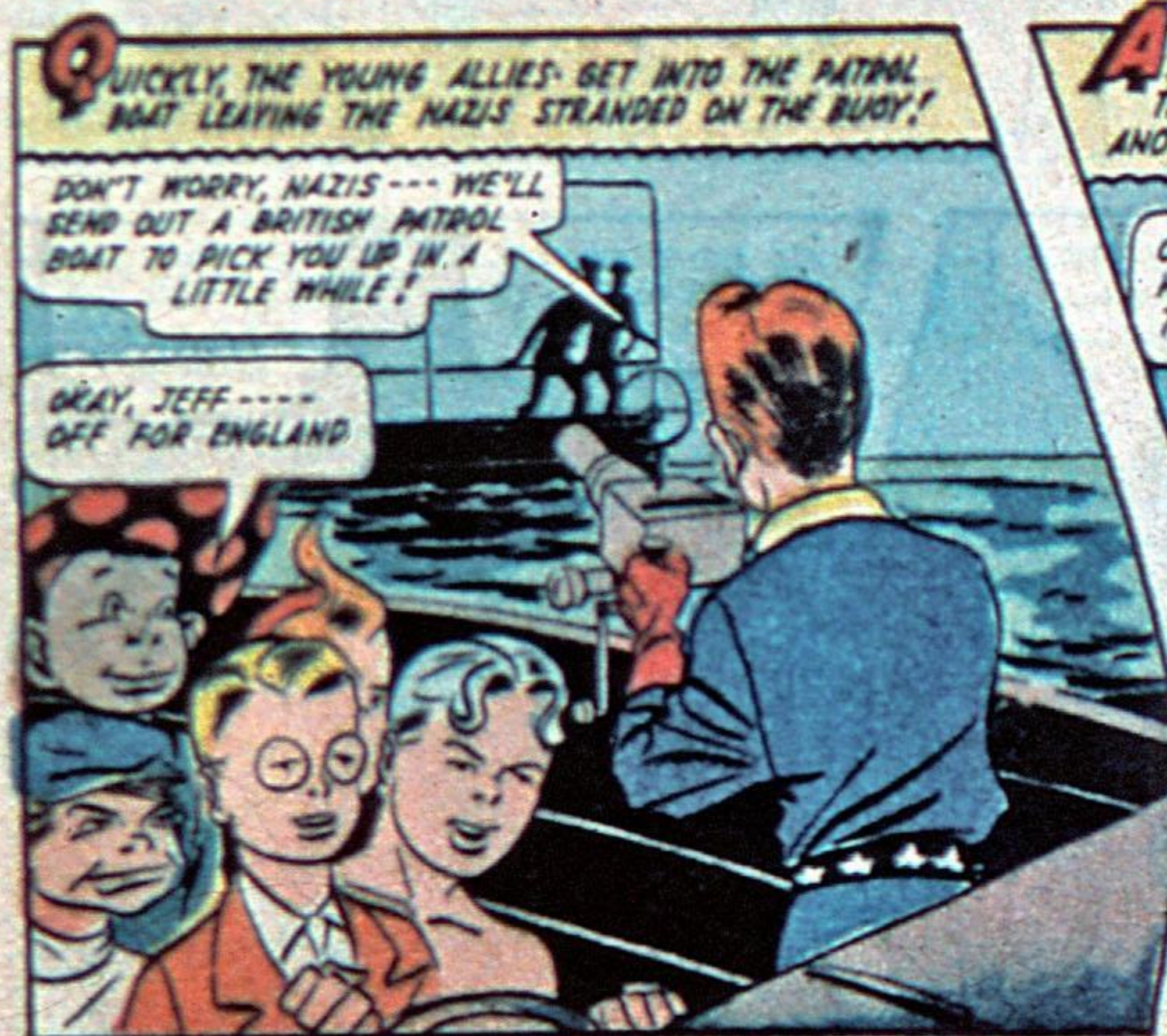
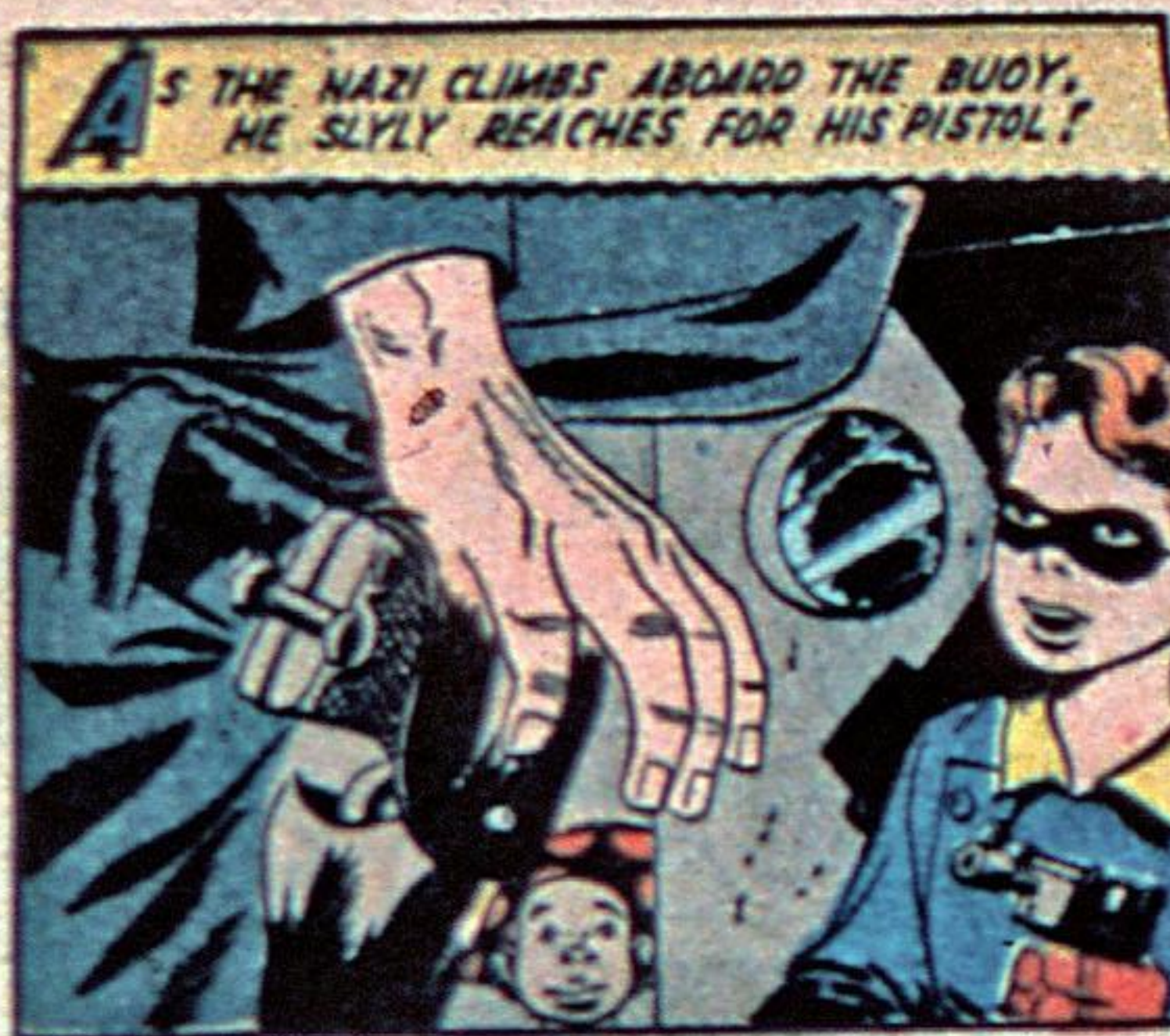
HERE COMES THE DOITY RAT IN FER AN EASY KILL... HE THINKS!... BOY, IS HE IN FER A SURPRISE!



HE GOT US TOO! OUR MOTOR'S GONE! GOT TO GO DOWN!







"THE Singing KID"

HE signed up on the West Coast, a loosely built, gangling kid with yellow hair and a half-bashful grin. His drawl and deeply tanned face told us he'd come from the foothills, maybe the desert. There was almost the smell of sage brush and chaparral about him, just enough distance between his knees on the inside to tell he'd done plenty of riding.

"Never was on a boat before," he admitted the first evening at mess. He amended between mouthfulls, "Guess I'll get used to it. Suppose everyone does."

Fred turned his stocky body, looked the kid over critically. "Where'd you say you came from?"

"Didn't," Sparky admitted laconically.

Couple of the boys chuckled. Fred took it good naturedly. "Well, where do you come from?"

"South," was the answer, washed down by a big gulp of coffee. "Desert country. Ever been there?"

Fred shook his head. "You can have my part of it. Me . . . I'll go back to the main stem when this fracas is over. No wild and woolly life for me. I'm civilized."

Sparky looked up, shoving back his plate carefully. His blue eyes took on a puzzled light, and there was something half injured in the creases across his forehead. "Look, stranger," he said softly. "You calculate folks from the desert, the ranches and such are—uncivilized?"

He turned and walked out, leaving Fred trying to think of a snappy answer, but unable to before Sparky's heels disappeared through the door.

THE crew of the Oberon was made up of about the toughest brand of guys ever collected in so small a place, and yet everyone was Yank through and through. Sparky was the latest. He was aces with us all. No telling why he hadn't gone into uniform. It was his business and we respected that. He worked hard, and without grumbling.

Sparky was stripped down to his waist and his shoulders and arms were like banded copper. "How you doing, Sparky?" I asked.

"Okay, I reckon." He added more polish to the rag. "Didn't know how I'd make out first off. Figured there'd be trouble."

"We're not in yet."

Sparky gave the railing a thoughtful swipe. "Trying to scare me, stranger?"

I had to laugh at the half peeved look in his eyes. "The name's Steve. And I'm not trying to scare you. Just don't want you to figure nothing's going to happen . . . then be disappointed."

"You figure we're in for trouble?"

Right then I didn't know what was inside his head, although he was built swell outside. "This is one job you never know about. You might hit the hay tonight and wake up strumming your harp."

WHEN I went below that night I found Sparky and Fred talking. A few of the other guys were around. Fred was asking, "What you figure you'll do after the war's over, kid?"

"Too uncertain," was the answer.

"Didn't ever do anything but work a ranch? Don't ever want to do anything else?"

Sparky gave this deep consideration. "Well . . . I 'lowed I'd like to . . . sing. Only—"

Fred laughed. It was a mistake because right away I saw the kid regretted having told this, looked almost as if he were ashamed of the admission.

"Let's hear you sing," someone said. "Shorty, where's that banjo you used to fool around with?"

Shorty shook his head. "You guys raised particular blazes about it and I hocked it the last time in port. Sing anyhow, kid."

But Sparky shut up like a clam. Fred tried to smooth things over but no go. Sparky was sore and maybe ashamed.

They didn't let him alone. They actually wanted to hear him sing. Some of the boys went in for western songs. A few liked serious music and the others popular stuff. Anything new in the way of entertainment was always welcome. But Sparky wouldn't sing.

Not until the night we ran into interference.

IT came without warning. One minute everything was quiet and peaceful, with just the lazy motion of the big cargo vessel riding the swells and the pulse of her engines. Then a shattering explosion sent everyone scrambling for clothes. We were on the move before the alarm sounded. We hit the deck fast.

It was a clear, still night. My station was port side forward. I was on the run when the second "fish" hit. There couldn't have been a minute and a half between hits and again the ship staggered, rolled dangerously while smoke and flame clawed up from her deck into the night sky, like a flaming tower that wavered then toppled over. The roar of the explosion left my ears numb and ringing.

You can't appreciate a thing like this unless you've actually lived through it. It's hard to understand the agony of waiting, knowing death is close, hoping so hard it hurts that your crew will make a killing; knowing with a dull kind of hate and despair that if they don't . . . you're it.

But they figured wrong. While they organized after that first hit, our machine gun crews had their guns pouring fire. A second later our four inch got in a bulls-eye.

It hit the conning tower full and square, and everyone knew the sub was a gone puppy. She listed, rolled back. Her crew was thrown in all directions.

A second hit smashed her at the water line and she started to glide forward slowly, like some wounded serpent trying to escape. She listed, started to nudge under water. Men crawled from her twisted, shattered conning tower. Machine gun fire poured into them. Again our four inch scored a hit and a moment later she writhed out of sight.

BUT we had our troubles. The Oberon had been hit twice. Smoke and flame licked up from the forward hatch. Our motors were stopped. We had to fight fire.

It's kind of awful. Alone in the middle of nothing, with smoke and flame tearing up through the deck while below there was the subdued crackle and rumble of hungry flames.

You've got to be a good man not to be afraid. We worked like fiends. Pumps were pouring water into the hold. We had a load already and couldn't take much more. If those hits were bad—

Flame and smoke boiled out through the shattered deck, leaping into the sky like a kind of dreadful giant weaving and dancing above us. Something close to panic gripped the crew. We were scorched and burned, covered with grease and sweat.

We fought for hours, holding our own with the fire, hoping, praying every second the Old

Man would give orders to abandon ship.

That was when we heard the kid singing. There wasn't any sound but the crackle of flames, the grunt of pumps and then his voice coming through it all; clear and sharp as a bell. A sort of second Jim Blodsoe he might have been, singing somewhere in that inferno.

The kid's singing was just that. Bits of ballads of the west, songs we'd never heard but ones we've never forgotten since. Songs about the prairie and stars at night, songs about cowboys riding herd, songs of round-up days.

It broke the tension. Someone laughed near me and a voice yelled, "Listen to the mocking bird. Who said Sparky can't sing?"

We hadn't even begun to work! By the time light sifted in from the east, the fire was a smoldering smudge. An hour later it was out and the black-hole gang made their report. The motors could be patched up. We'd make port!

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Young Allies published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Young Allies and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Young Allies, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Young Allies, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1943.

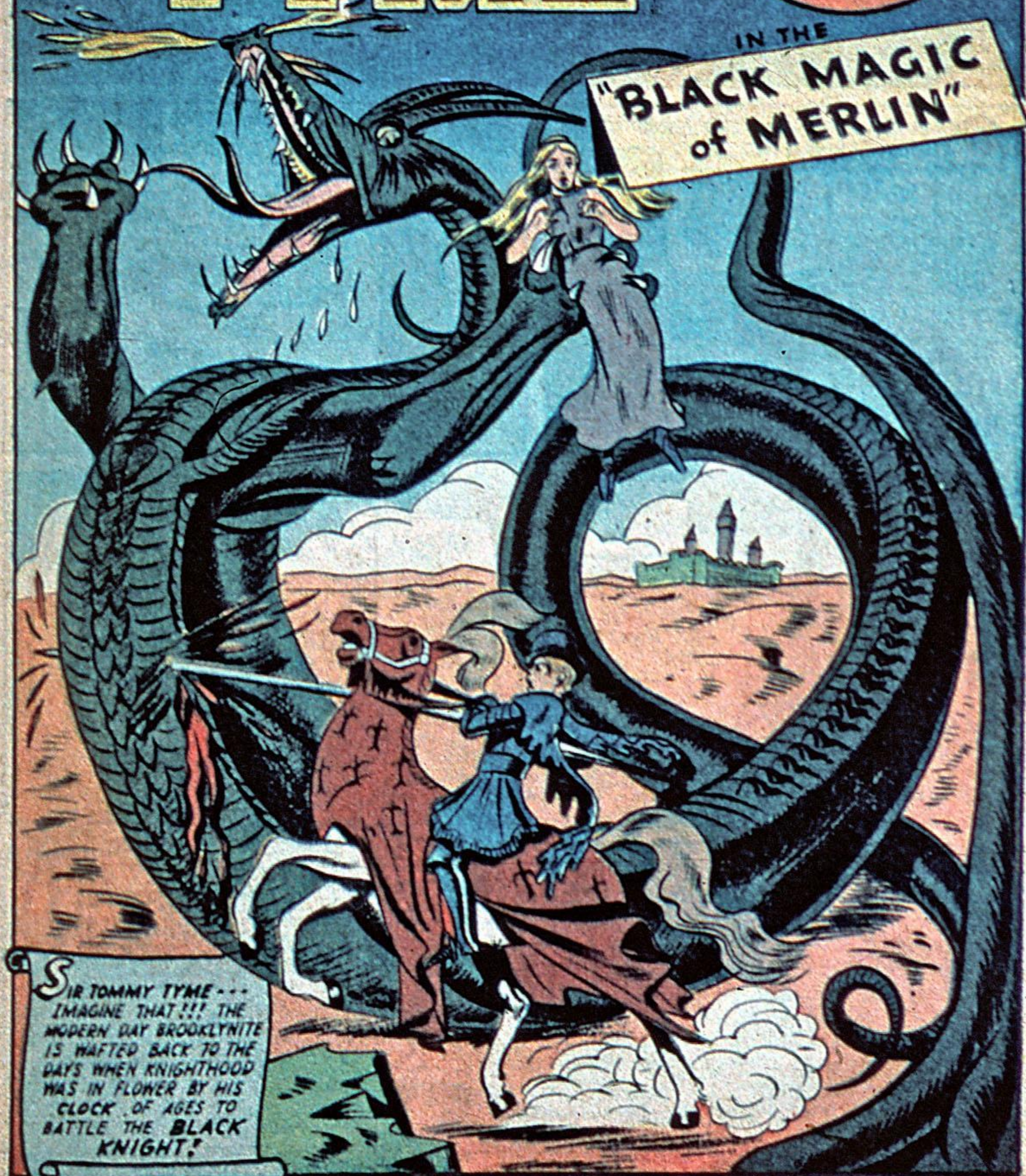
(SEAL)

SYLVIA FIEGEN,
(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

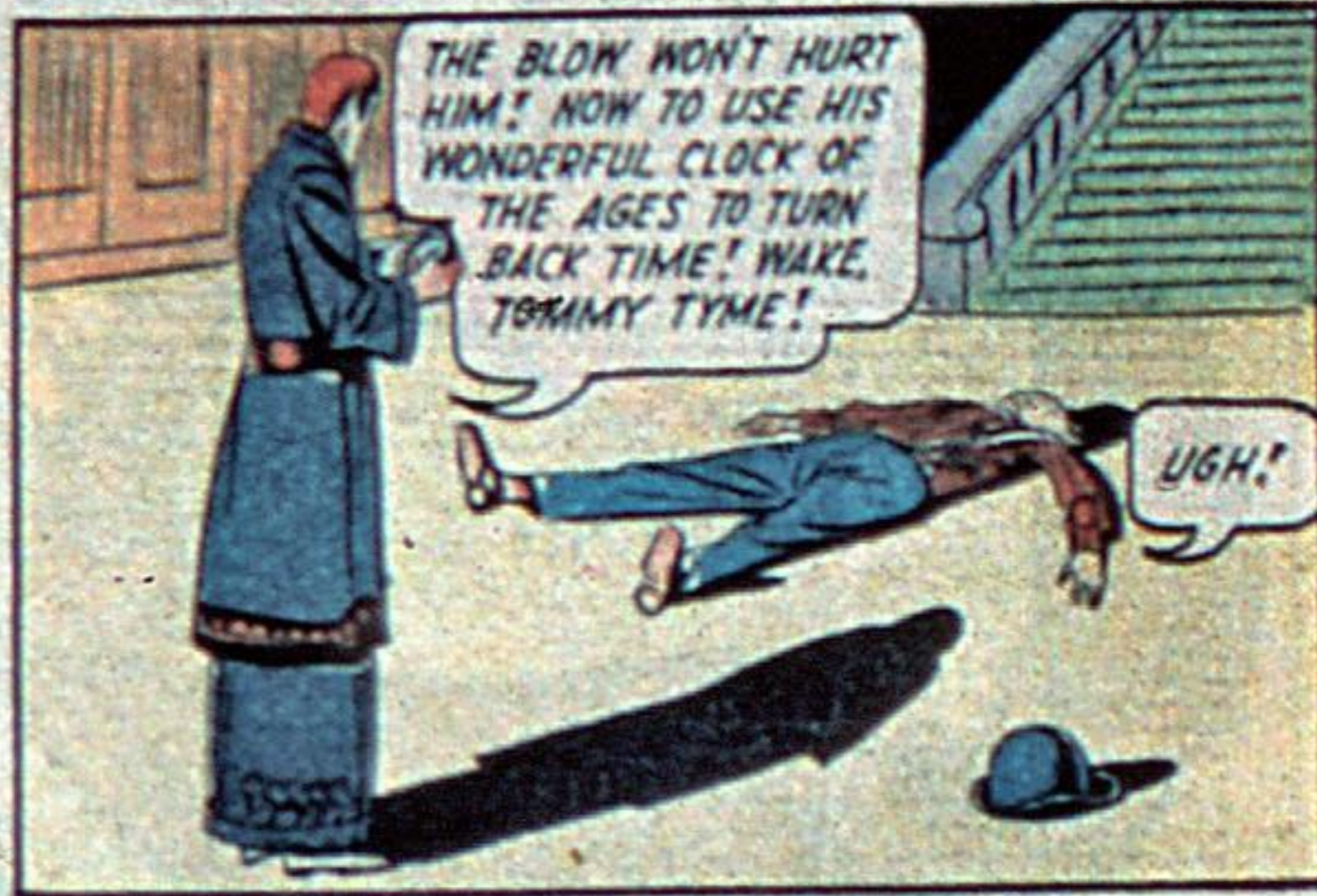
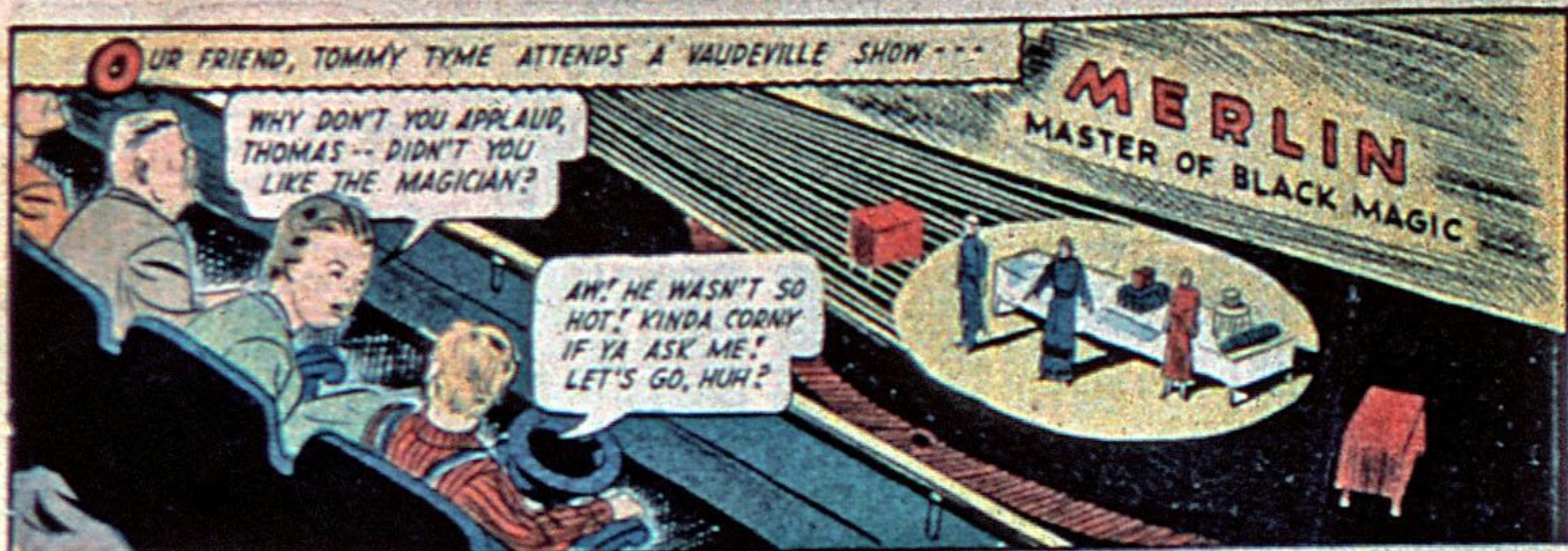
TOMMY TYME

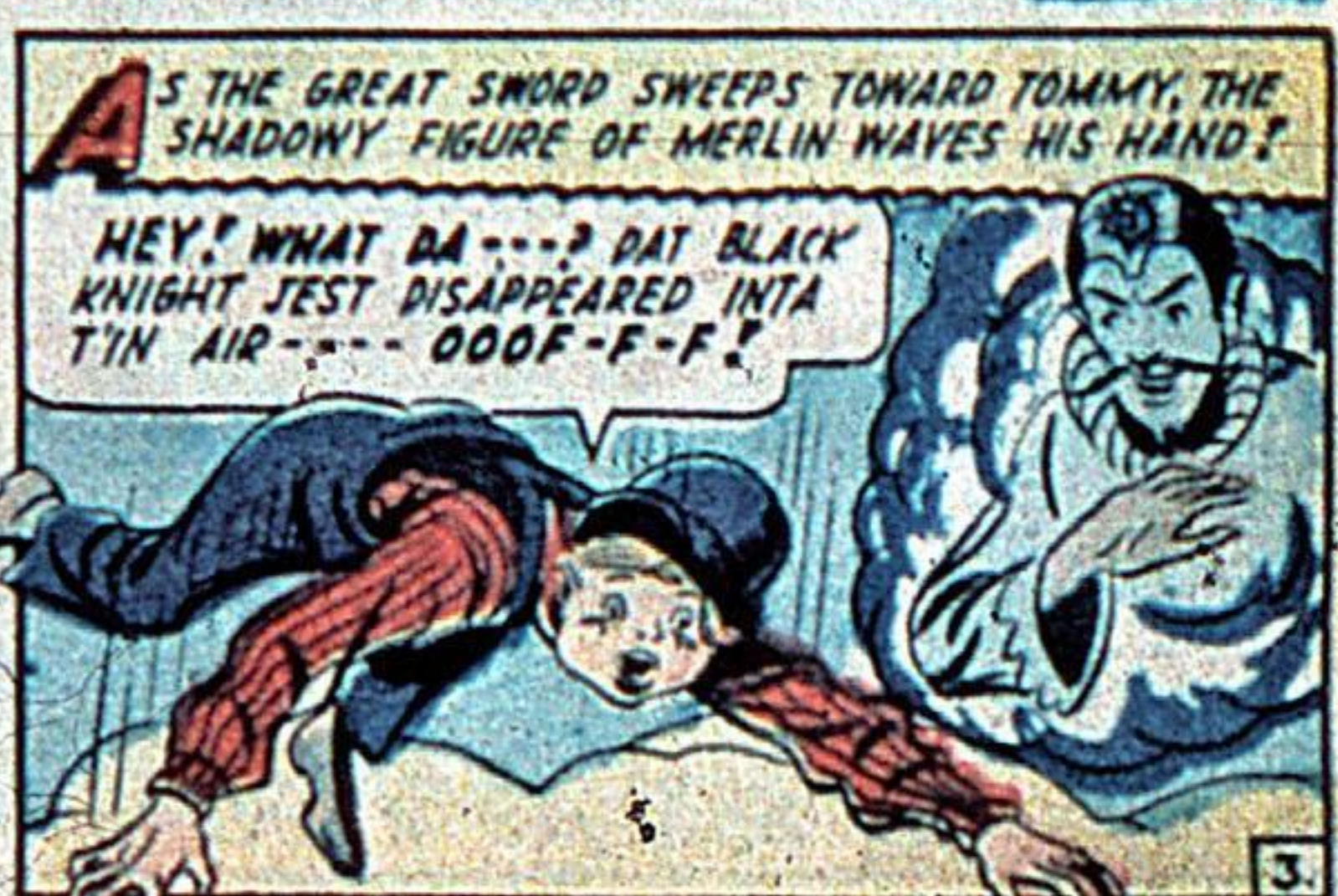
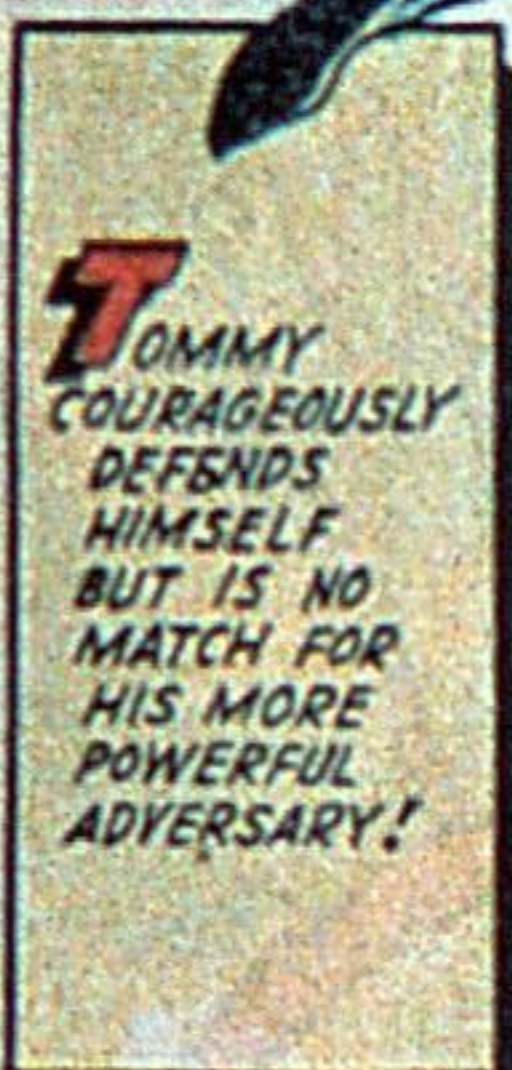
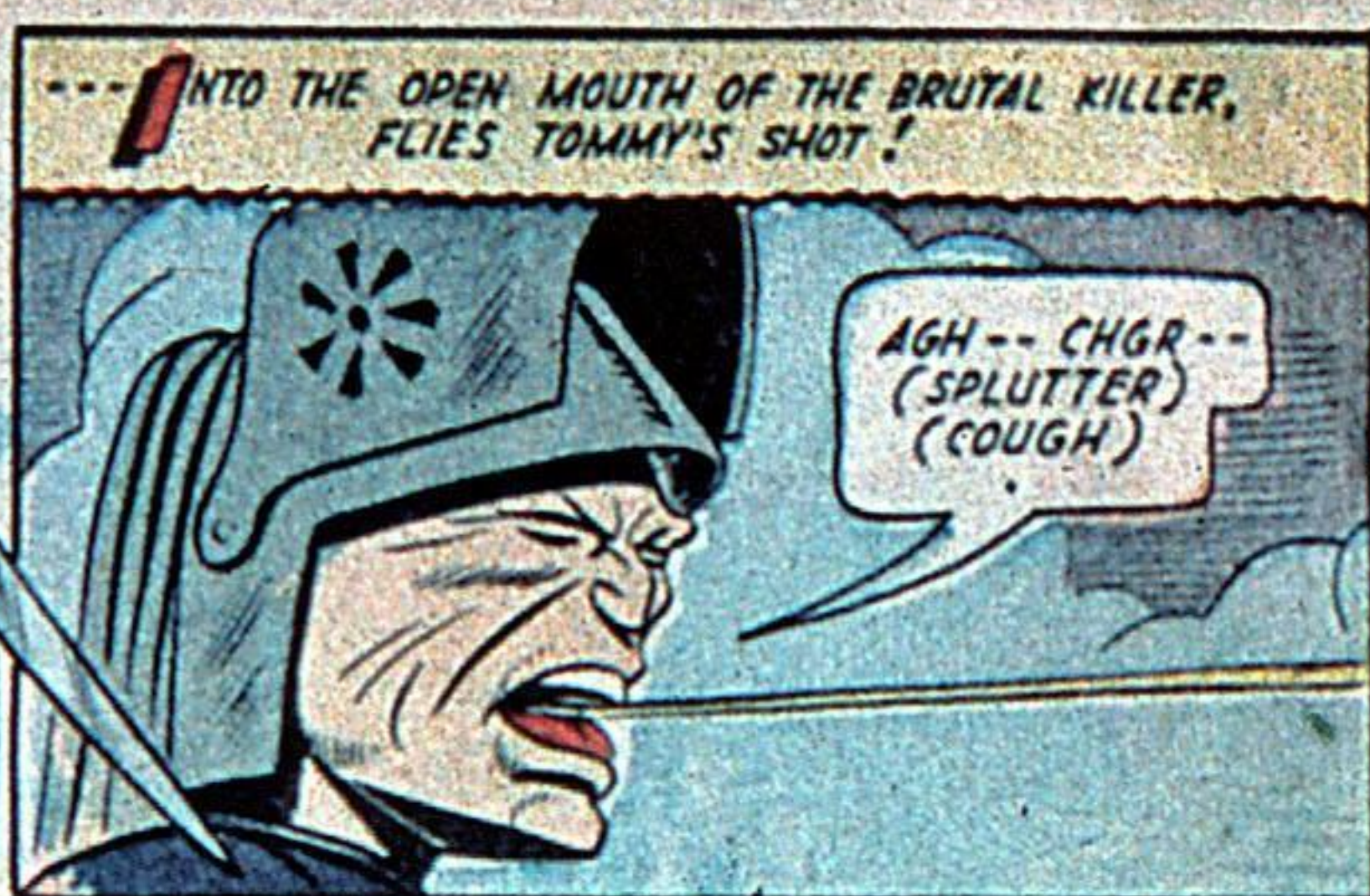
AND HIS
**MAGIC
'CLOCK
OF
AGES'**

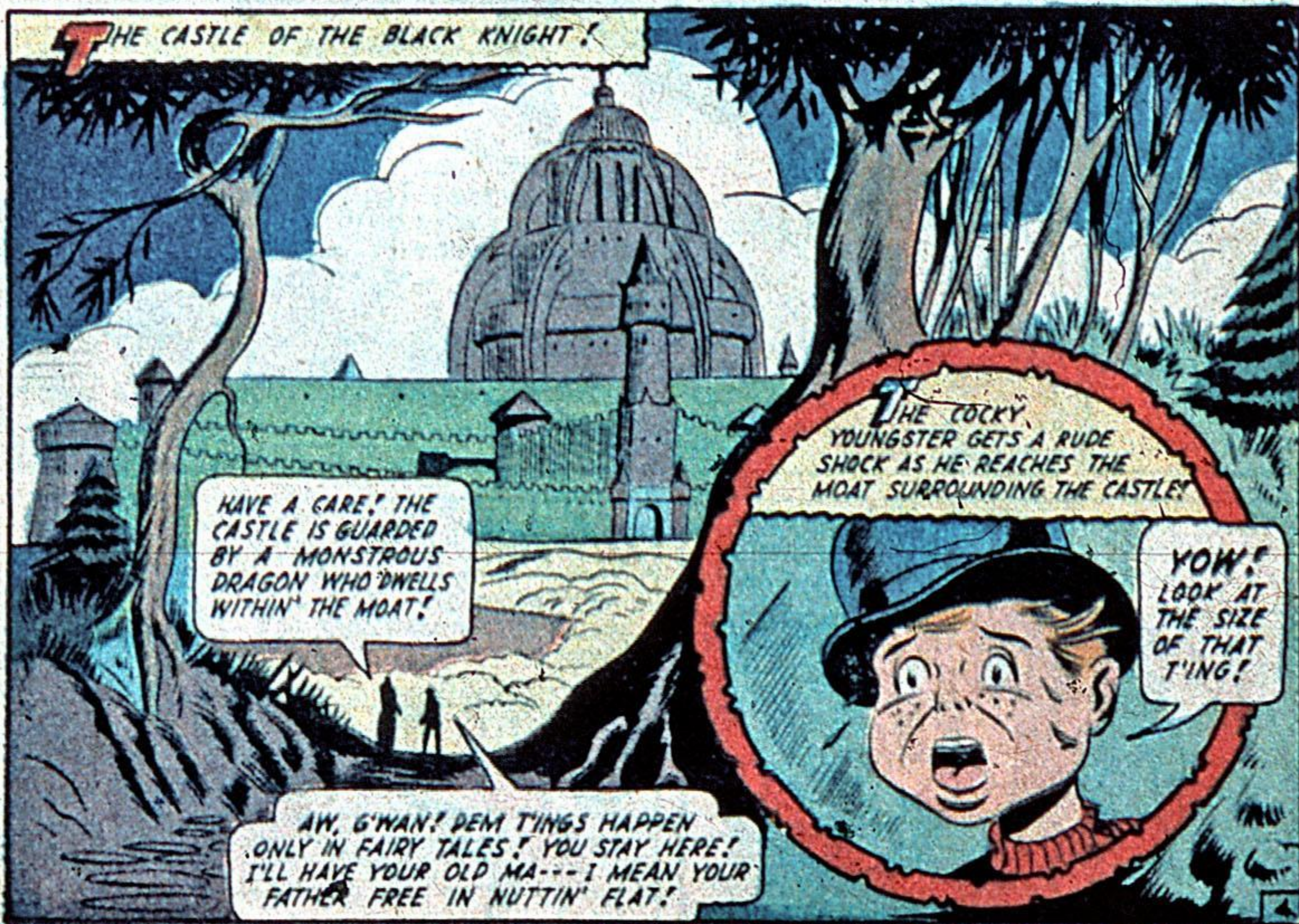
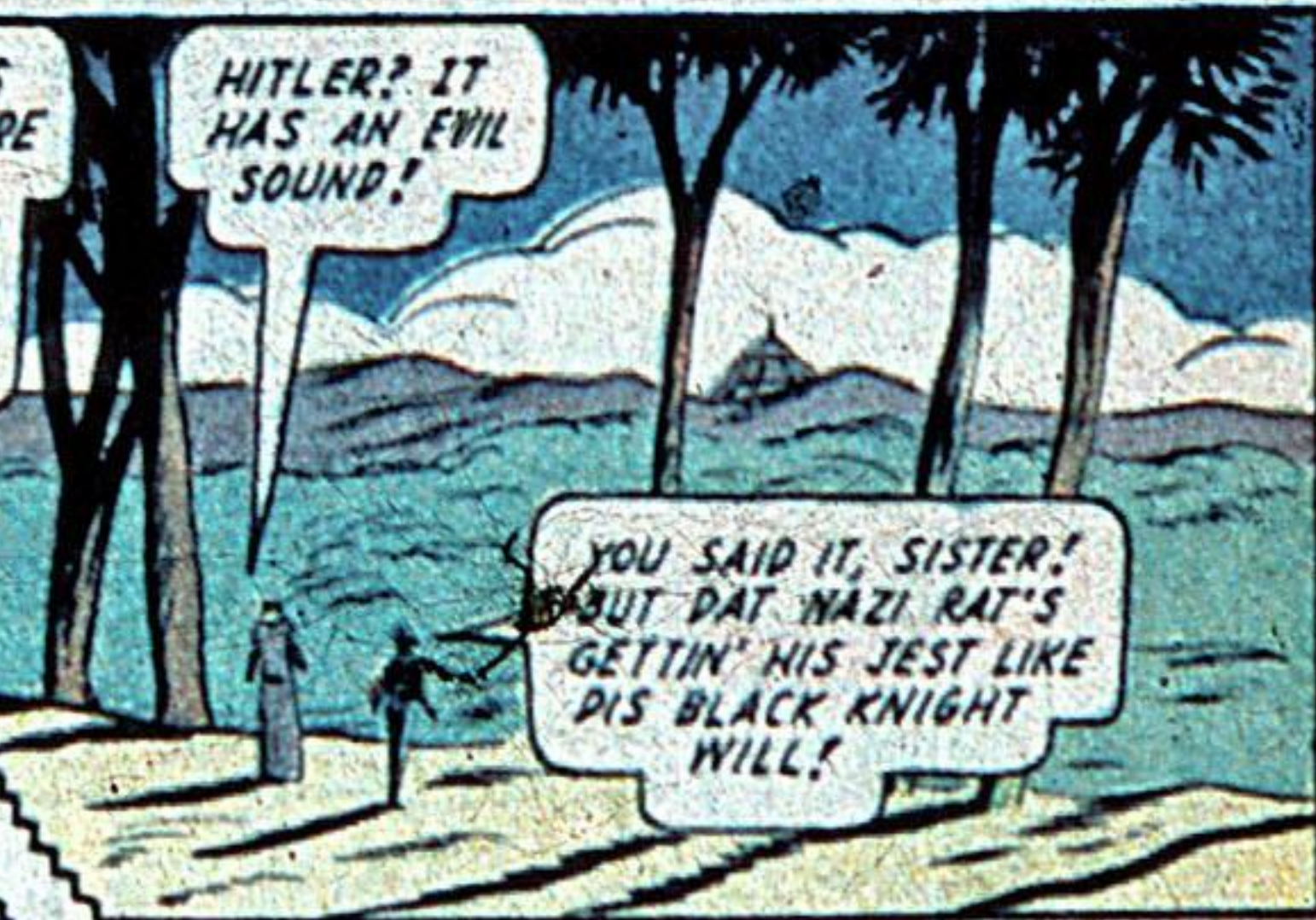
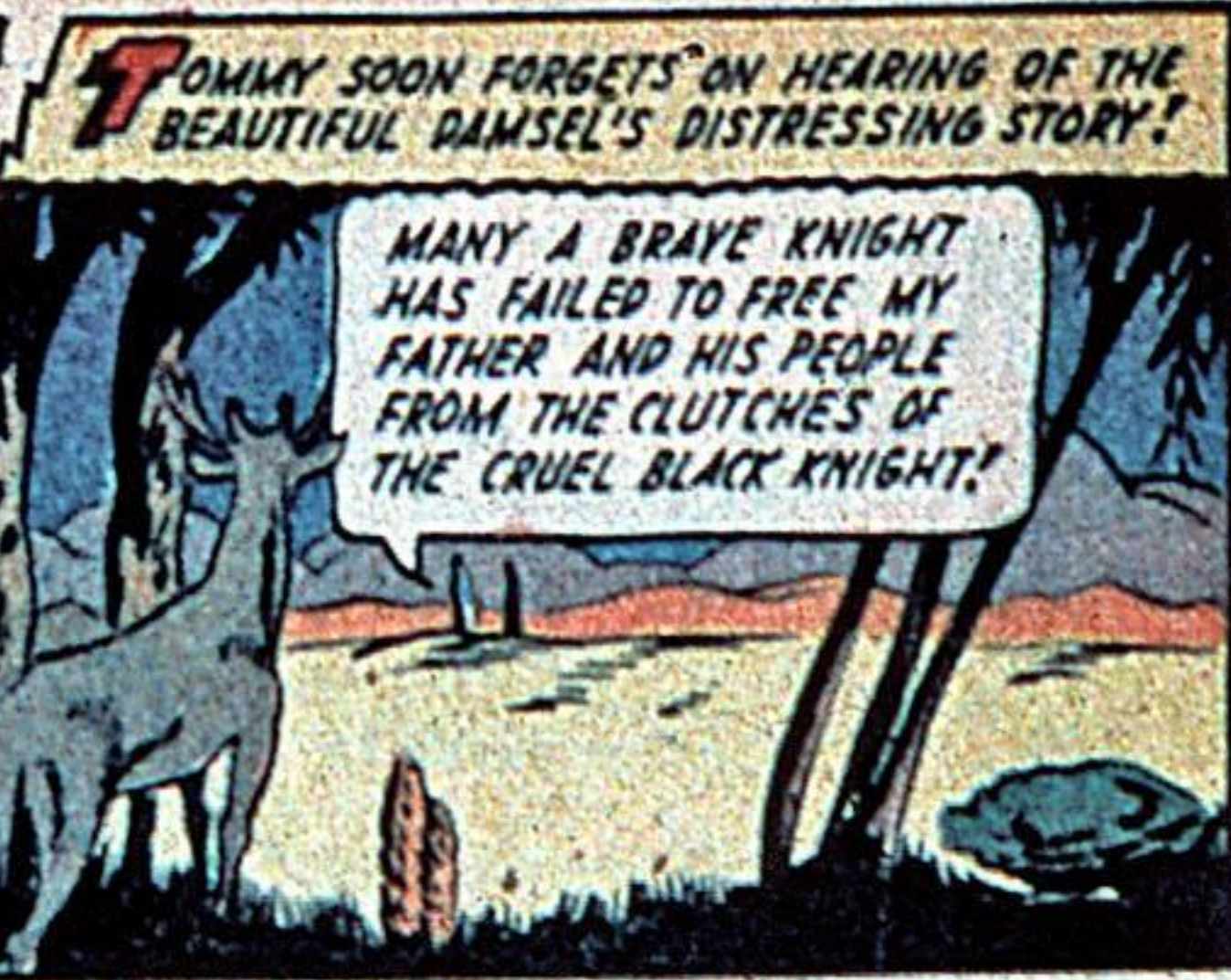
IN THE
**"BLACK MAGIC
of MERLIN"**



SIR TOMMY TYME...
IMAGINE THAT!!! THE
MODERN DAY BROOKLYNITE
IS WAFTED BACK TO THE
DAYS WHEN KNIGHTHOOD
WAS IN FLOWER BY HIS
CLOCK OF AGES TO
BATTLE THE BLACK
KNIGHT!



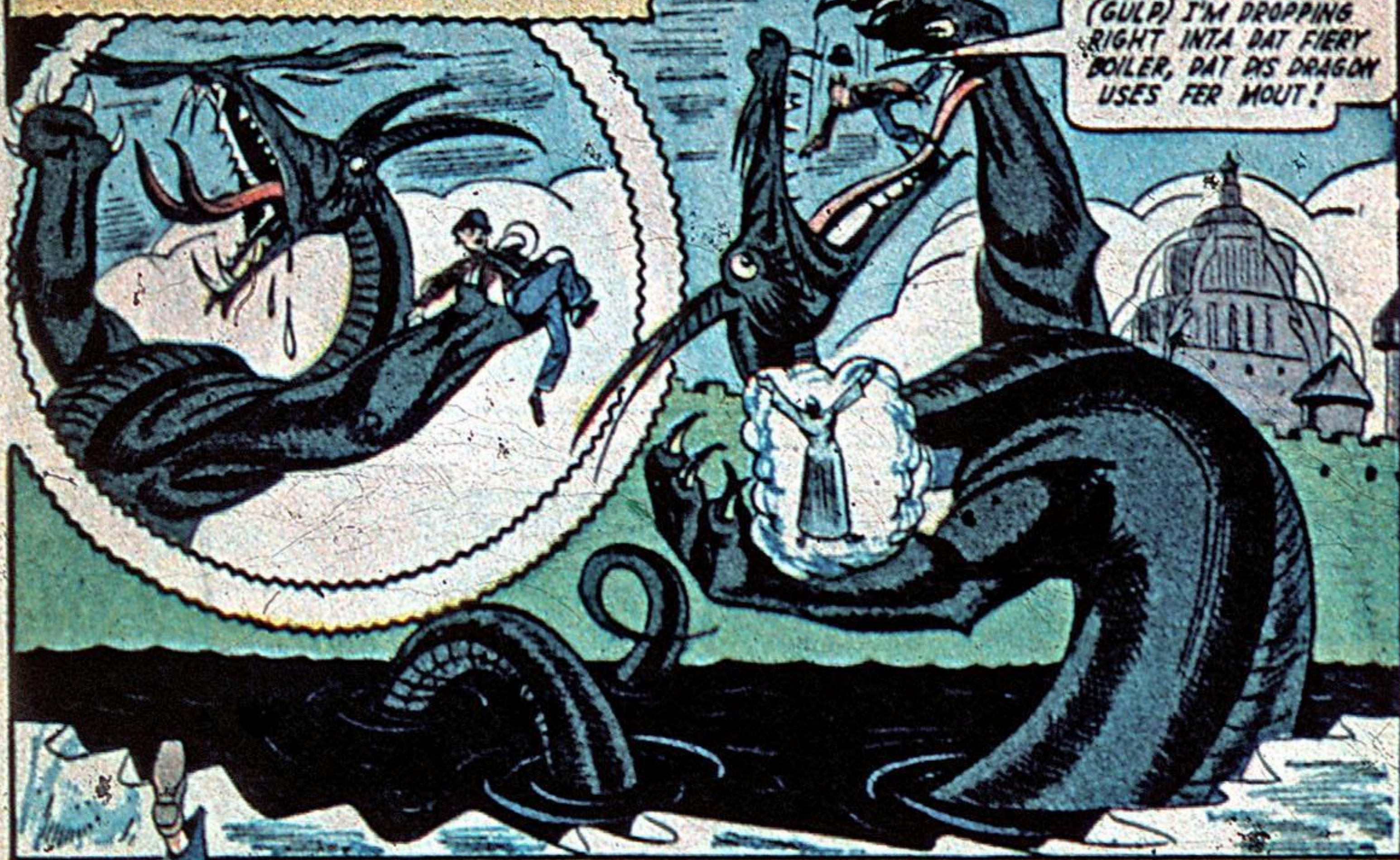




TOMMY VALIANTLY STANDS HIS GROUND AS THE GREAT FIRE BREATHING MONSTER'S TALONED FOREPAW CLOSES ABOUT HIS BODY!

ONCE AGAIN, THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF MERLIN SAVES TOMMY!

(GULP) I'M DROPPING RIGHT INTA DAT FIERY BOILER, DAT DIS DRAGON USES FER MOUT!



A PUZZLED TOMMY COMES UP SPUTTERING FROM THE SLIMY WATERS OF THE MOAT!

YOW!
I'M FALLING!
HEY, THE
DRAGON
DISAPPEARED!

DAT'S TWICE ME LIFE WAS
SAVED BY SOMEONE OR SOMETHING!
JEST LIKE MAGIC DEY DISAPP---
HEY! MAGIC? MAYBE DERE IS
SOMEFIN IN DAT STUFF!

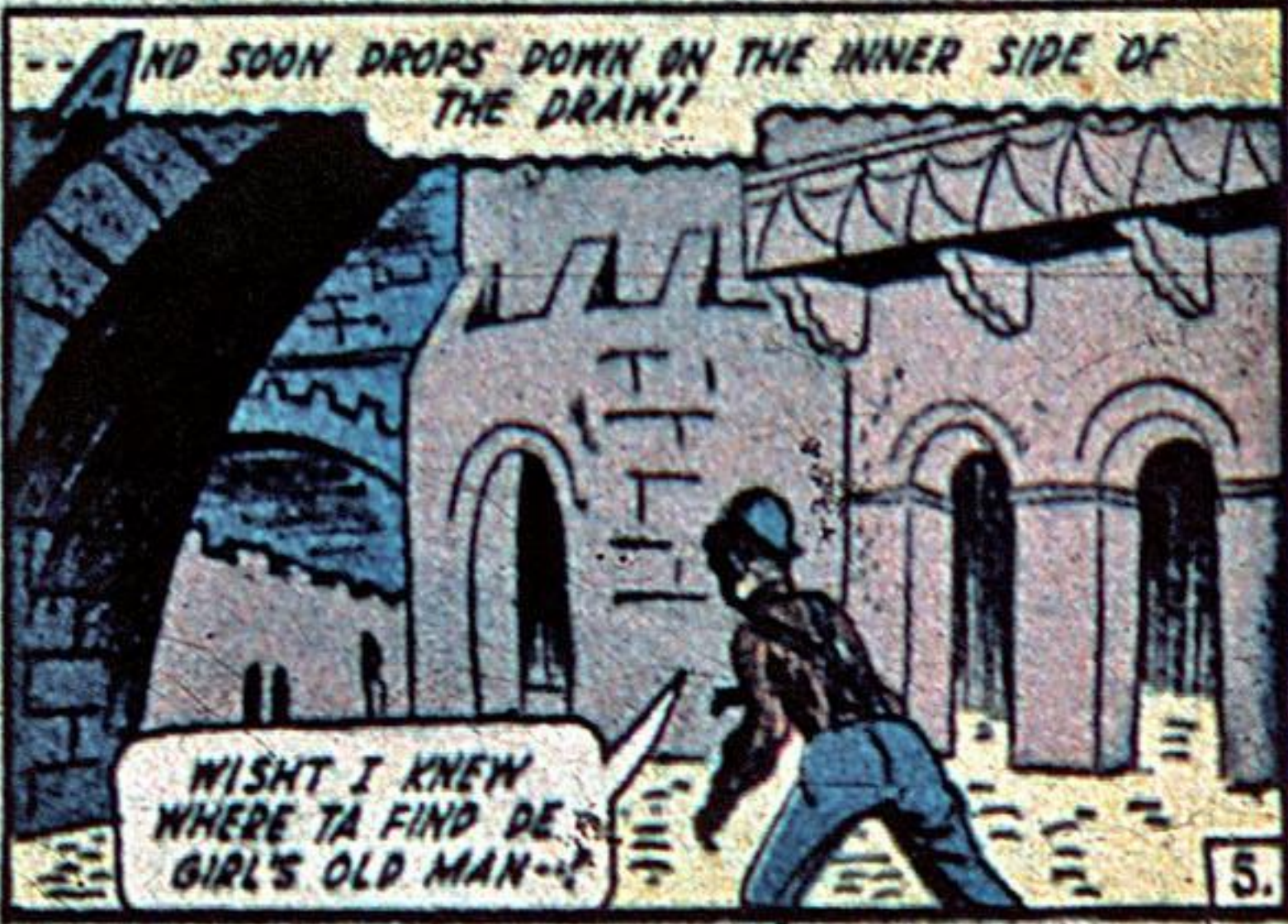


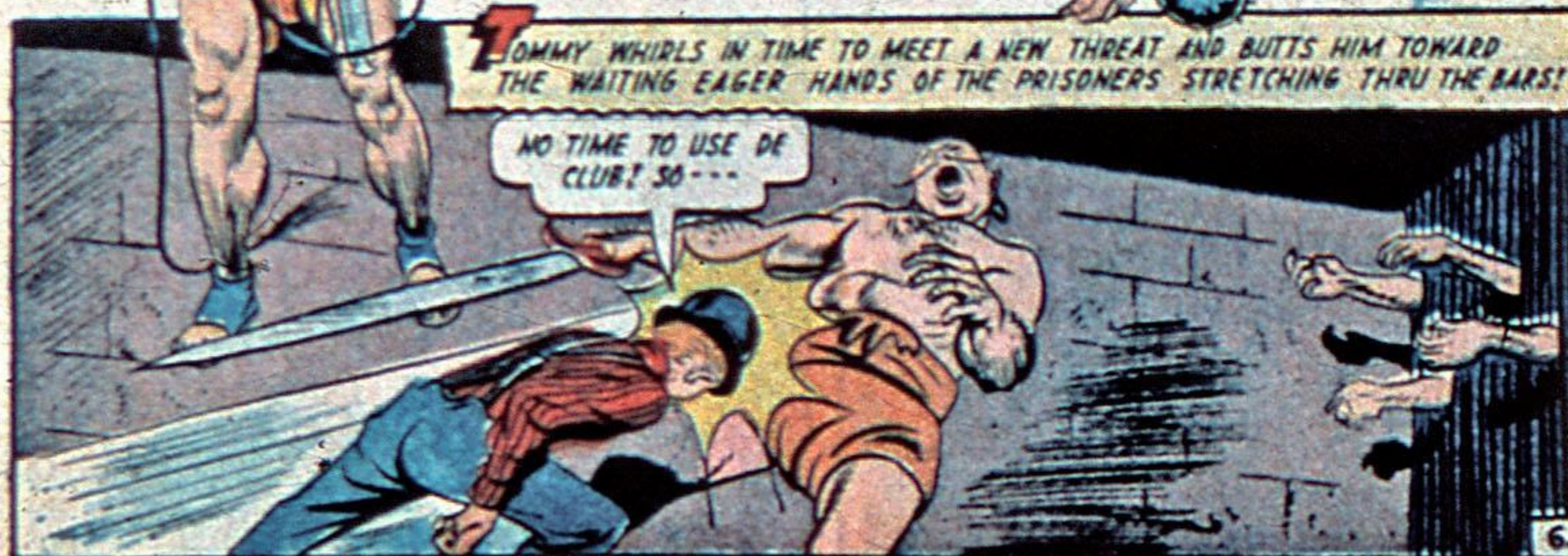
TOMMY REACHES THE DRAW!---

HEY! DAT DRAW-
BRIDGE DON'T FIT TIGHT!
I CAN GET IN TRU DAT
OPENING!

AND SOON DROPS DOWN ON THE INNER SIDE OF THE DRAW!

WISHT I KNEW
WHERE TA FIND DE
GIRL'S OLD MAN---







THE KEYS! TAKE THE KEYS AND FREE US!

COMIN' RIGHT UP, GRANDPA!

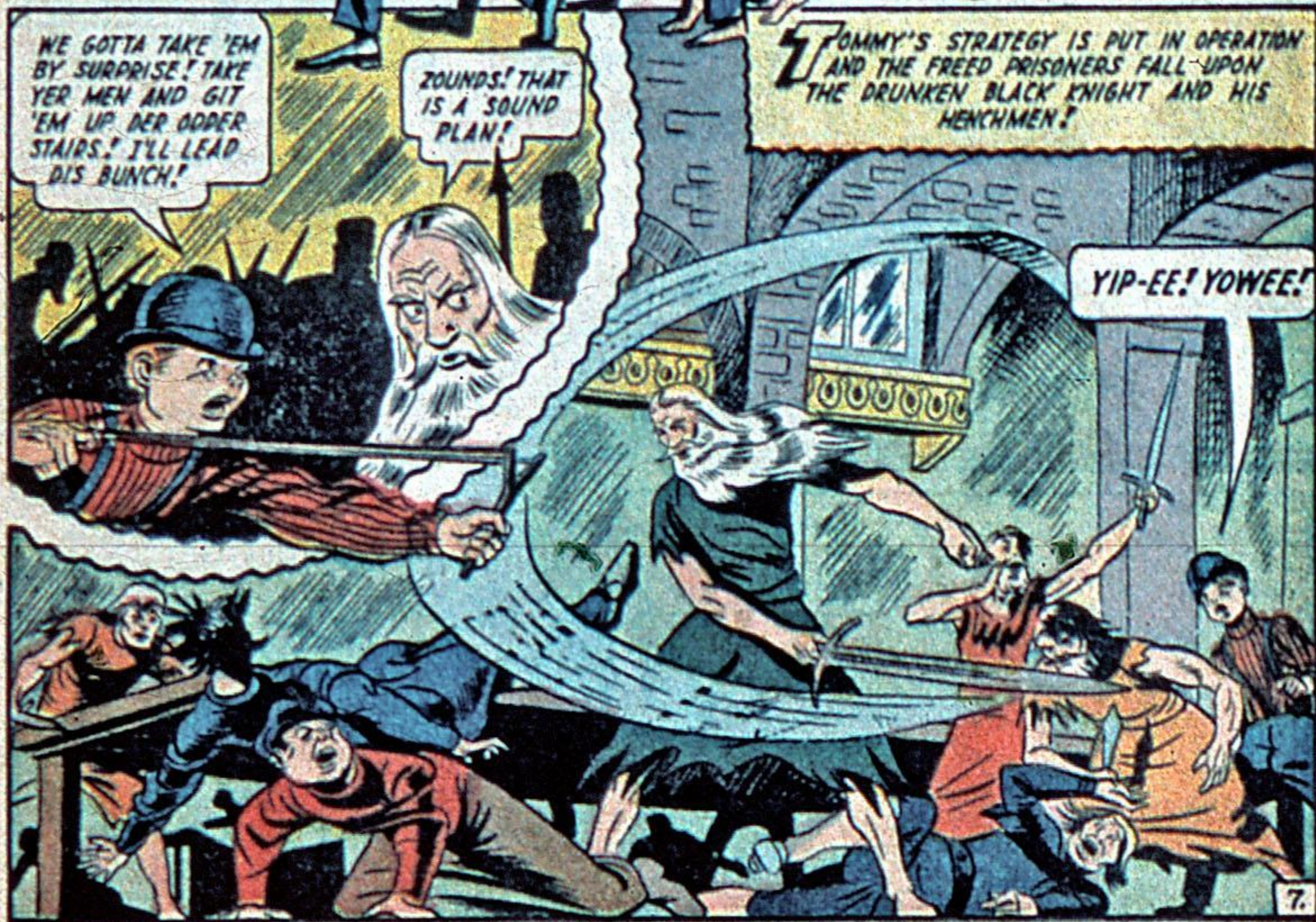


YOU ARE INDEED COURAGEOUS TO VENTURE ALONE TO SAVE US, YOUNG STRANGER! WHO ARE YOU?

DIS AIN'T NO TIME FER INTRODUCTIONS!



YOUSE STILL AIN'T OUTTA DE DOGHOUSE! I'LL SHOW YOUSE WHERE YOUSE CAN GIT SWORDS AN' STUFF TA FIGHT YER WAY OUTTA DIS JOINT!

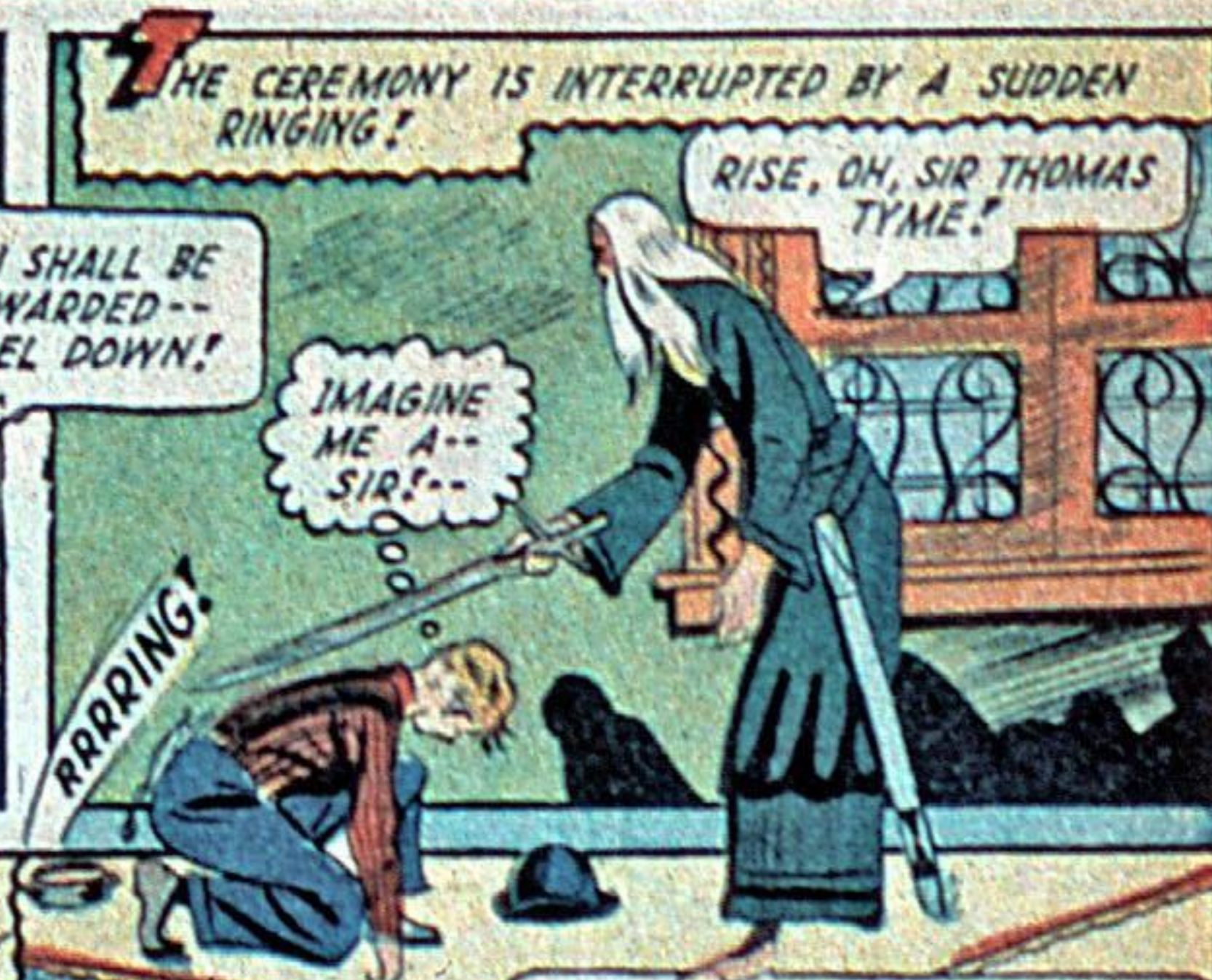
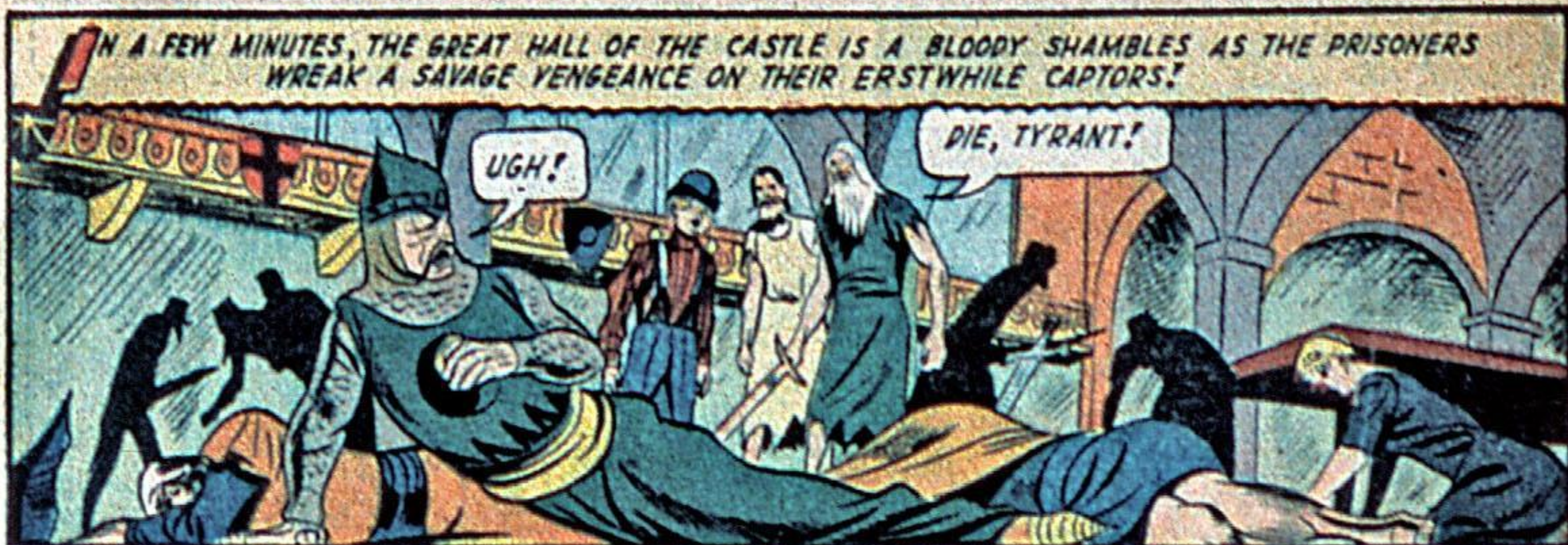


WE GOTTA TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE! TAKE YER MEN AND GIT 'EM UP DER ODDER STAIRS! I'LL LEAD DIS BUNCH!

ZOUNDS! THAT IS A SOUND PLAN!

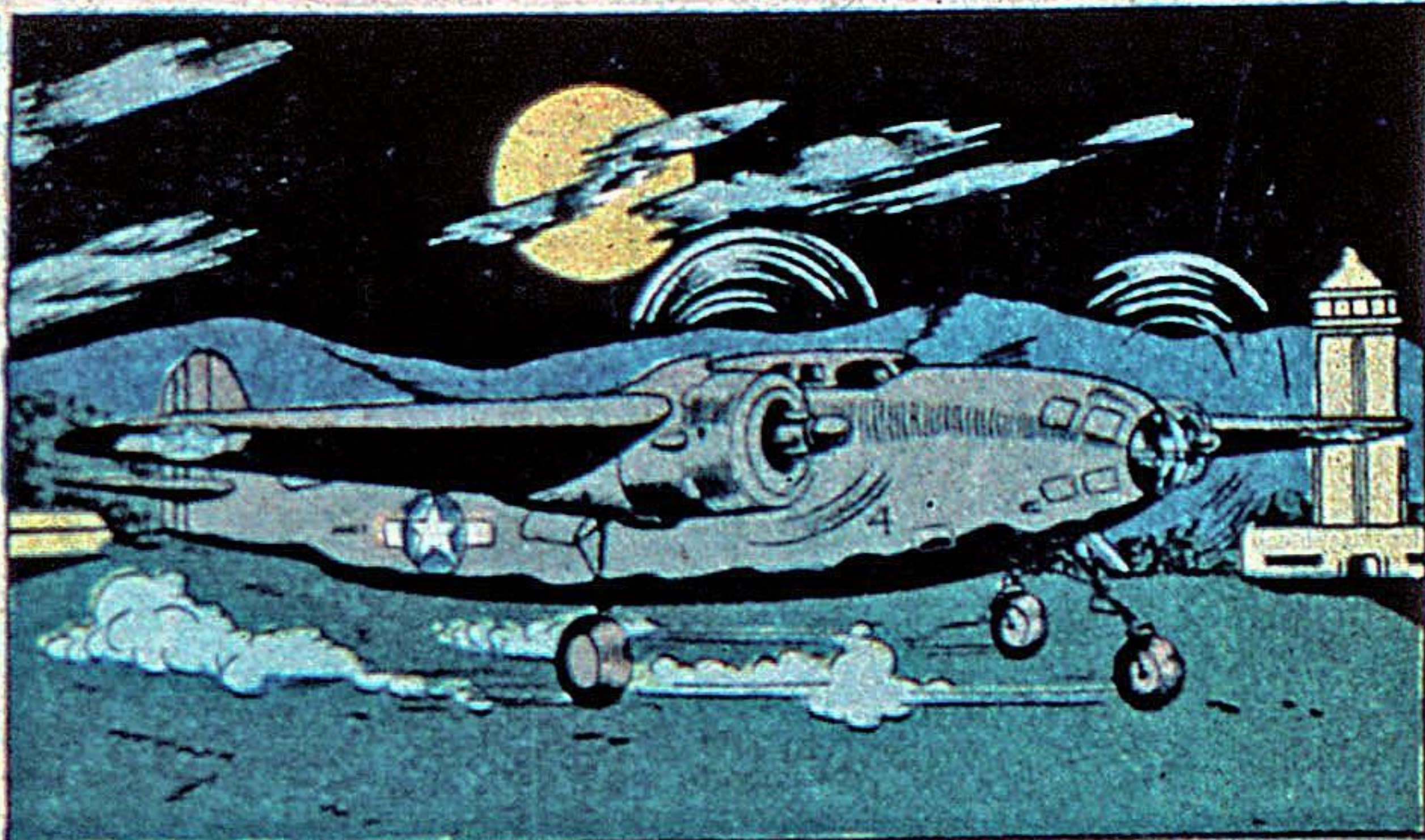
TOMMY'S STRATEGY IS PUT IN OPERATION AND THE FREED PRISONERS FALL UPON THE DRUNKEN BLACK KNIGHT AND HIS HENCHMEN!

YIP-EE! YOWEE!

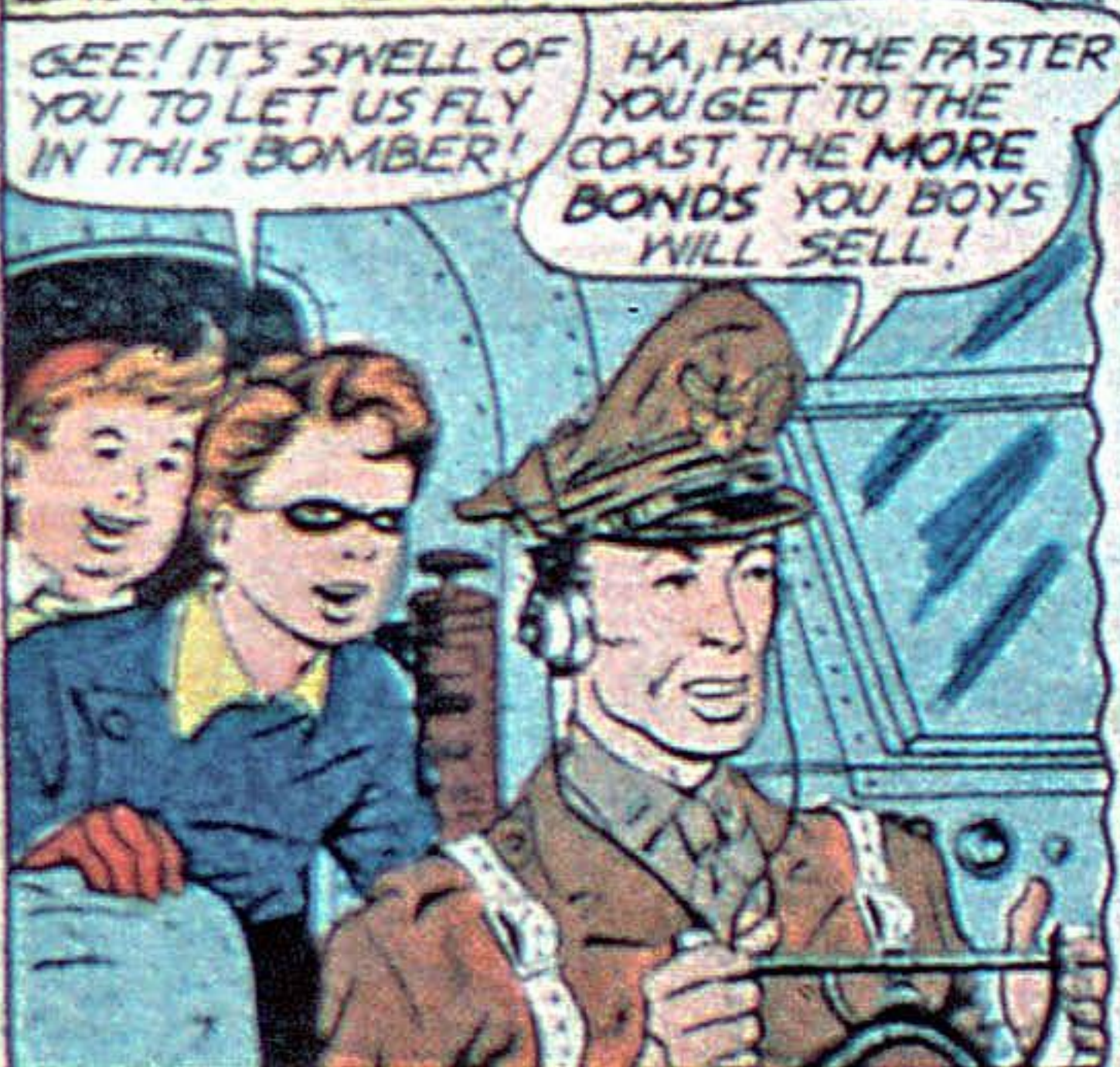




AT A LARGE EAST COAST AIRFIELD... A BOMBER GRACEFULLY TAKES TO THE AIR! IT'S OCCUPANTS ARE THE 6 FAMOUS BOYS KNOWN AS "THE YOUNG ALLIES" FLYING TO THE WEST COAST ON A GREAT BOND SELLING TOUR, AND UNKNOWN TO THEM ALSO FLYING INTO ONE OF THEIR GREATEST ADVENTURES!

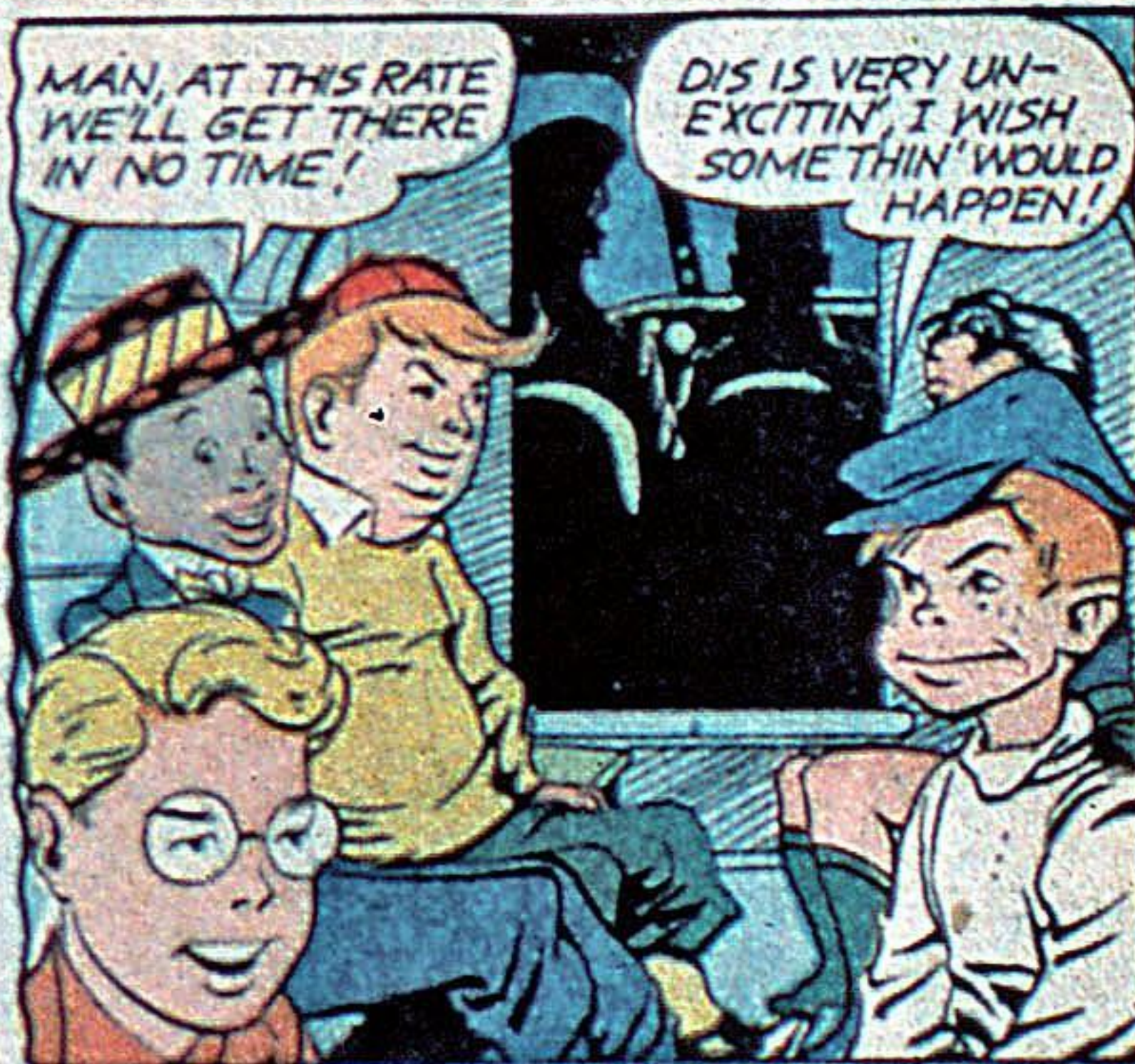


INSIDE THE BOMBER....



SEE! IT'S SWELL OF YOU TO LET US FLY IN THIS BOMBER!

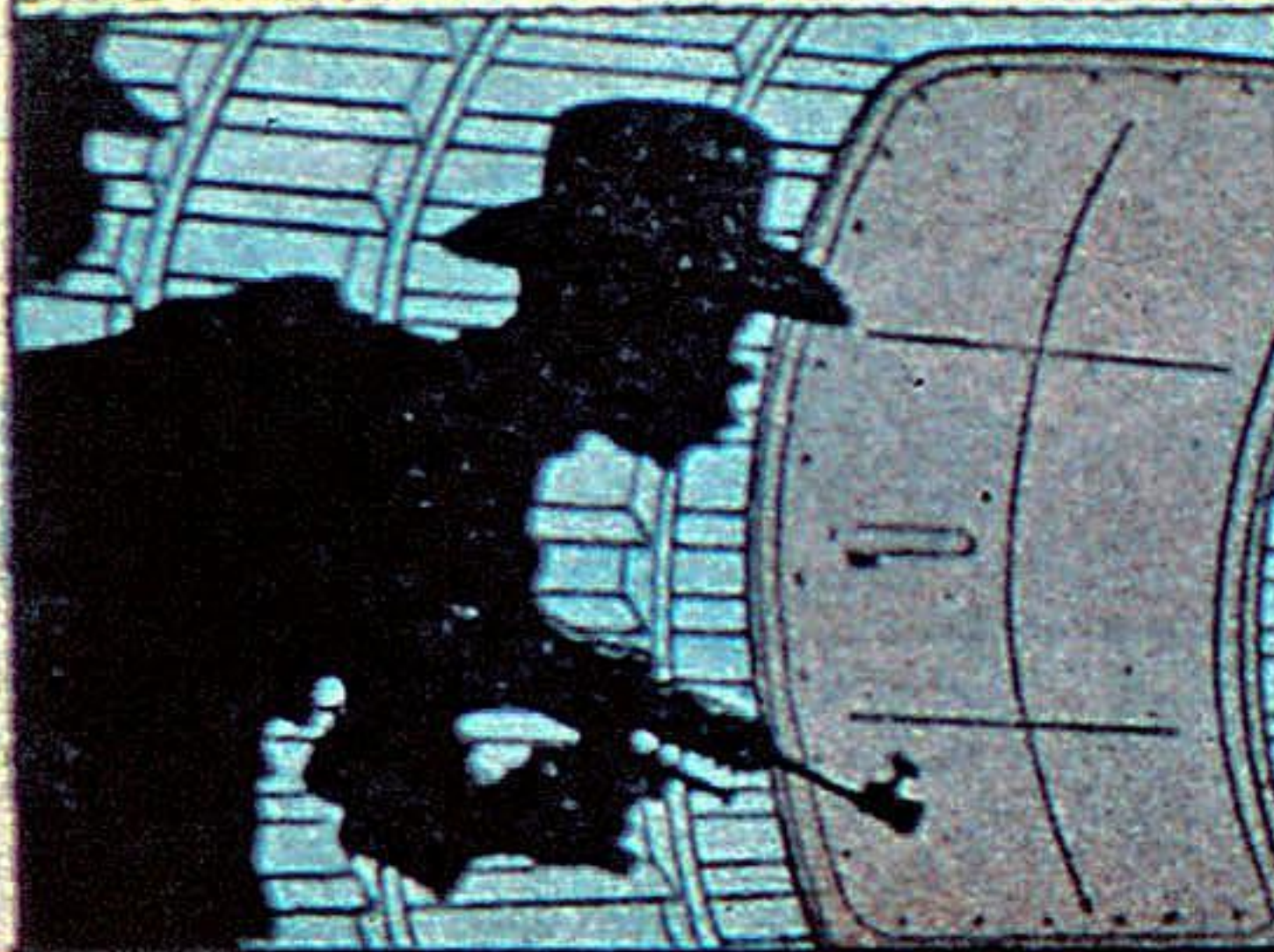
HA, HA! THE FASTER YOU GET TO THE COAST, THE MORE BONDS YOU BOYS WILL SELL!



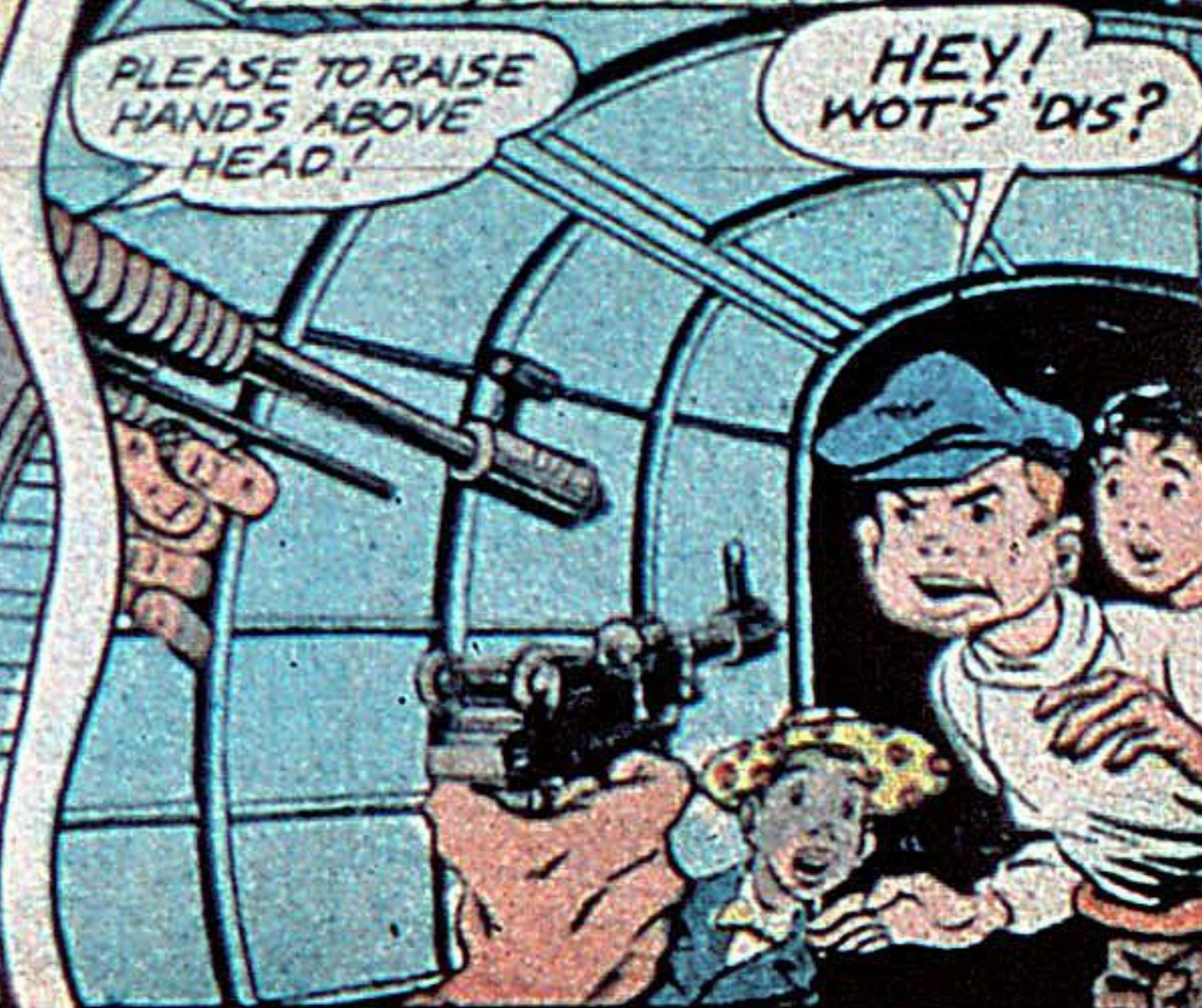
MAN, AT THIS RATE WE'LL GET THERE IN NO TIME!

DIS IS VERY UN-EXCITIN', I WISH SOMETHIN' WOULD HAPPEN!

UKNOWN TO KNUCKLES HE IS GOING TO GET HIS WISH SOONER THAN HE EXPECTS... FOR AT THAT MOMENT FROM THE TAIL COMPARTMENT OF THE PLANE STEALTHY... SHADY FIGURES SLINK FORTH.....

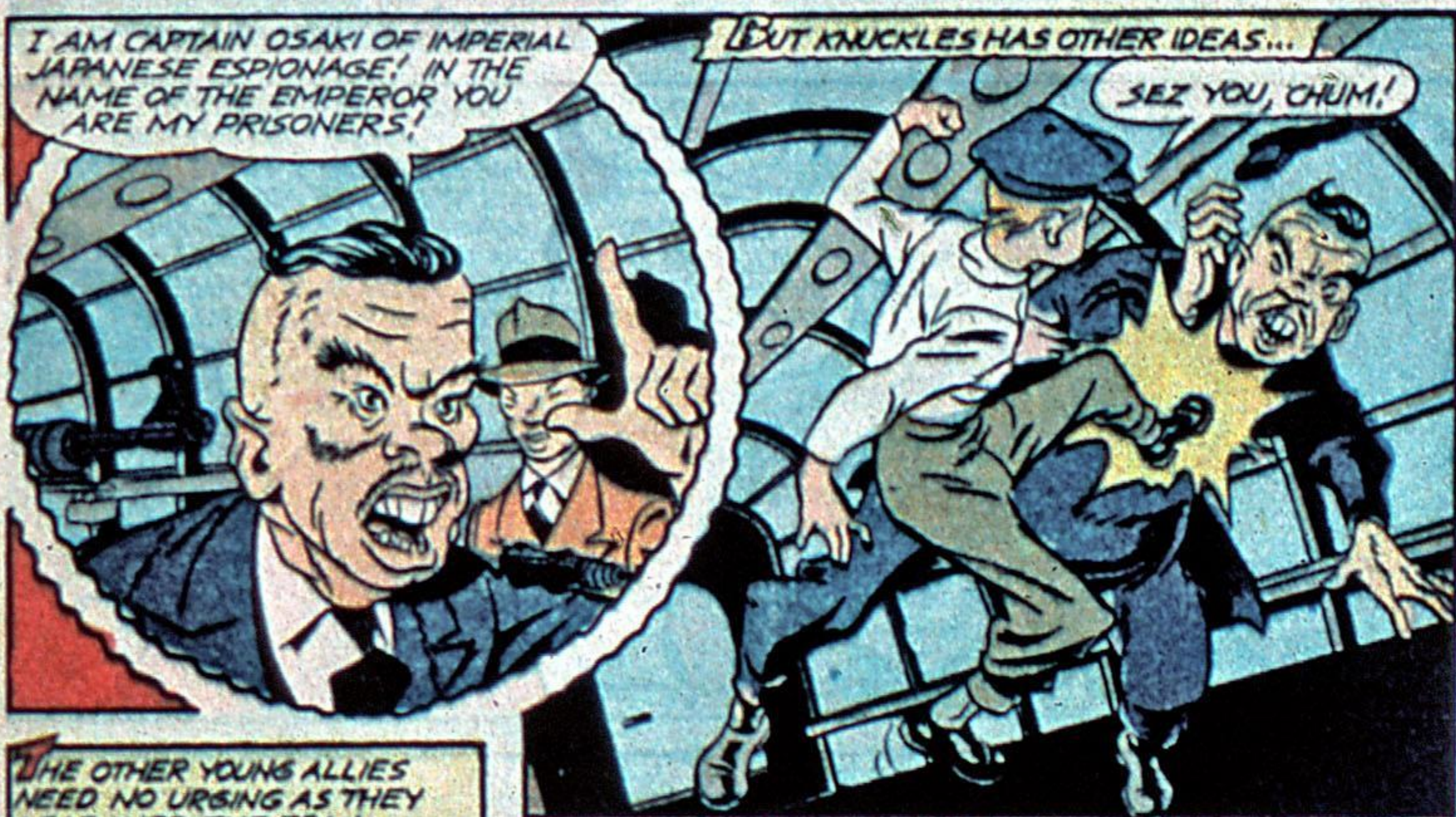
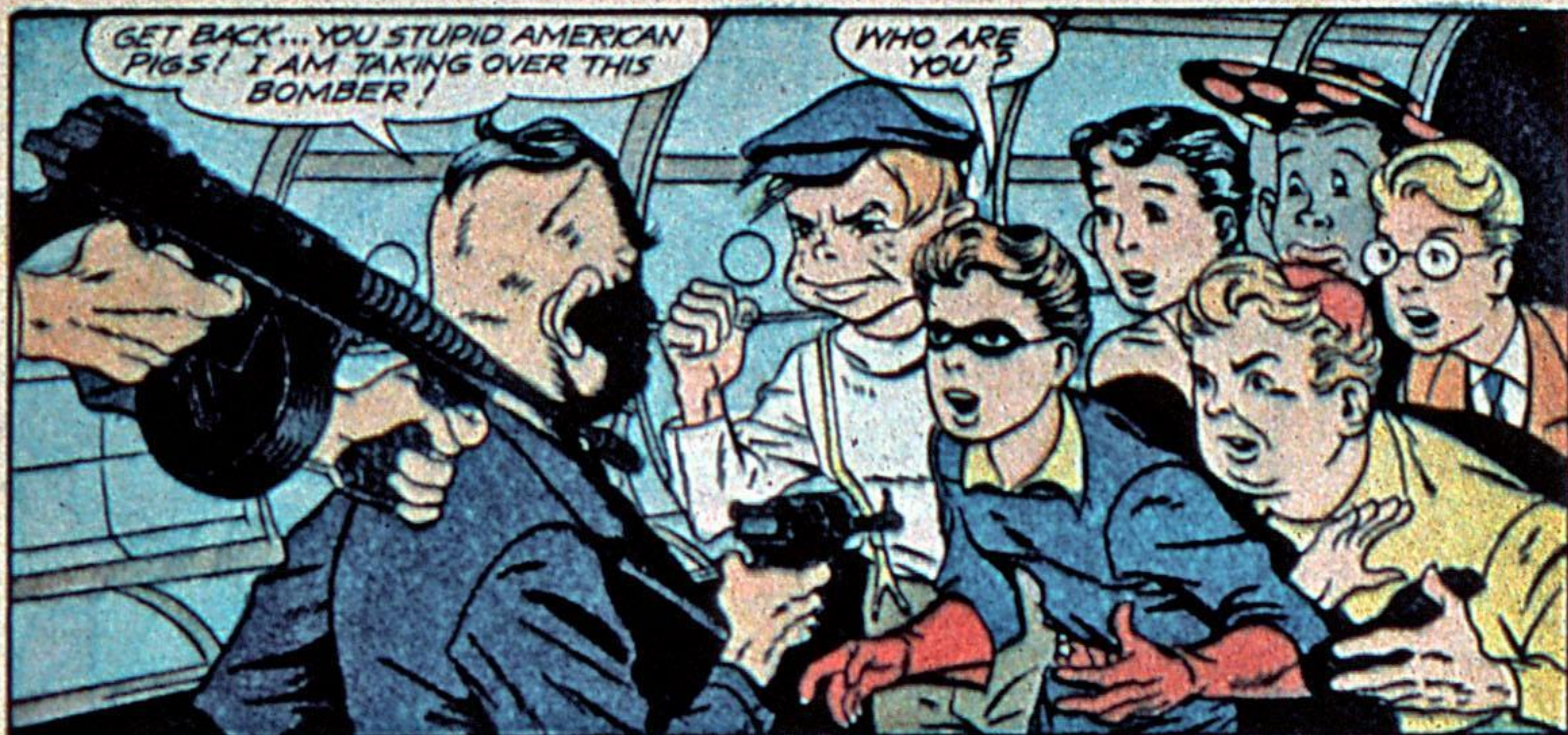


UNTIL, SUDDENLY....



PLEASE TO RAISE HANDS ABOVE HEAD!

HEY! WOT'S 'DIS?



THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES NEED NO URGING AS THEY LEAP INTO THE FRAY....

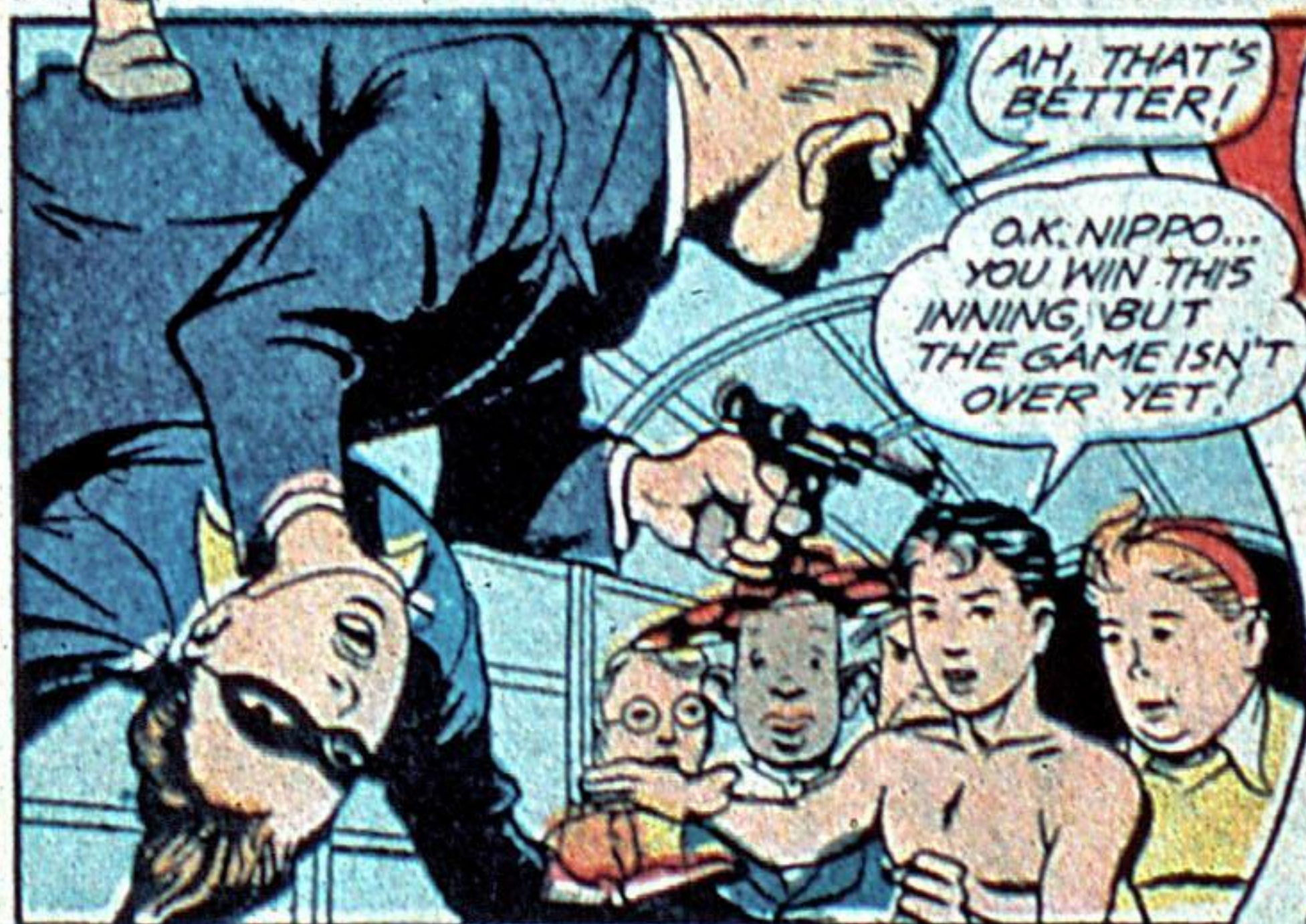


BUT BUCKY RUNS INTO TROUBLE AT THE HANDS OF THE POWERFUL JAP LEADER...



WHITE DOG!
DO YOU
THINK
YOU
COULD
BEST
ME?

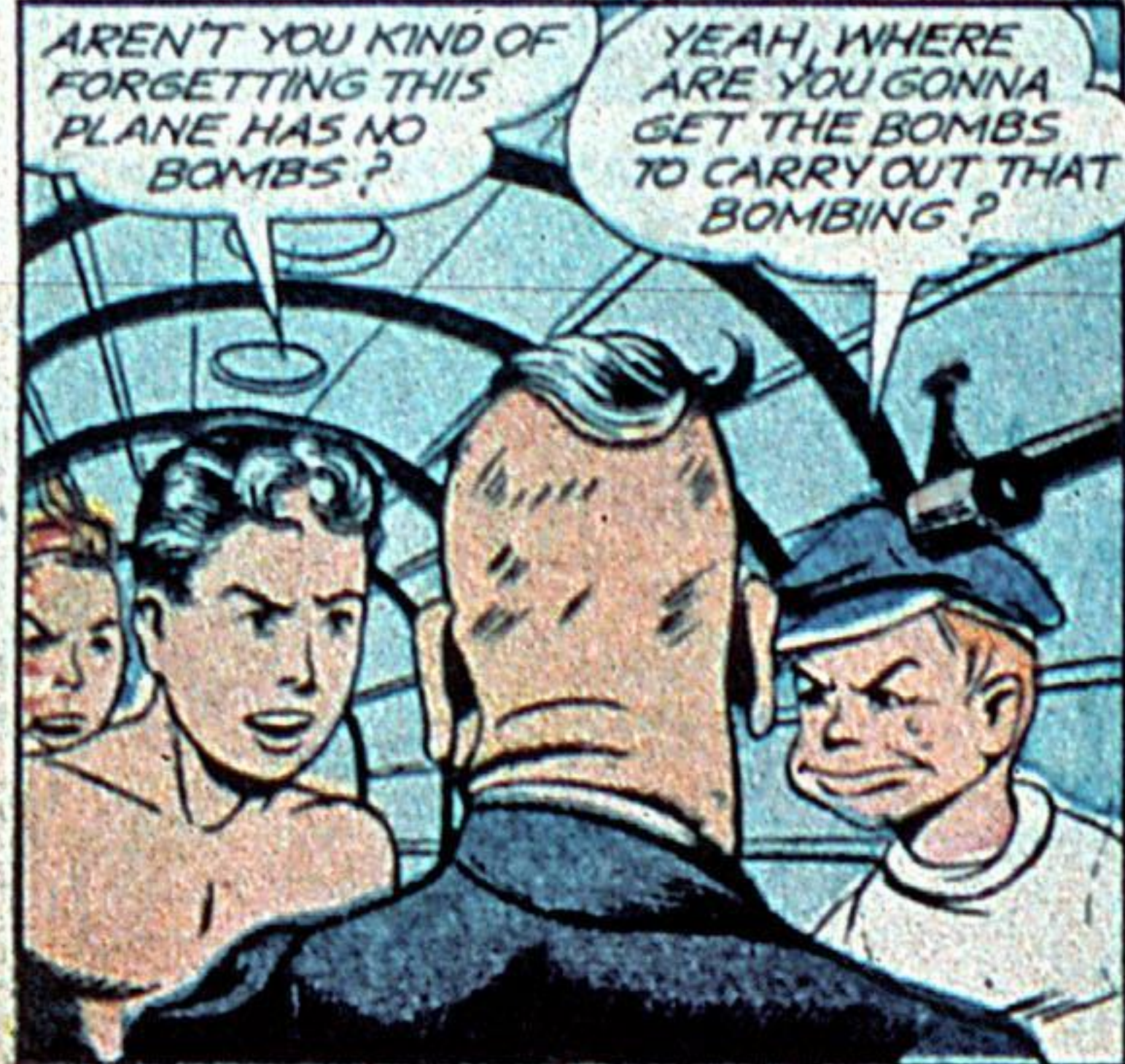
GET BACK!
GET BACK OR
I'LL KILL YOUR
LITTLE FRIEND!



AH, THAT'S
BETTER!

O.K. NIPPO...
YOU WIN THIS
INNING, BUT
THE GAME ISN'T
OVER YET!

I HAVE PERMITTED YOU
FILTHY AMERICAN PIGS TO
LIVE BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO
WITNESS THE FIRST OF MANY
JAPANESE BOMBINGS ON
AMERICA! HA-HA-HA!
YES, WITH THIS PLANE!
...THE AMERICANS WILL
NEVER SUSPECT
ONE OF THEIR
OWN PLANES!

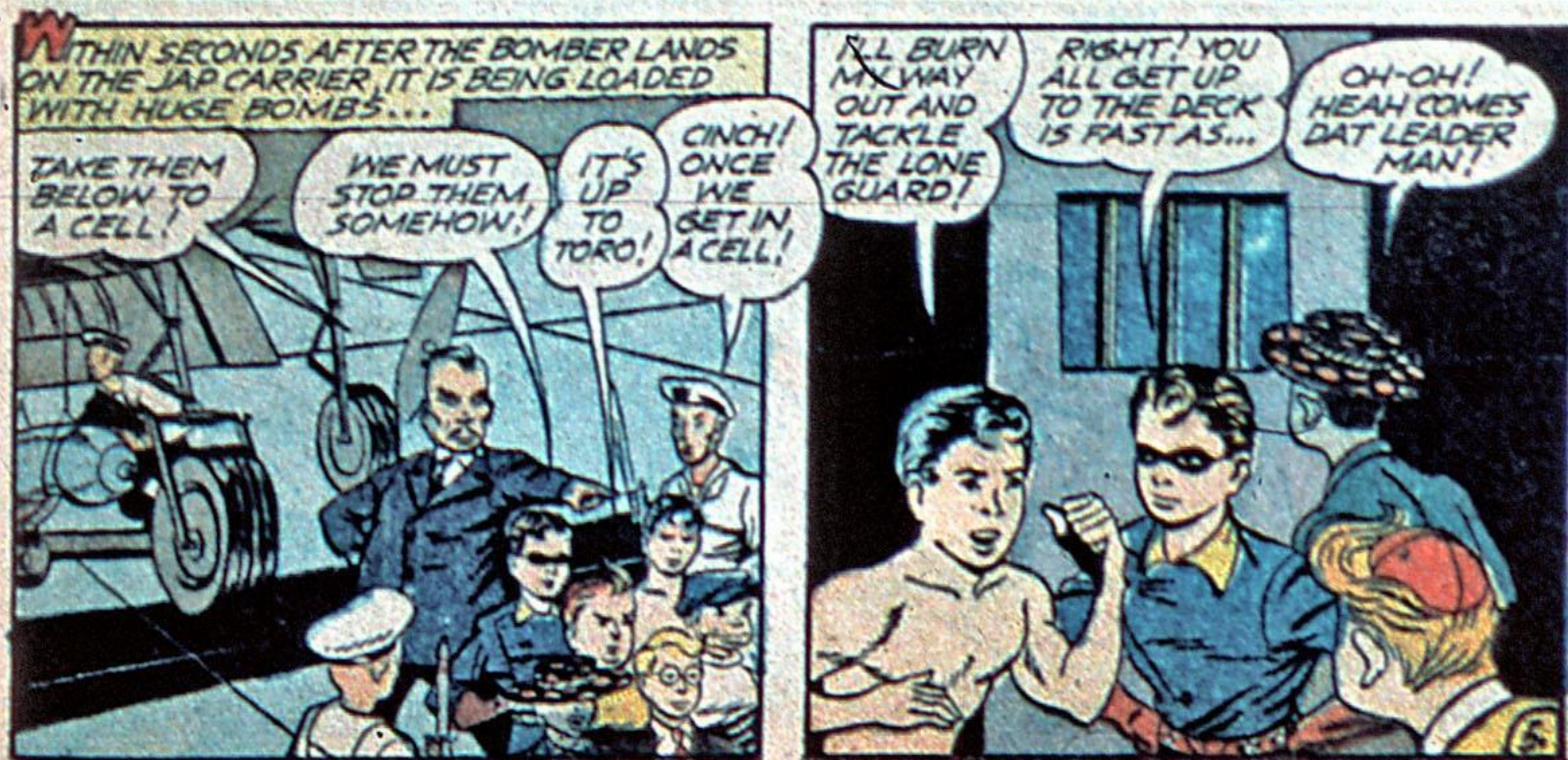
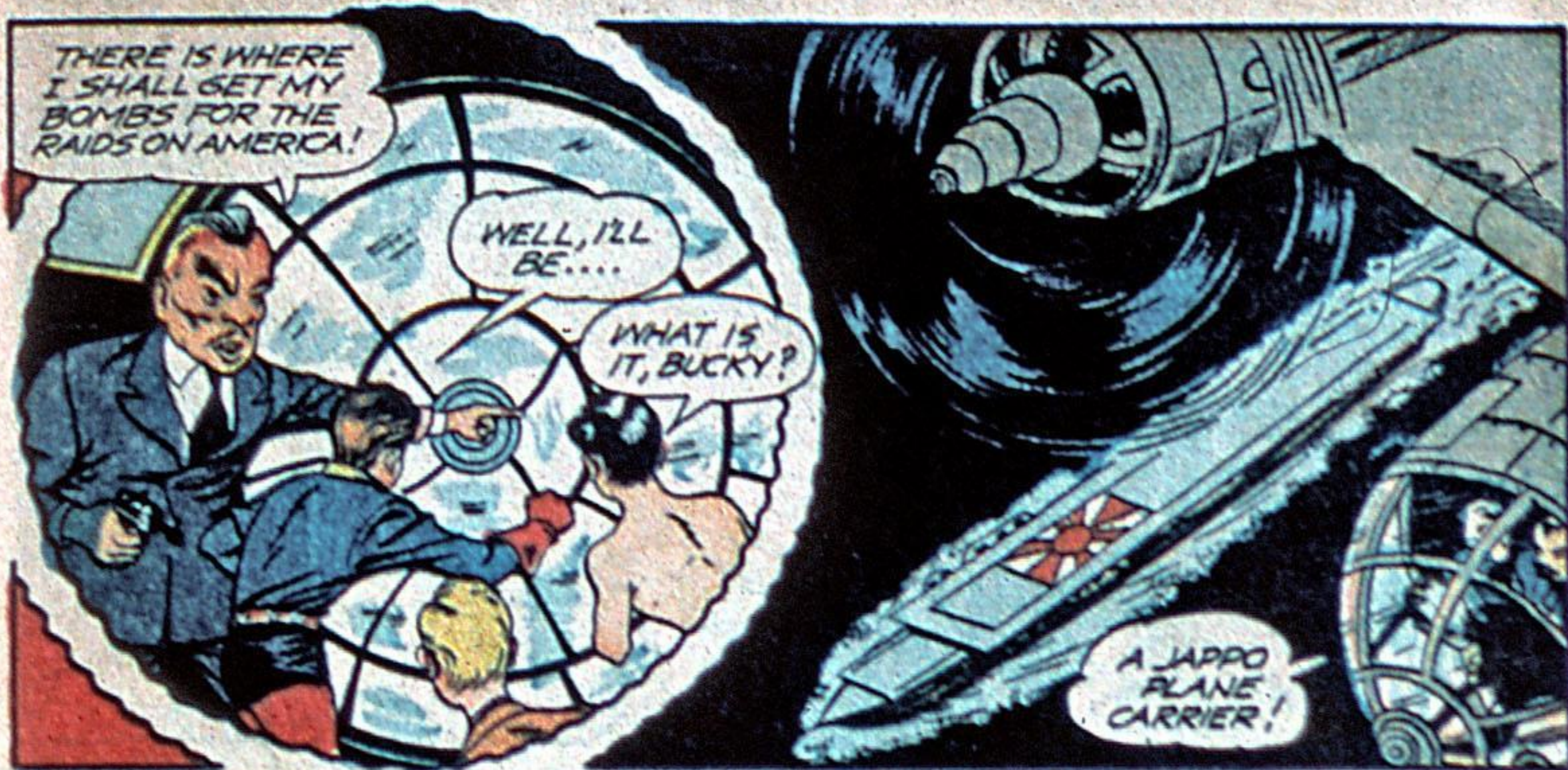


AREN'T YOU KIND OF
FORGETTING THIS
PLANE HAS NO
BOMBS?

YEAH, WHERE
ARE YOU GONNA
GET THE BOMBS
TO CARRY OUT THAT
BOMBING?



HA-HA - YOU
SHALL SOON SEE!



ALL THE PLANS OF THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE BLASTED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF THE JAP LEADER...

LATER, WITH TORO HELPLESS IN THE ASBESTOS CLOTH... BUCKY WHISPERS A DESPERATE PLAN OF ACTION...

THE REST OF YOU STAY BACK!
ONLY THE FLAMING ONE COME OUT!
THIS ASBESTOS CLOTH WILL STOP ANY
ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE ON HIS PART!
HURRY, OR THEY SHOOT!

HE SAID THAT WE WOULD SEE THE
BOMBING! THAT MEANS THAT WE'RE
BEING TAKEN INTO THE PLANE!
ONCE WE'RE IN WATCH FOR MY
SIGNAL AND WE'LL-----



BUT AGAIN THE GRINNING JAP LEADER FRUSTRATES THE YOUNG ALLIES....

OH, NO! NOT IN THE PLANE!
I WANT YOU BOYS TO HAVE
A BOX SEAT AT THE BOMB-
ING... HA, HA, TIE THEM TO
THE BOMBS!

WHY, YOU...



SUDDENLY...

AND ME ALL
TIED UP!

LET'S GO FELLAS!
TAKE THIS NIPPO!

YAHOO!



INTO THE PLANE,
FELLAS!

MY HANDS MAY BE TIED,
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH MY HEAD!

DON'T SHOOT! I WANT
THEM ALIVE! DON'T
SHOOT!





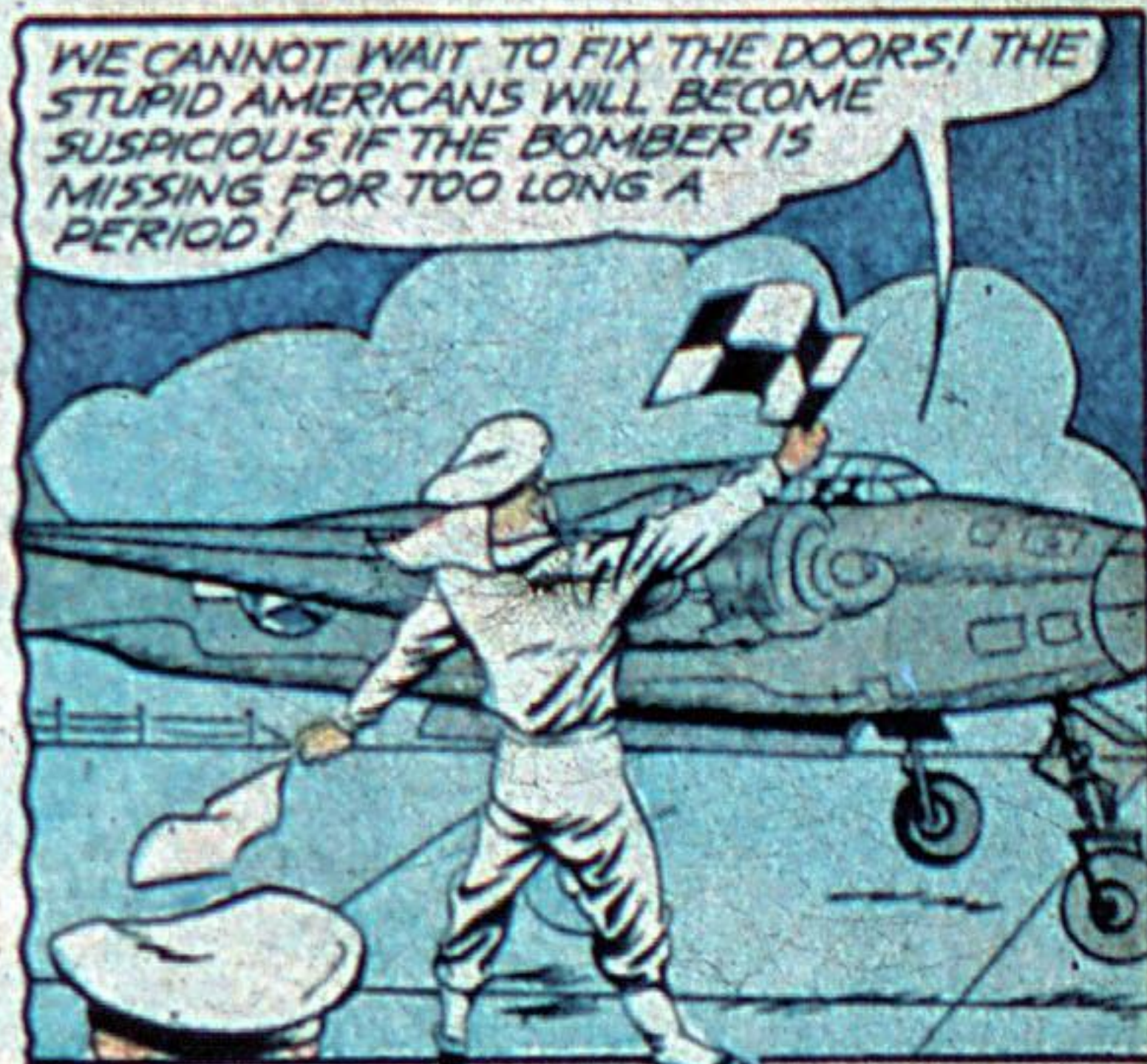
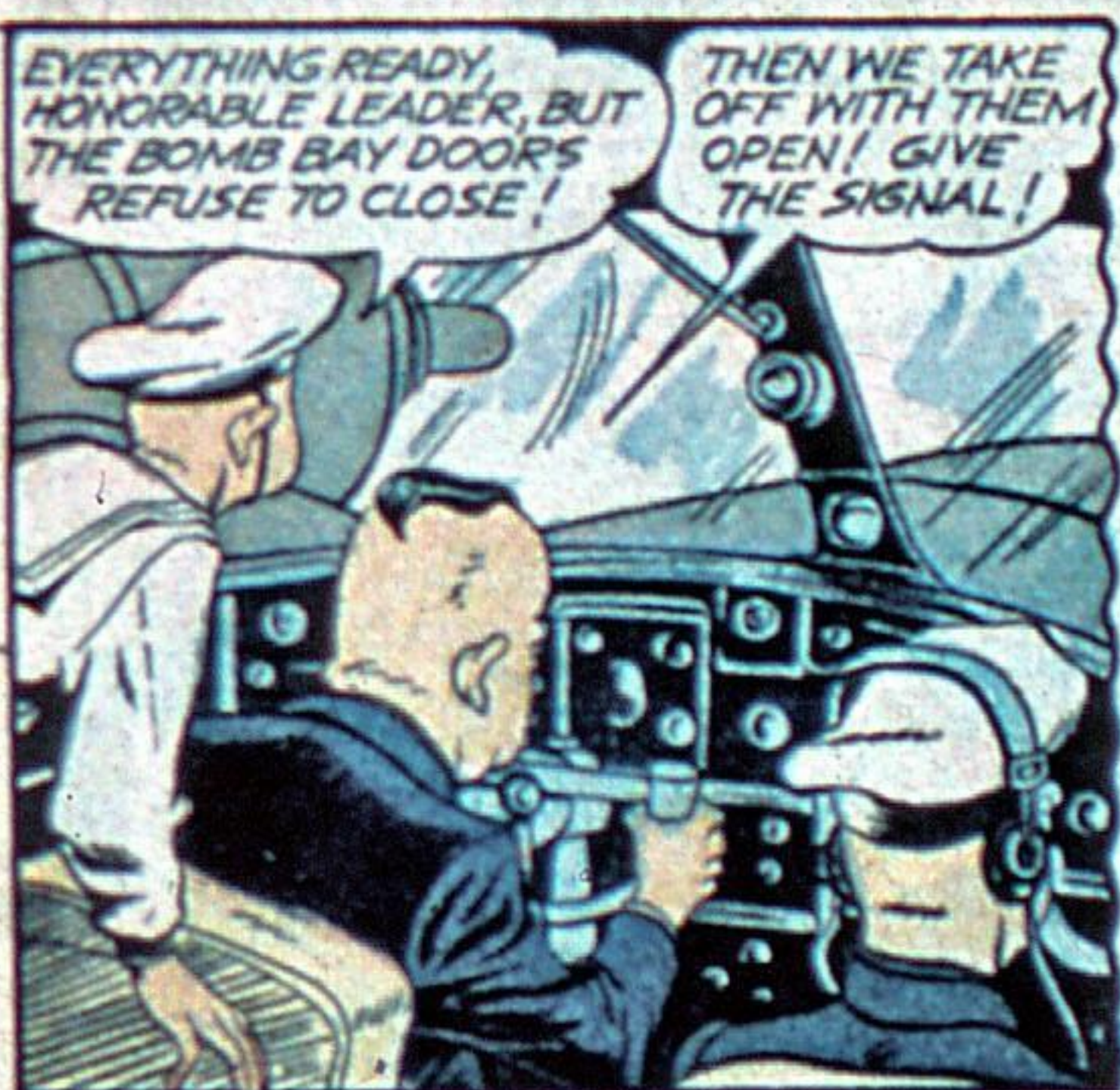
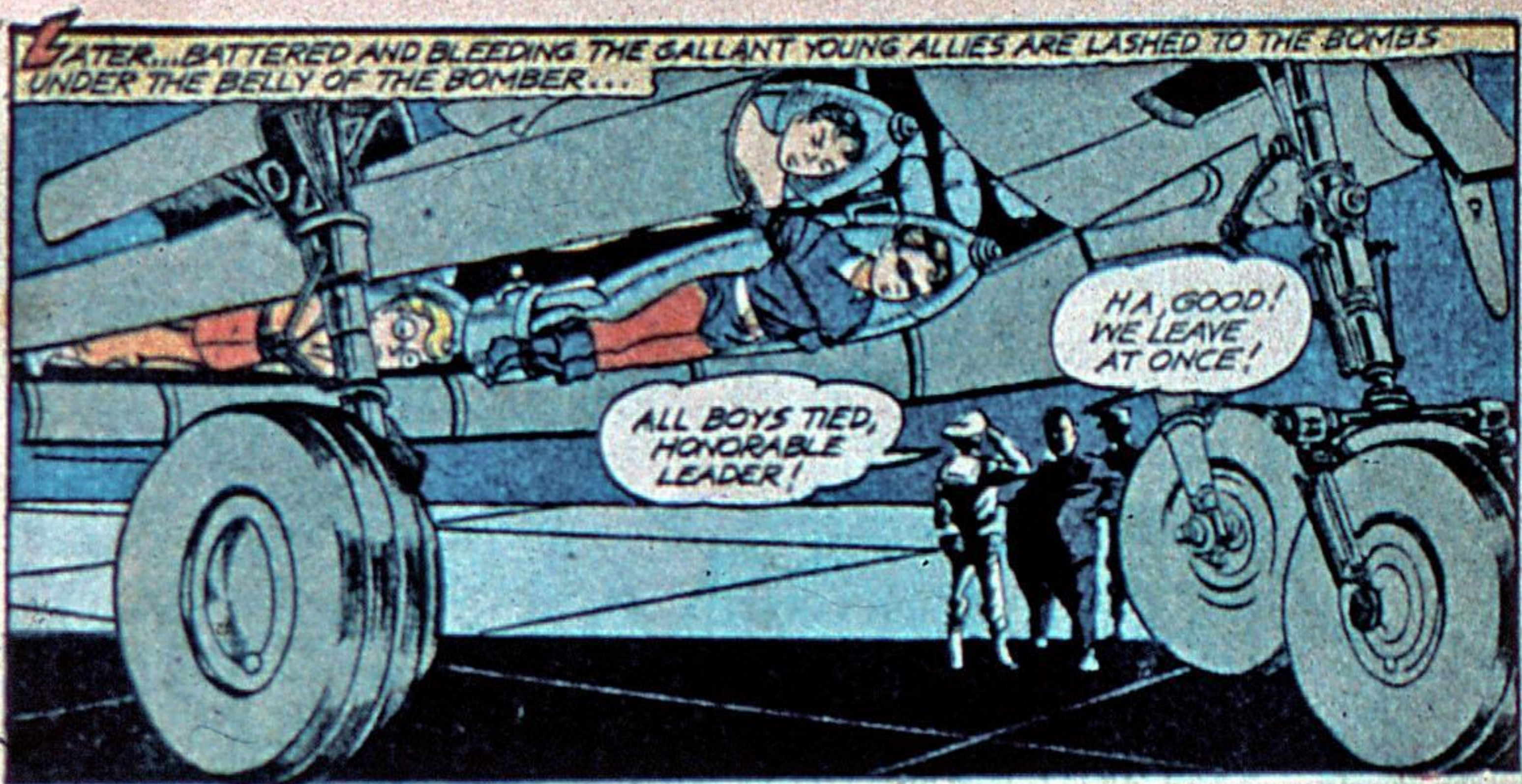
BUT SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS SOON OVER-
WHELM THE YOUNG ALLIES....



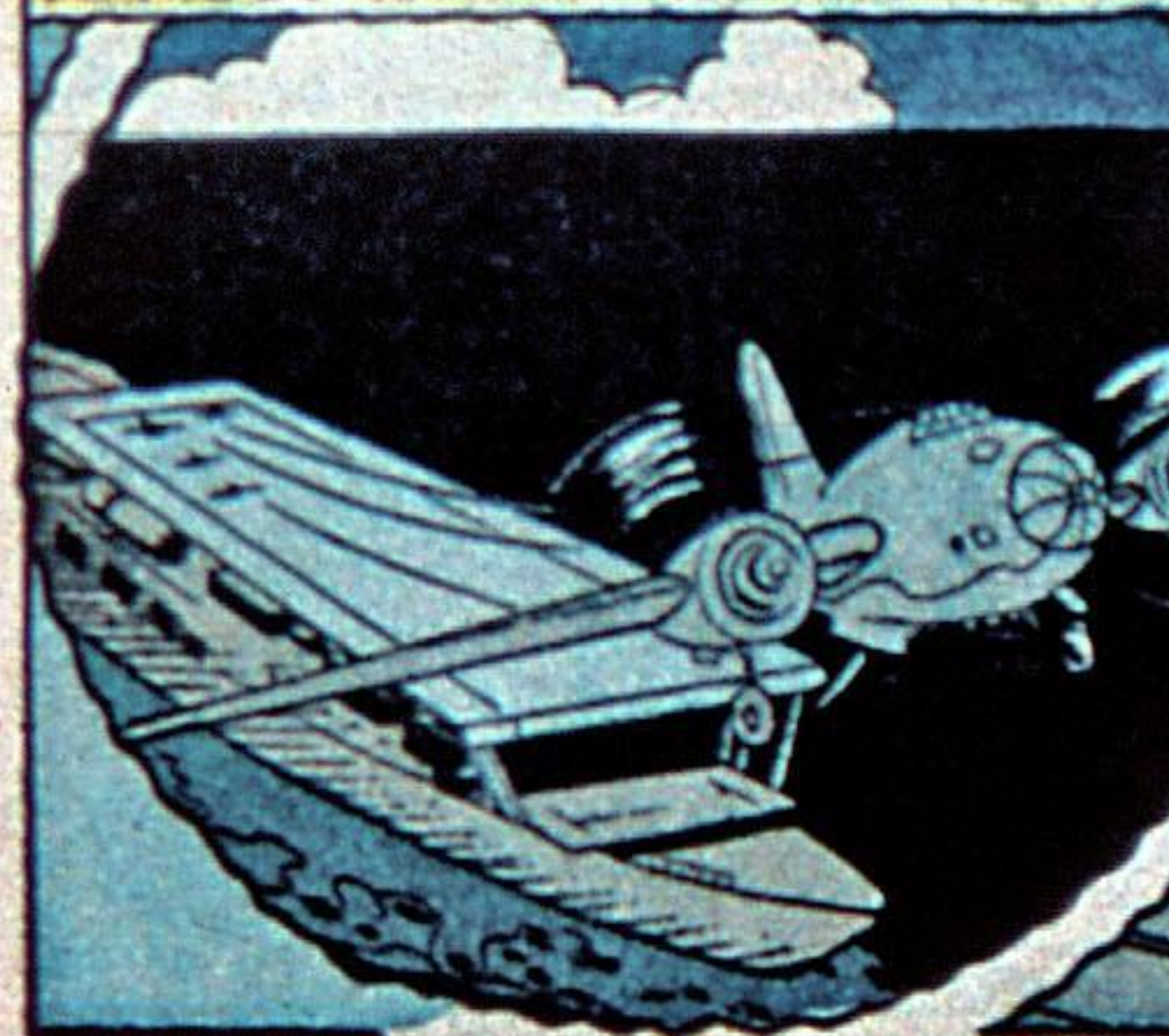
THIS WILL TEACH YOU
AMERICAN DOGS TO
ATTACK HONORABLE
JAPANESE!

WE'LL GET
YOU YET,
YOU RAT!

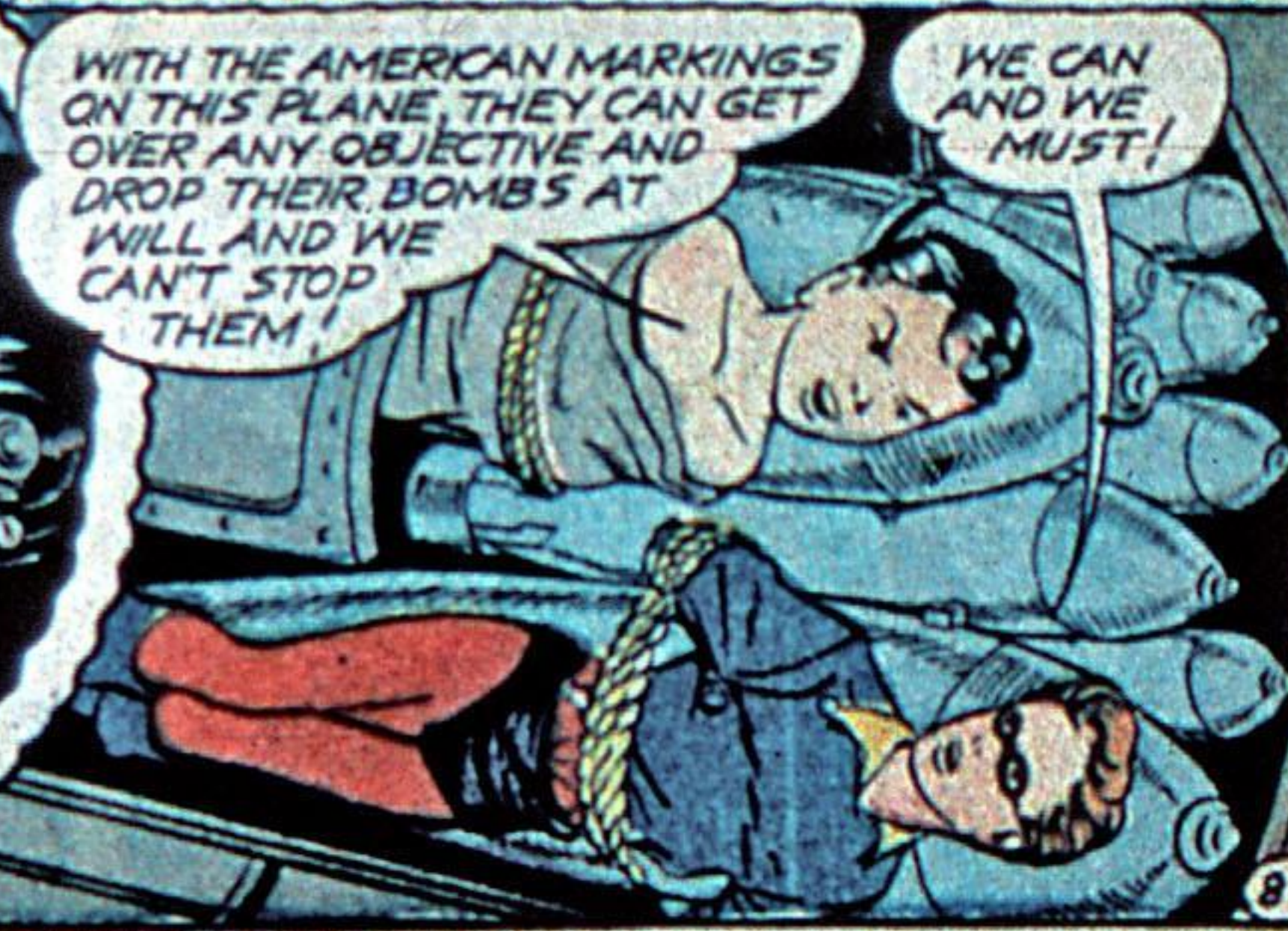


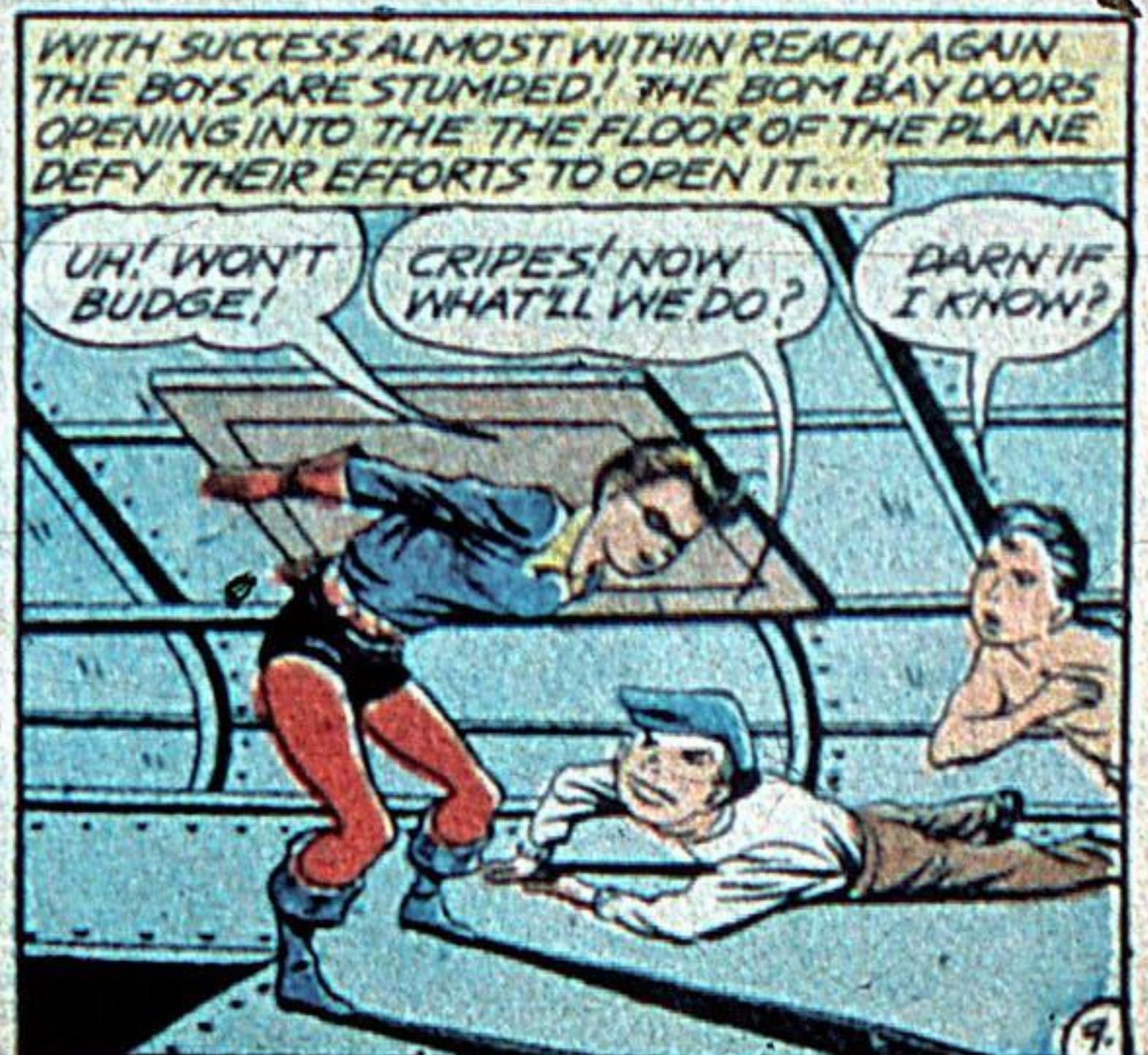
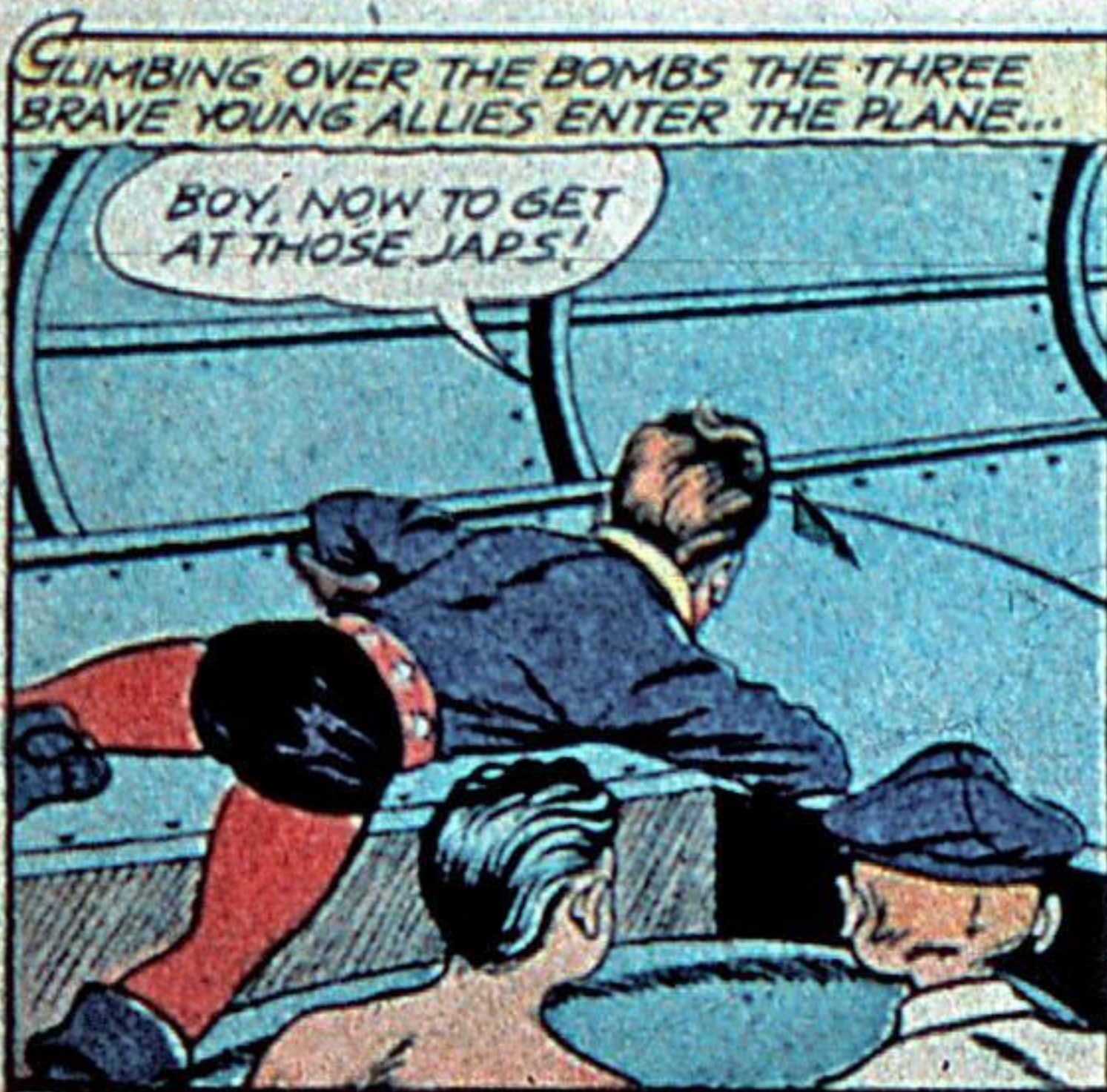
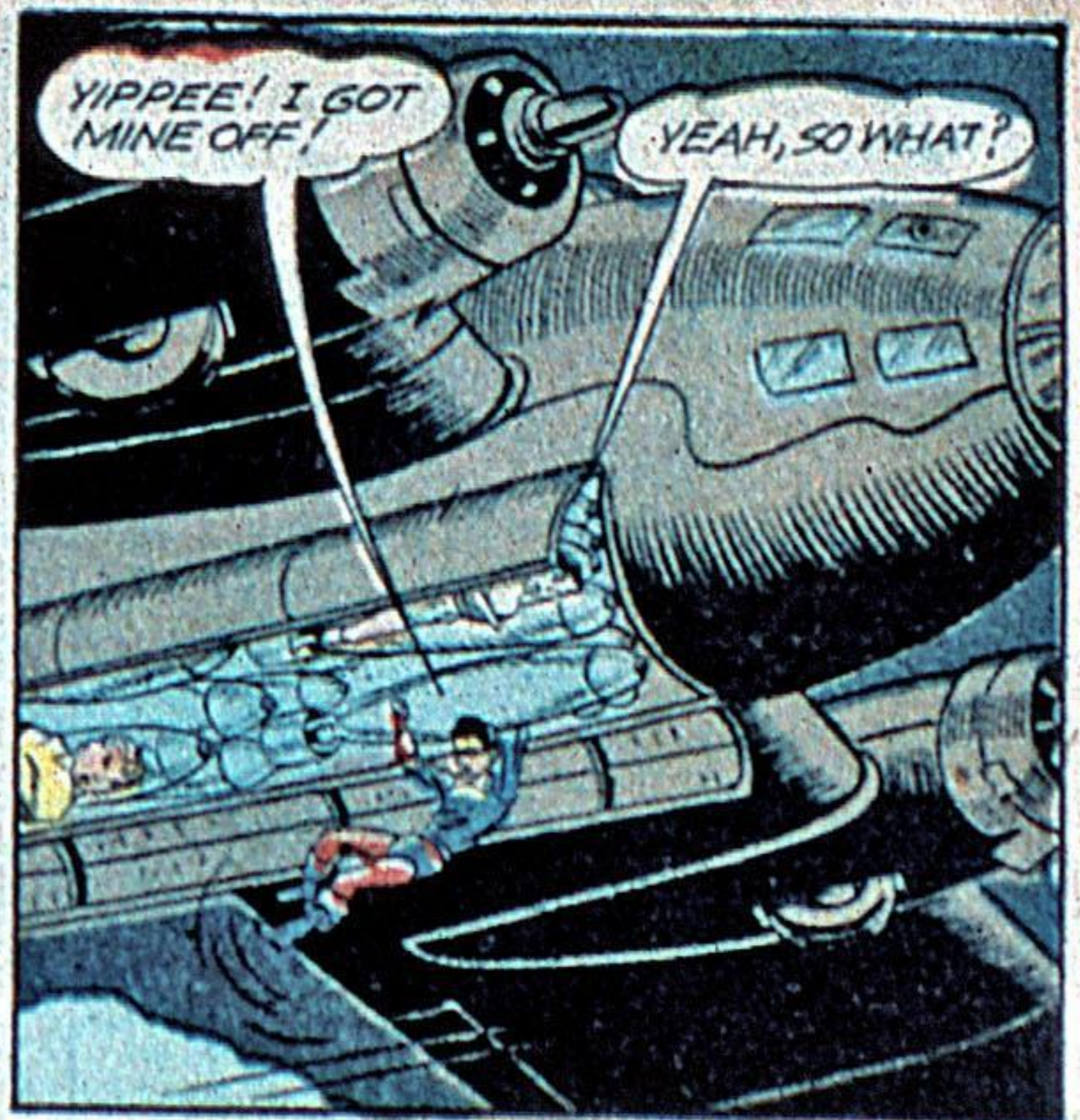
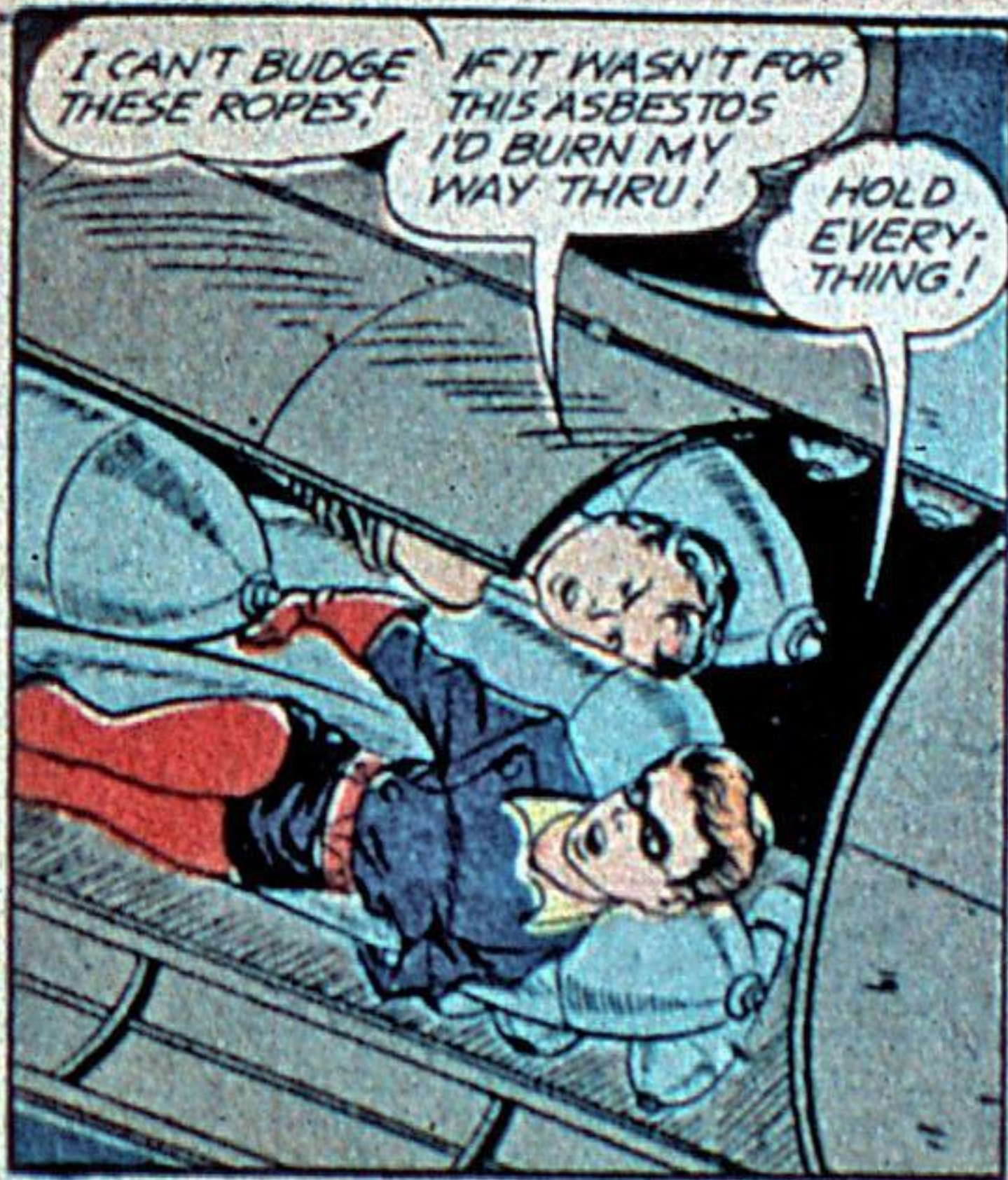


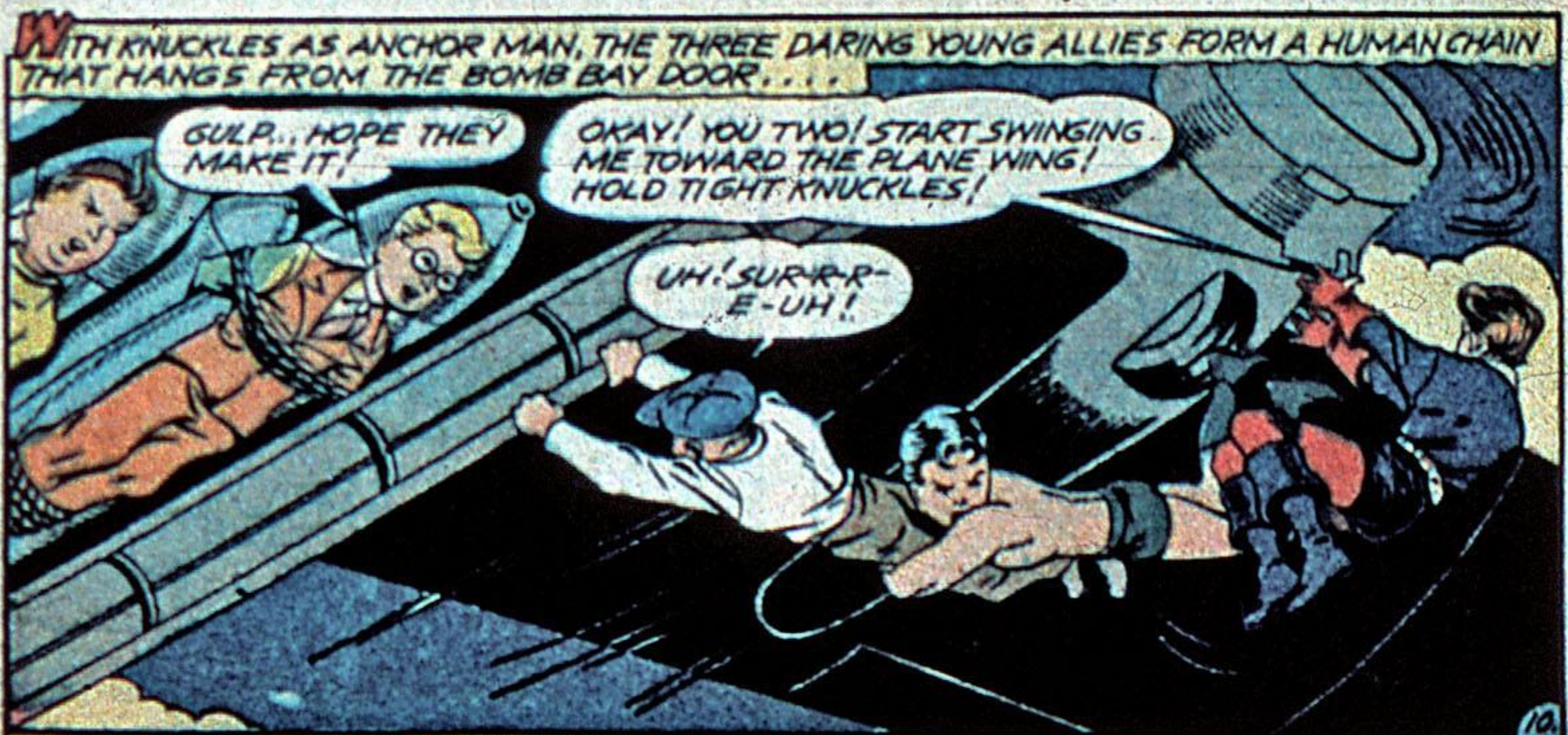
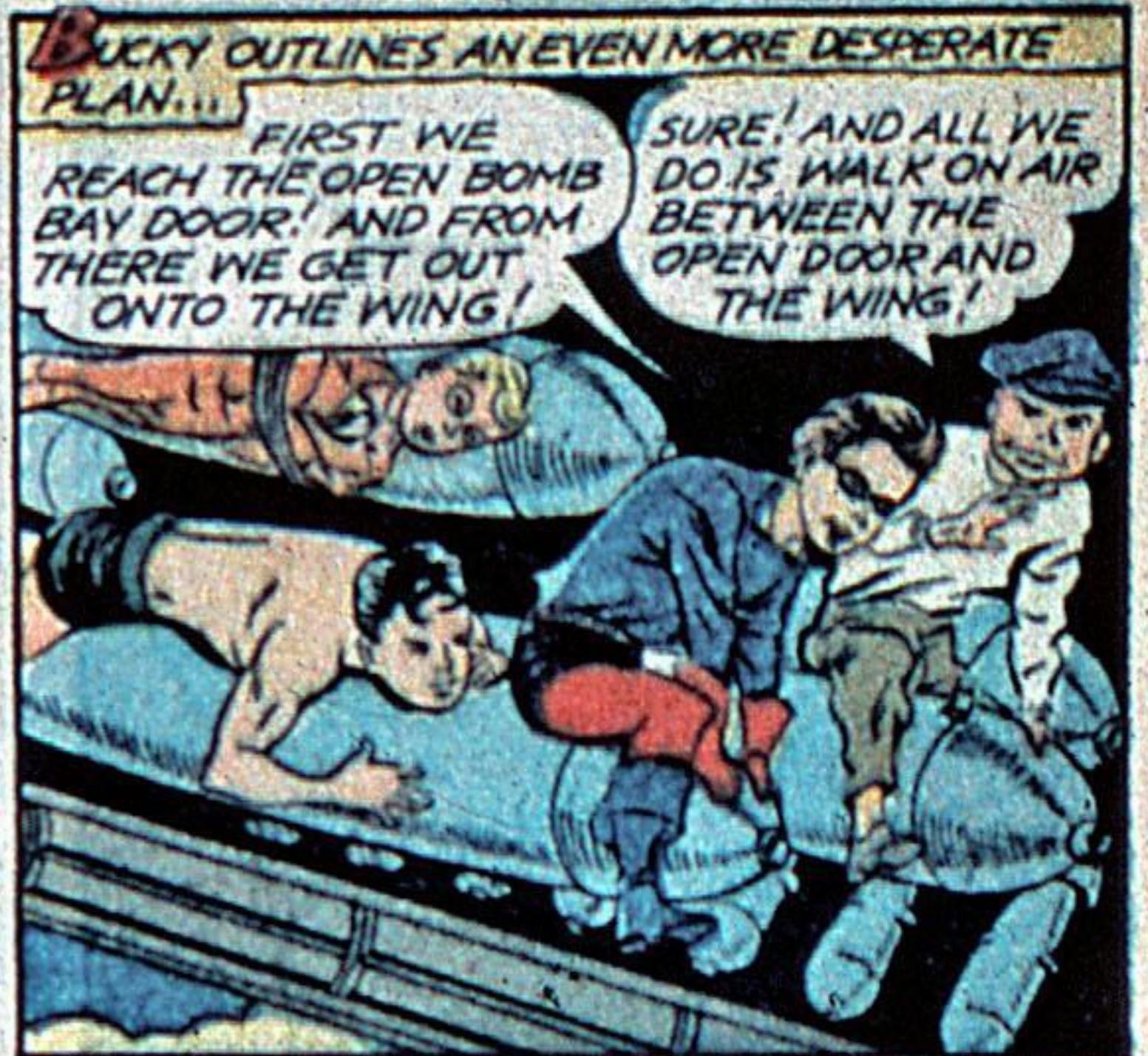
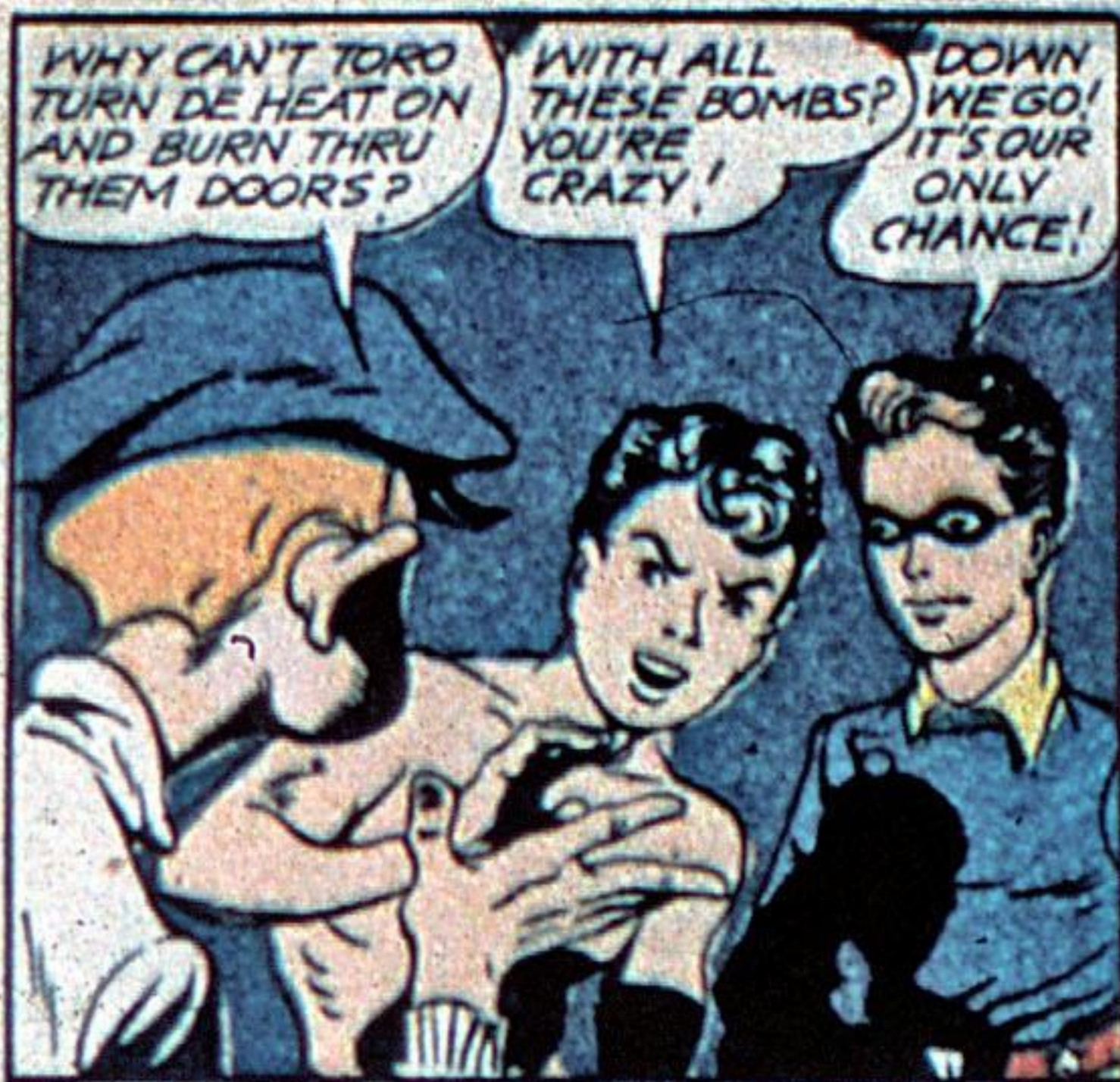
WITH A DEAFENING ROAR THE BOMBER CLEARS THE DECK OF THE CARRIER... WITH SIX HELPLESS FIGURES LASHED TO THE BOMBS UNDER NEATH.....



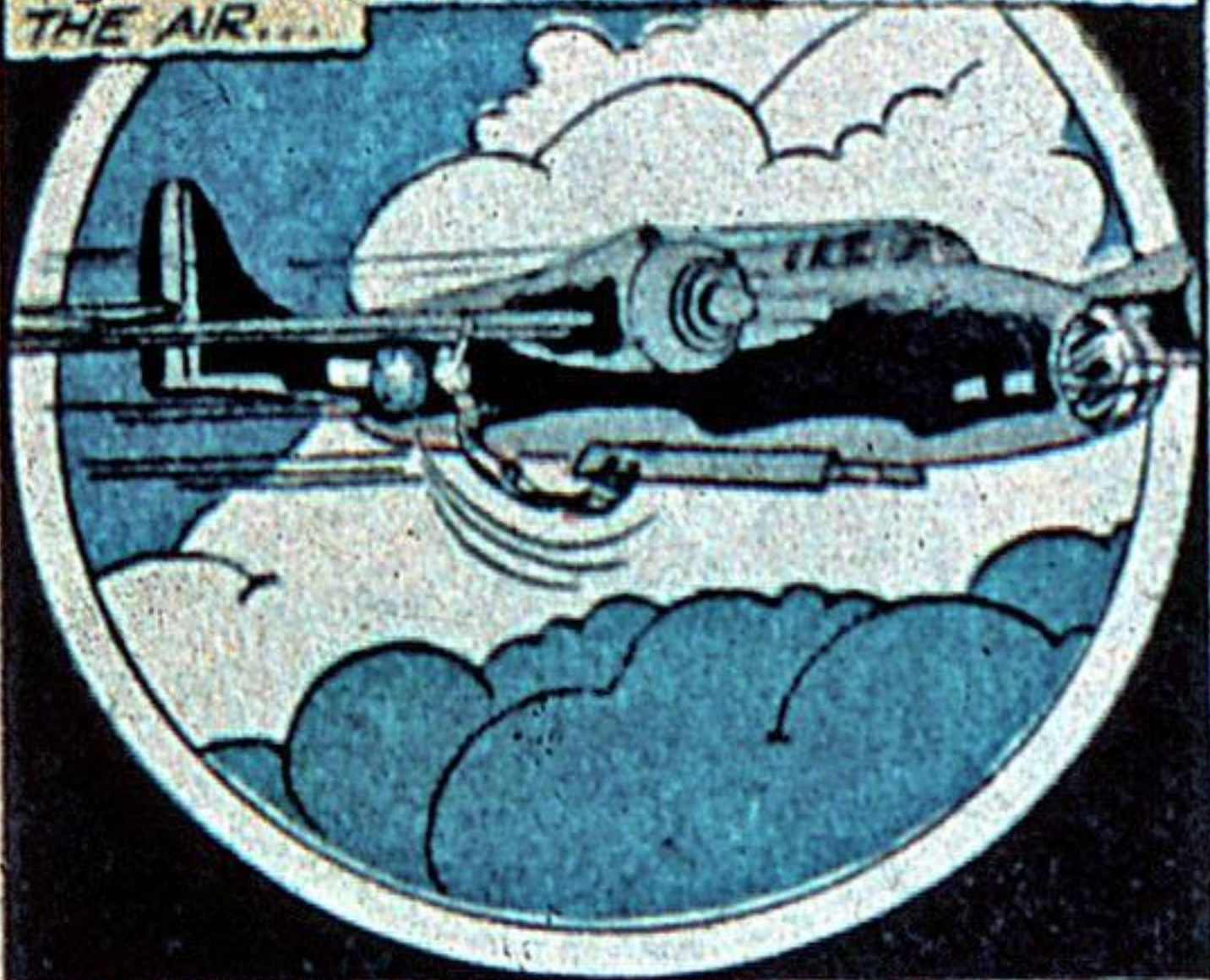
IN SPITE OF THEIR PERILOUS POSITION THE INTREPID YOUNG ALLIES PLAN TO FRUSTRATE THE JAPS WHILE THE BOMBER WINGS TOWARD THE WEST COAST....







NEARER AND NEARER THE WING, SWINGS THE HUMAN CHAIN, AS THEIR MIGHTY EFFORT CAUSES THEM TO DESCRIBE AN ALMOST COMPLETE CIRCLE THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR...



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AGES, BUCKY SUCCEEDS IN GRIPPING THE EDGE OF THE WING...

WHOOPEE! CONTACT! HOPE TORO REMEMBERS TO LET GO OF KNUCKLES' LEGS! CAN'T HOLD ON WITH THIS WIND WHIPPING ME!



NOW TO CLIMB ONTO THE WING!

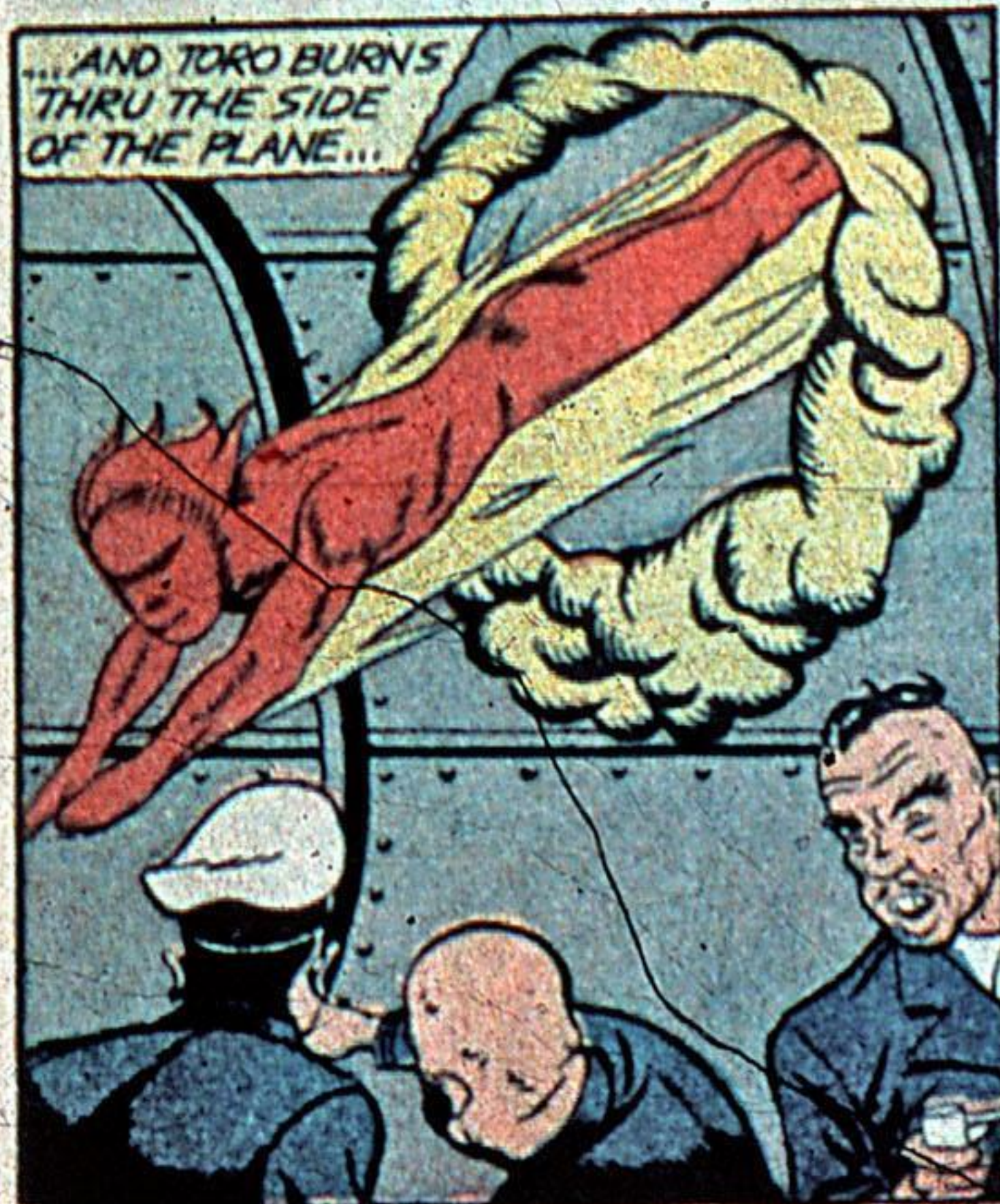
STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE OF HIS MAGNIFICENT YOUNG FRAME, BUCKY SUCCEEDS IN DRAWING TORO TO SAFETY ON THE WING...

UH! MADE IT! OKAY, TORO! IN WE GO... AND START FLAMING!

OKAY... JUST GET ME UP THERE!



...AND TORO BURNS THRU THE SIDE OF THE PLANE...



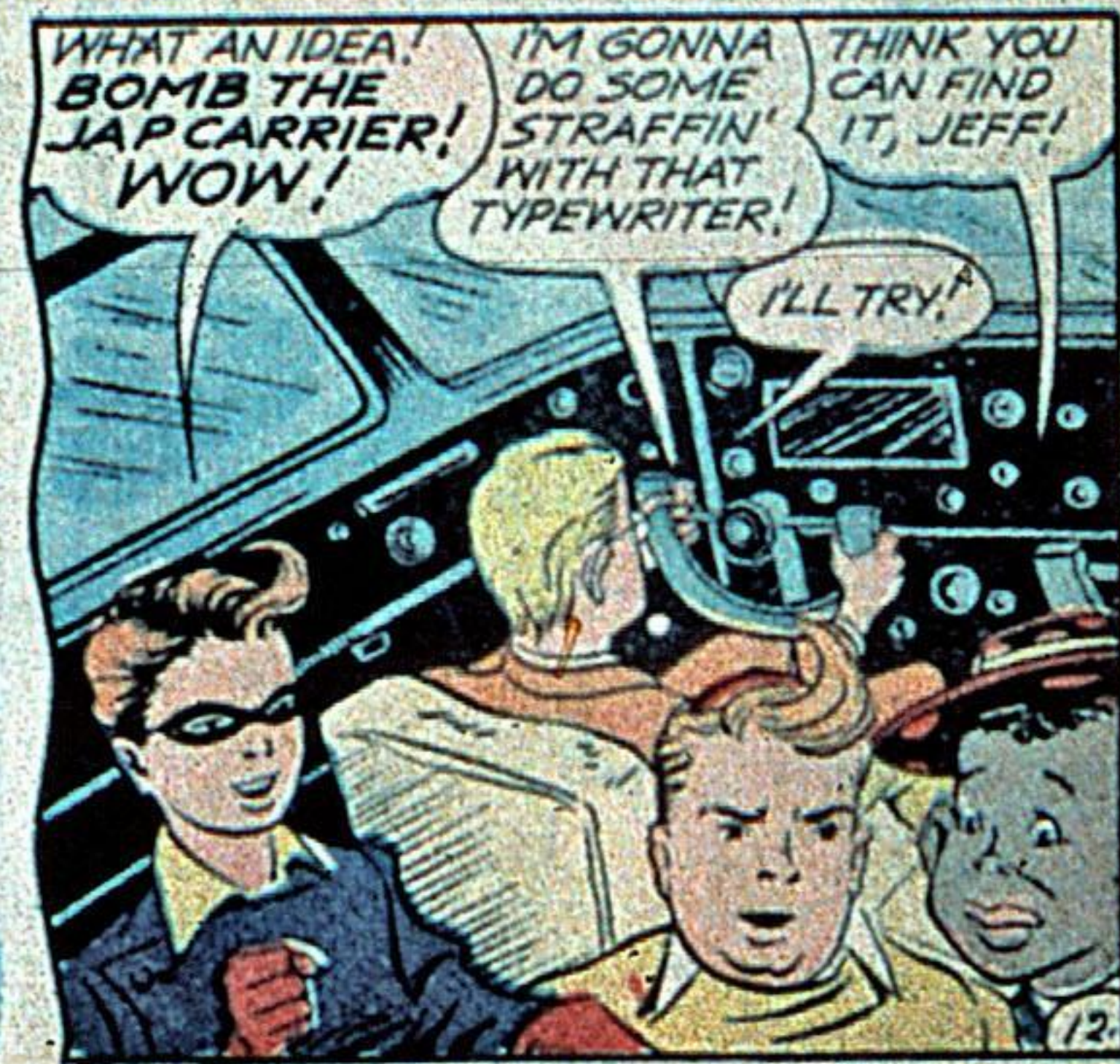
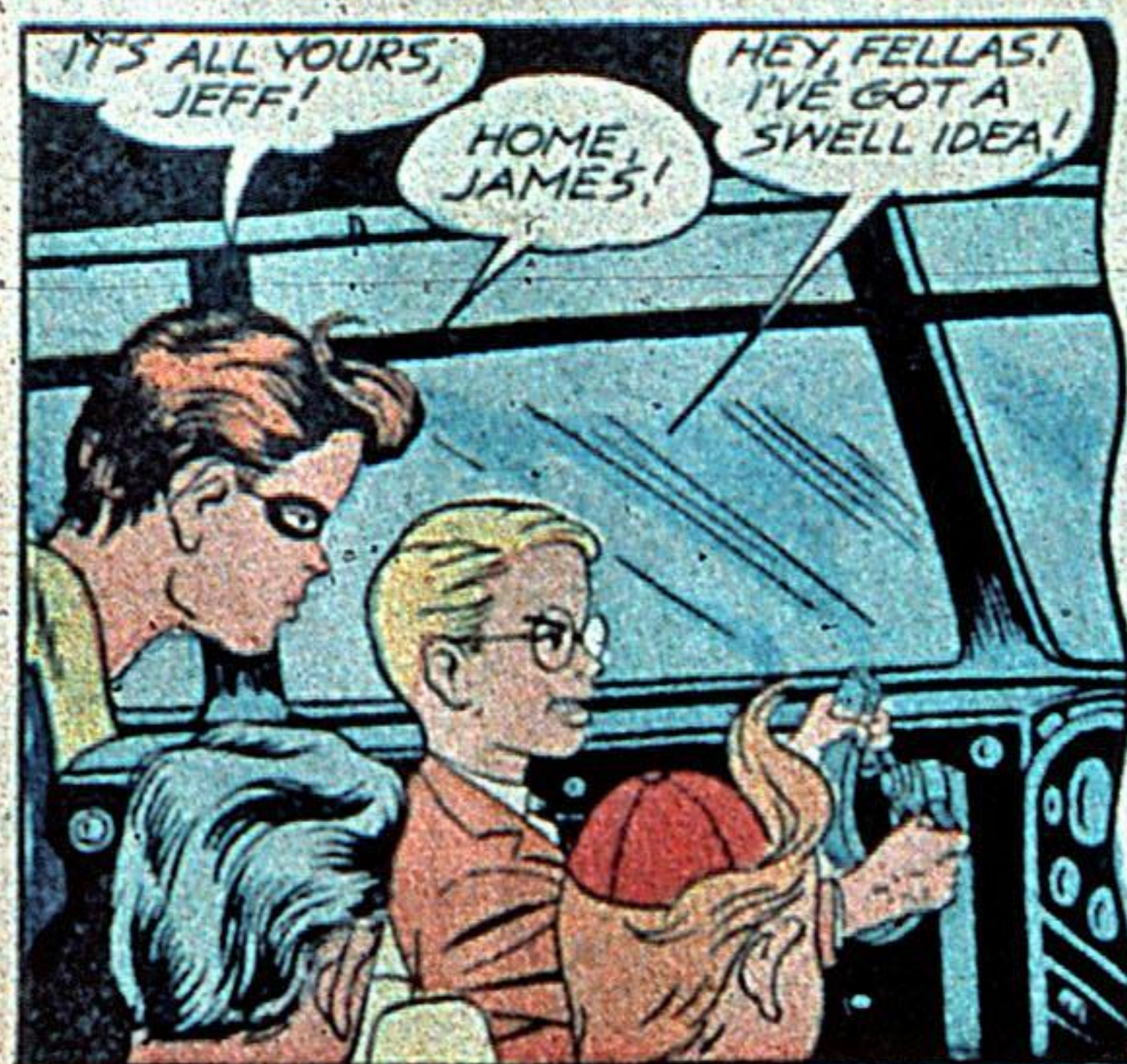
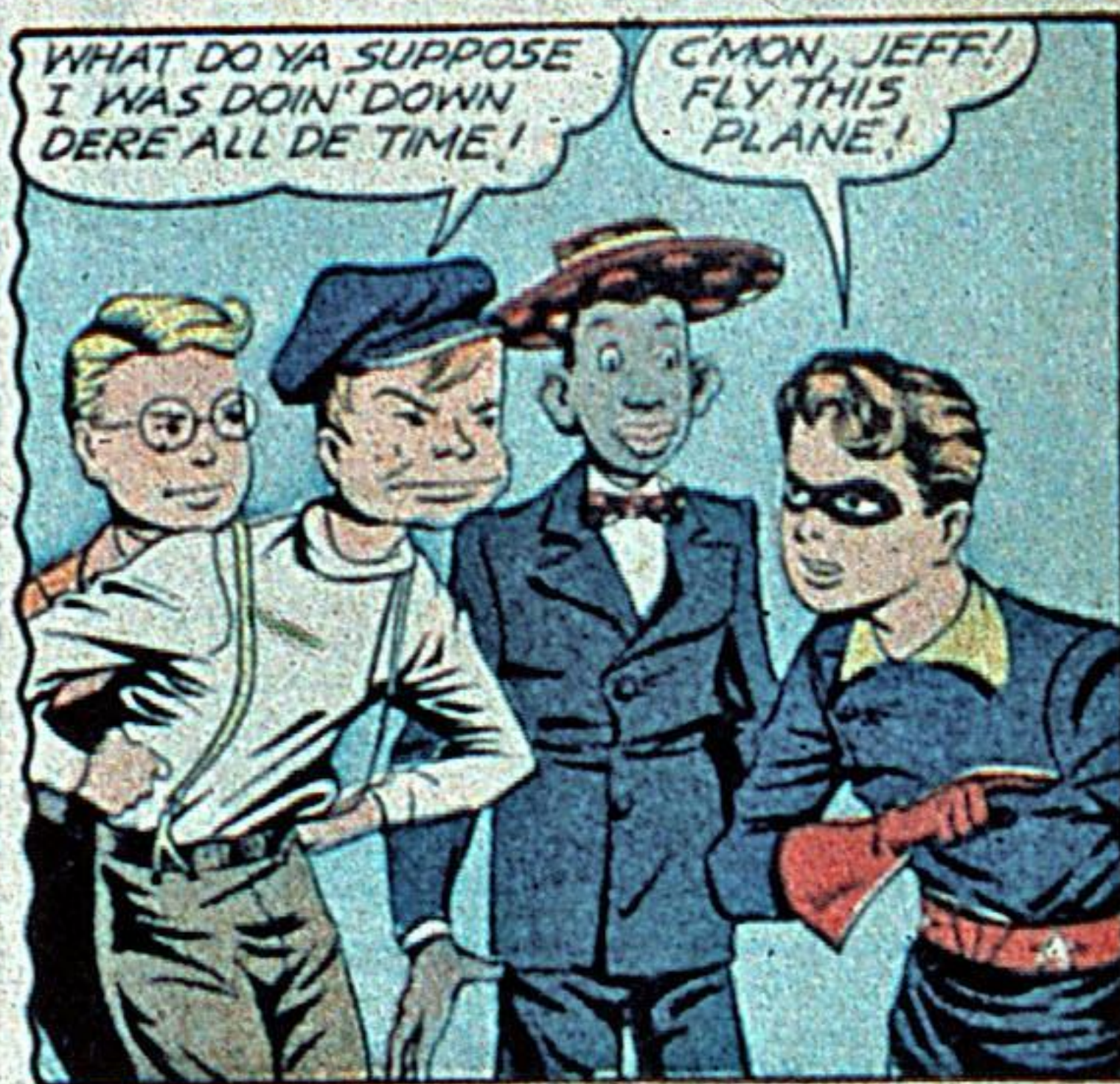
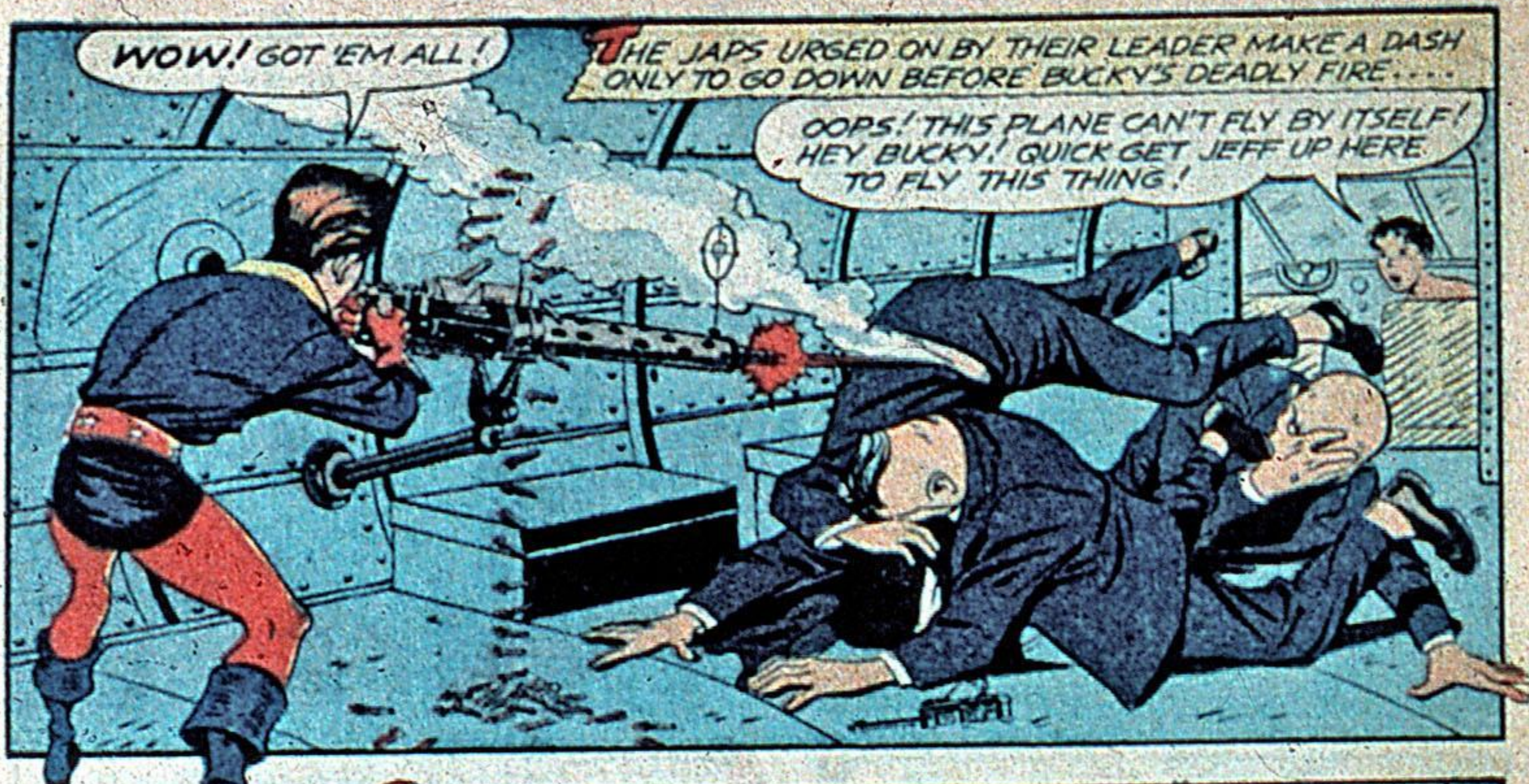
FOLLOW ME! DON'T LET THE FLAMING ONE CORNER YOU!

HEY! I CAN'T HOLD THEM!

LET 'EM COME! I'M READY!

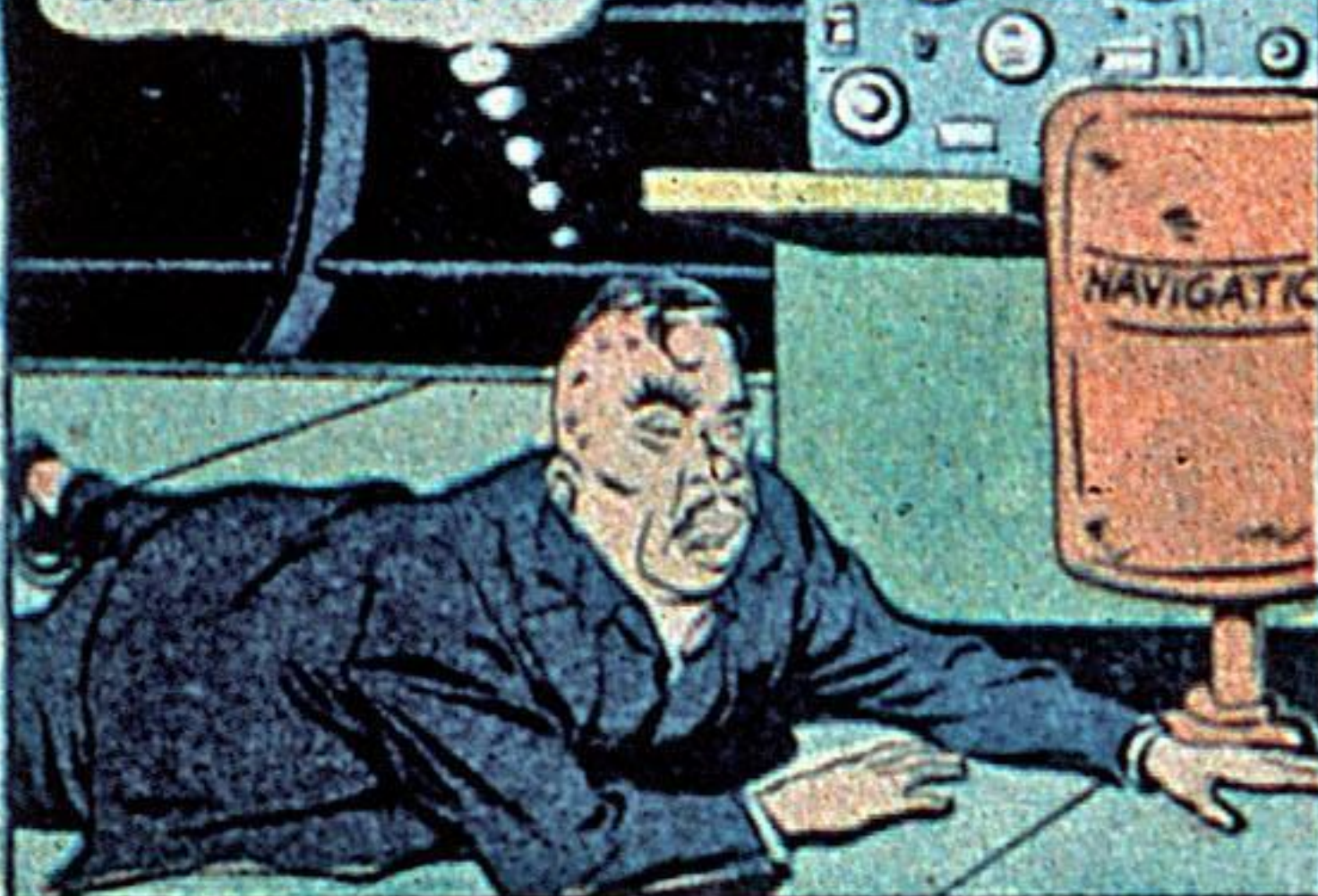


BUCKY QUICKLY FOLLOWS AND GRABS THE MACHINE GUN...



... AND WHILE THE BOYS ARE KEENLY WATCHING FOR SIGHT OF THE CARRIER THE SUPPOSEDLY DEAD JAP LEADER STIRS AND CRAWLS TOWARDS THE RADIO SET...

I MUST WARN THE CARRIER...



MAJOR OSAKI CALLING CARRIER... MAJOR OSAKI...

CARRIER ANSWERING...



BUT SOME SIXTH SENSE WHIRLS BUCKY AROUND...

WHAT TH...? HE'S WARNING THE CARRIER!

THEY HAVE POSSESSION OF PLANE AND ARE GOING TO BOMB YOU! READY ANTI-AIRCRAFT AND PLANES!



TO LATE! THEY ARE WARNED! UGH!

THERE'S THE CARRIER BELOW!

THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR A WHILE!



THE YOUNG ALLIES HOLD A GRIM COUNCIL OF WAR... AS JEFF CIRCLES THE CARRIER...

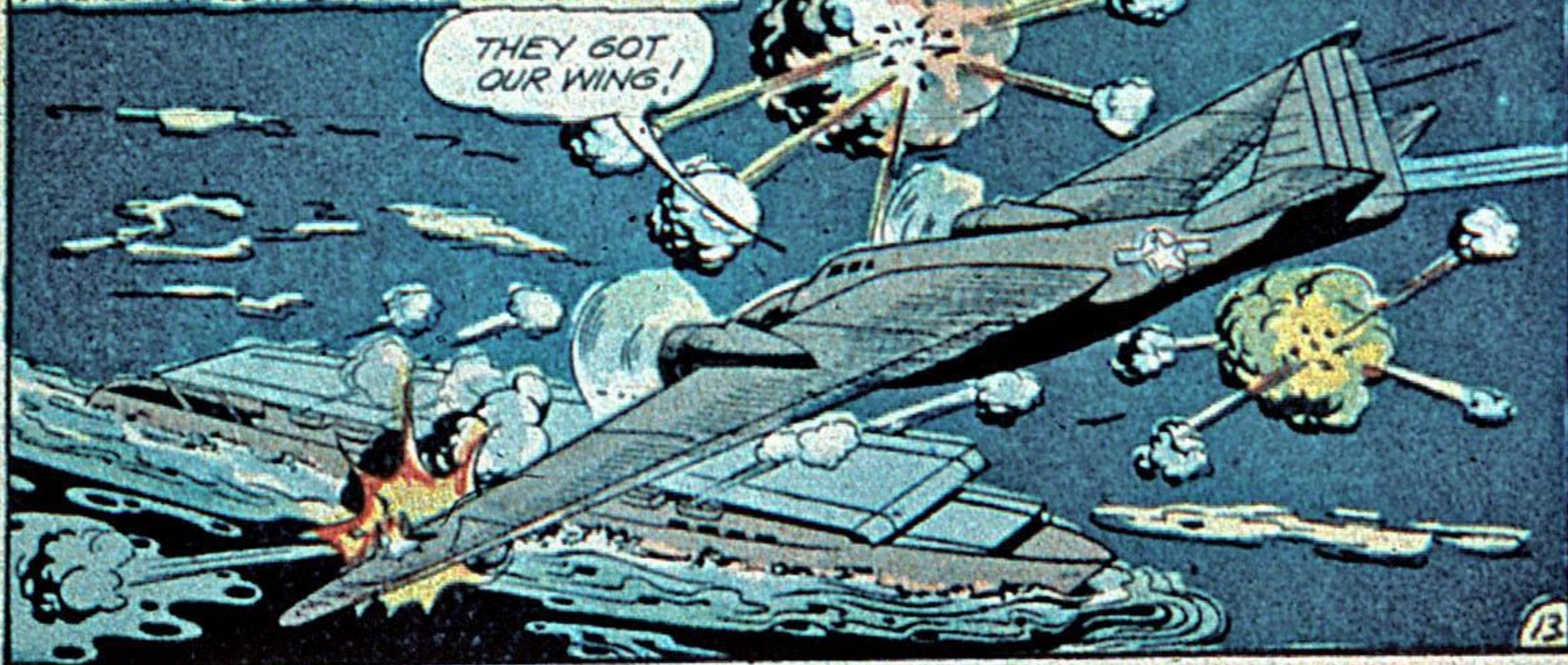
IT'S UP TO YOU FELLAS! WHAT DO WE DO? THE CARRIER HAS BEEN WARNED!

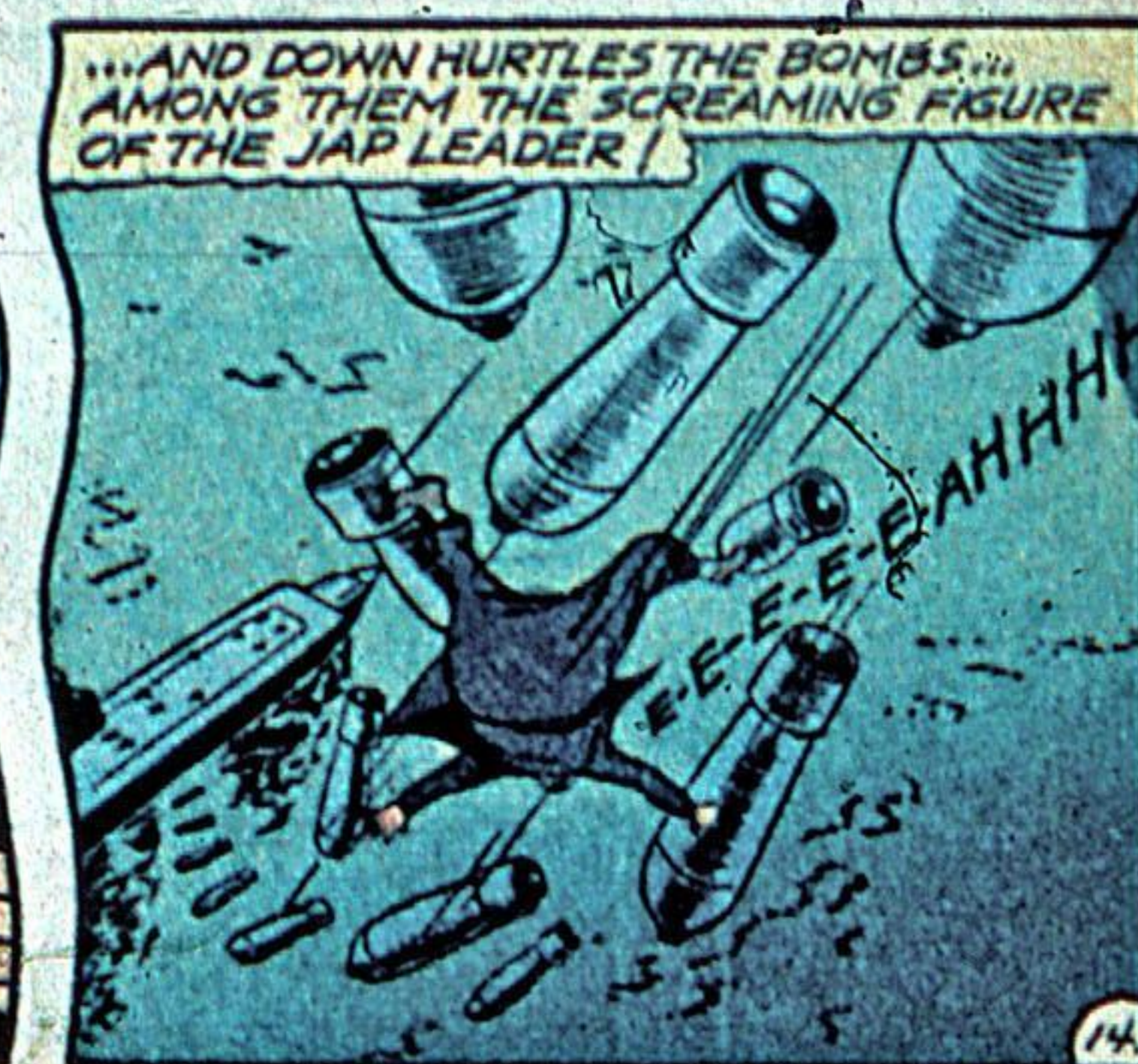
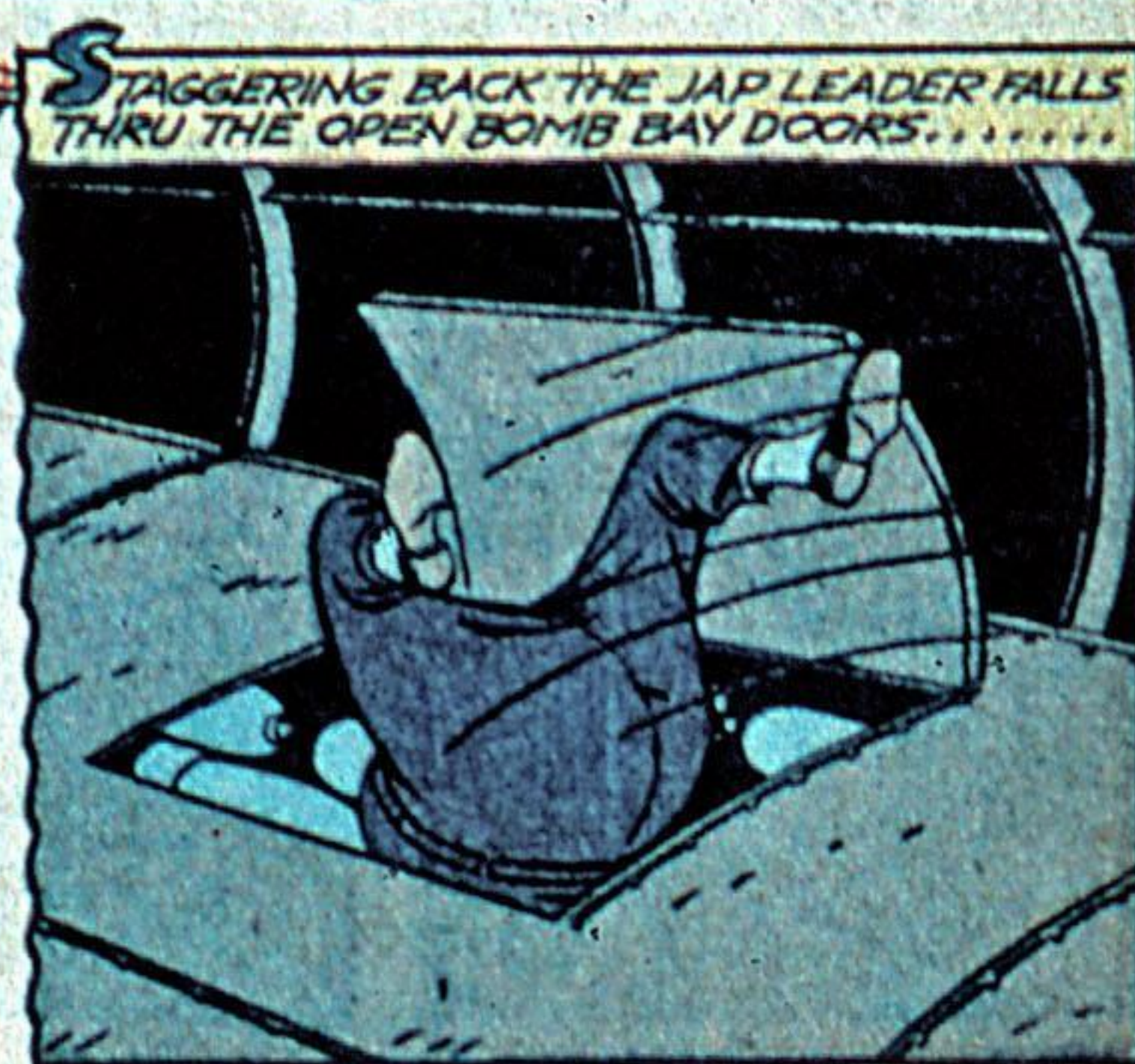
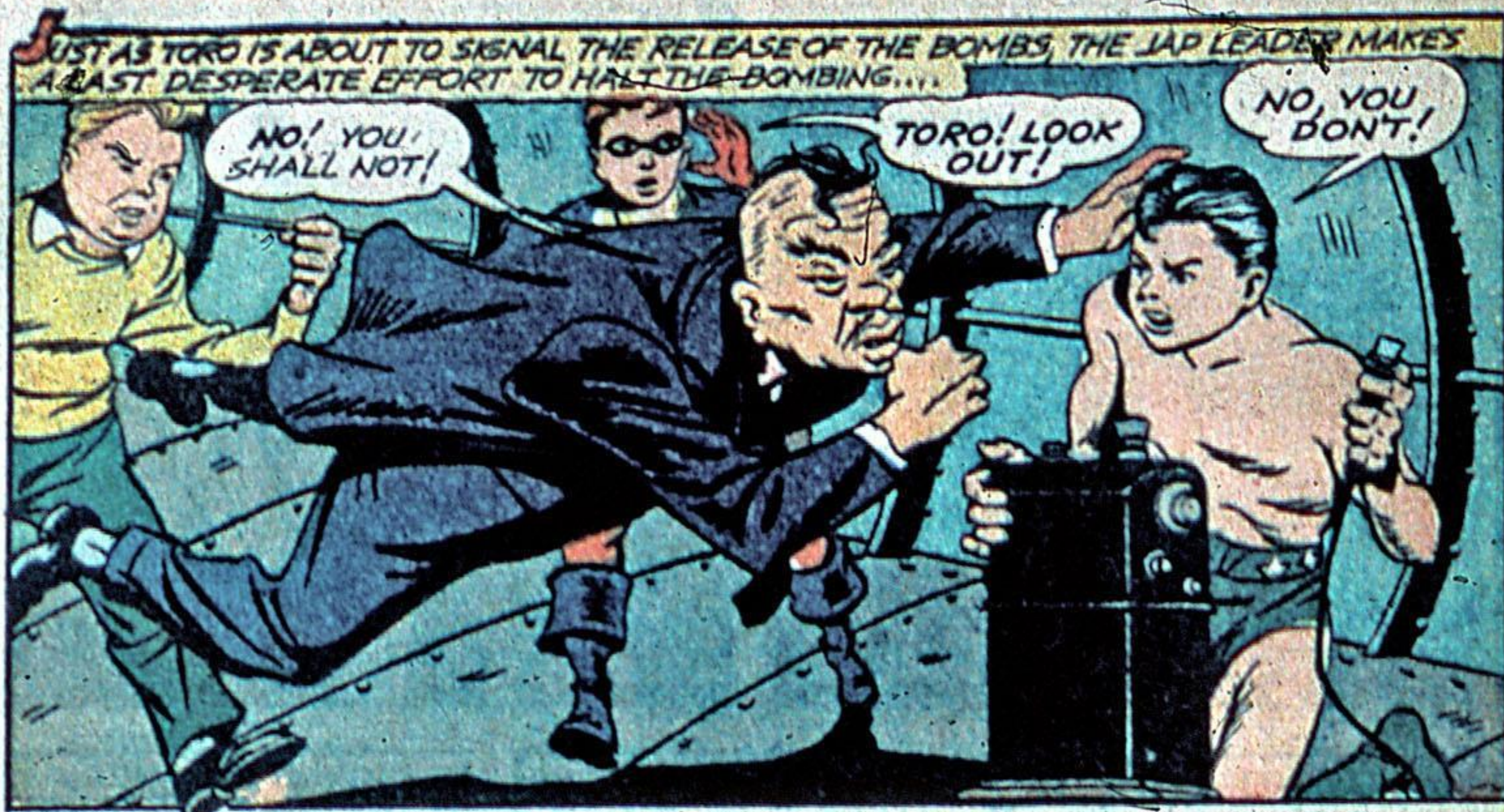
BOMB THE CARRIER!

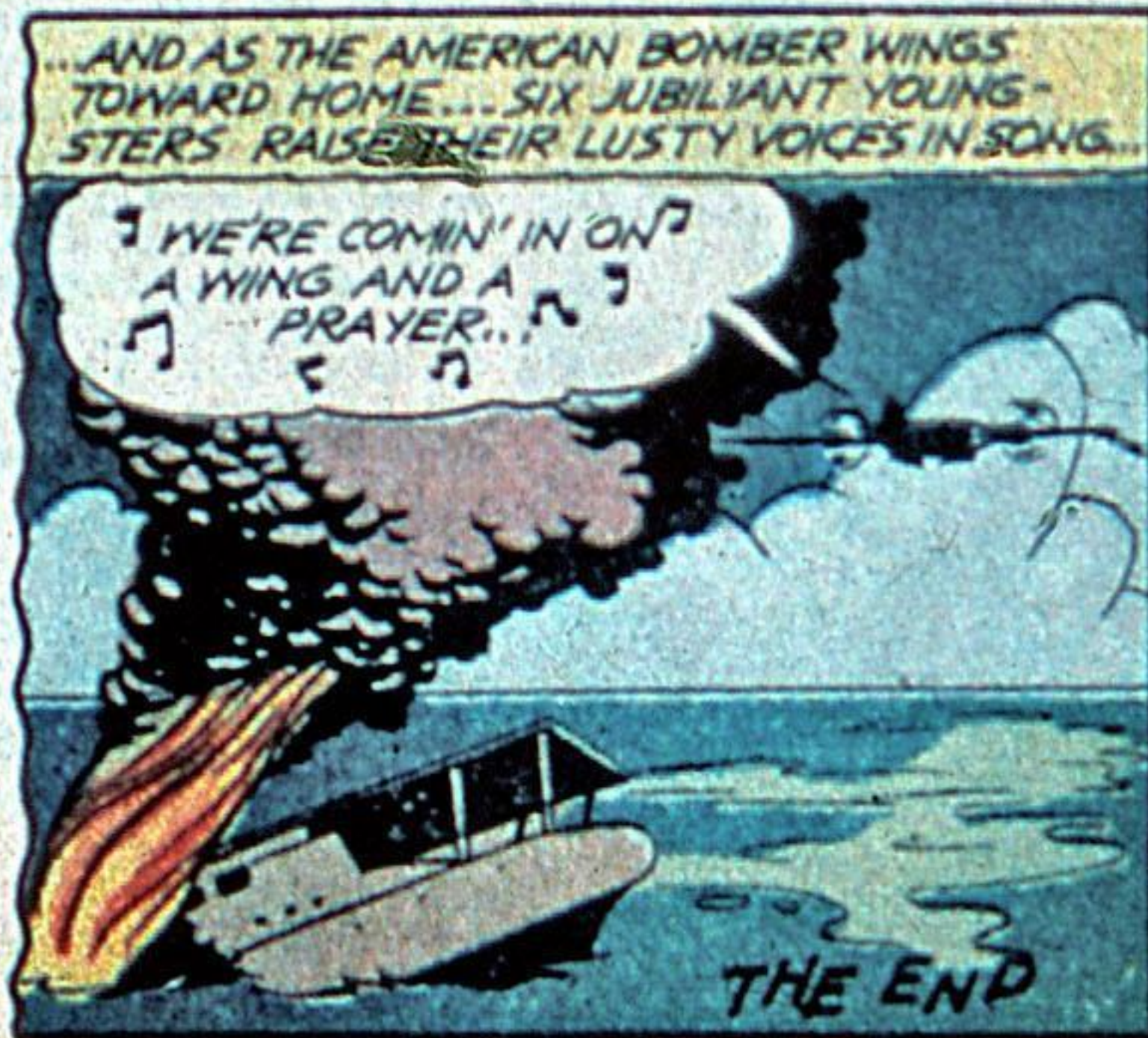


DOWN THRU THE INFERNO OF ACK-ACK FIRE DIVES THE BOMBER WITH THE YOUNG ALLIES HOLDING TO THE TARGET....

THEY GOT OUR WING!







YOUNG ALLIES QUIZ!



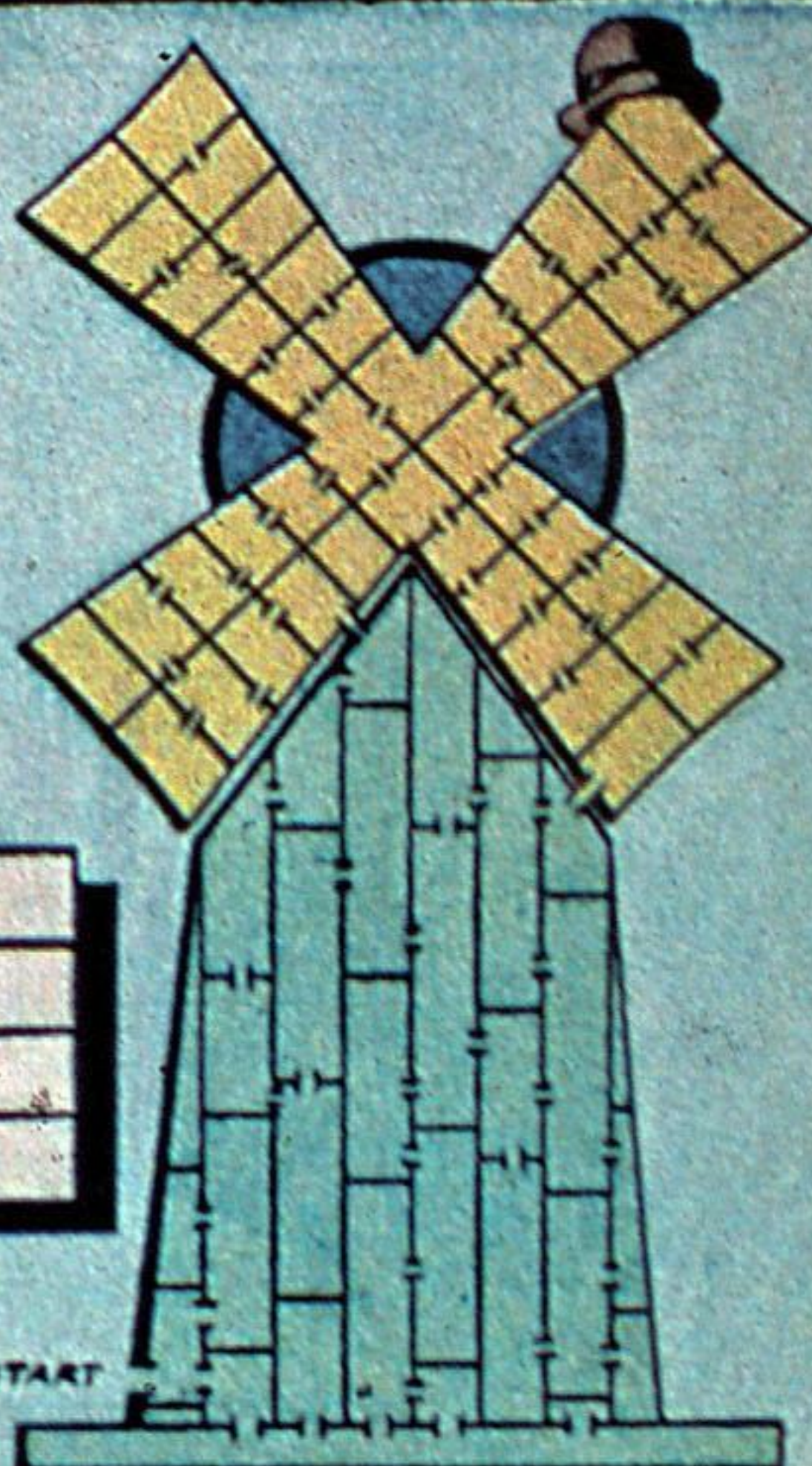
HOLD THIS PAGE UP IN FRONT OF YOU AND MOVE IT IN A CIRCULAR MOTION...SEE THE DISCS REVOLVE!



BE PATRIOTIC AND UNSCRAMBLE THIS VICTORY SLOGAN... THIS ONE IS EASY...YOU CAN DO IT!

BELOW ARE EIGHT SQUARES WITH THE LETTERS S T IN THEM... SEE IF YOU CAN COMPLETE THE EIGHT FOUR LETTER WORDS!

ST	ST
ST	ST
ST	ST
ST	ST



START

FOR TOMMY'S HAT BLEW UP ON THE WINDMILL... CAN YOU GET IT?



Boys-Girls! Solve This Puzzle

It's Fun--Try It!

In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example, the letters, "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN." You will find him in the picture with his pipes, playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YNTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR ONIHR OOND
5. CAXJ NAD ILL

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you.



When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 208, Topeka, Kan.

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Beautiful

with the

Swiss Windmill Weather Forecaster

Now That Weather Reports
Have Been Banned For The
Duration—Every Family Needs
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Only
98¢

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The Windmill Forecaster Has Features Found In Forecasters Costing Up To \$10.00

The thermometer is guaranteed to be 100% accurate from 120° to 30° below zero. The amazing storm glass uses the same principle found in most expensive forecasters. When the weather is going to be fair, the crystals settle in the bottom of the tube—when rain or snow is predicted, the crystals rise to the top of the tube. It's so simple, yet virtually unerring! This lovely "Swiss Windmill" Weather Forecaster is fashioned of handsome carved style Burrwood—a masterpiece of craftsmanship—representing the colorful, rustic windmills of the Swiss landscape, with their weather-antiqued brown shingles, brightly gleaming red roof and latticed windmill blades—even the Swiss Alpine snow and the fir trees of the Alps are reproduced with the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl shown in pleasing contrast to the flowers of the mountainside growing around the windmill steps. The "Swiss Windmill" adds a glowing, colorful, decorative note to any room in the house. As a weather prophet, you'll use it constantly!

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Each and every Swiss Weather House is guaranteed to please you and give years of satisfactory service, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. It really must be seen to be fully appreciated. We want you to examine it—test it for seven full days so that you can see for yourself that it actually works—all on our iron-clad Money Back Guarantee of satisfaction. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the coupon today. Pay the Postman only 98¢ plus postage and a small COD fee upon arrival. If it isn't all we claim, return it at the end of seven days and we'll refund your money in full.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART.

Dept. 976, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

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Name

Address

Town State

Enclosed find 98¢. Please ship the Weather Forecaster, all postage charges prepaid.

IMPORTANT: If you want two or more Swiss Weather Forecasters, see the special wholesale dealer's price list at the left of this coupon.

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Mr. Jim Thayer DEPT. 13
Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

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NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official
PLANE models



SOME KNIFE
AND THE
BLADES ARE
SO EASY TO
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE —
IN ABOUT A
SECOND; 8
BLADES, TOO
— ONE FOR
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE KEY-
OFF — ALSO, DETAILED
INSTRUCTION BOOK —
FREE!

GEE! I WANT
TO MAKE KARY
MODELS, TOO!
'LL ASK DAD
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,
DAD —
THANKS A
MILLION!

SURE, SON,
HERE'S THE
MONEY.
WON'T YOU
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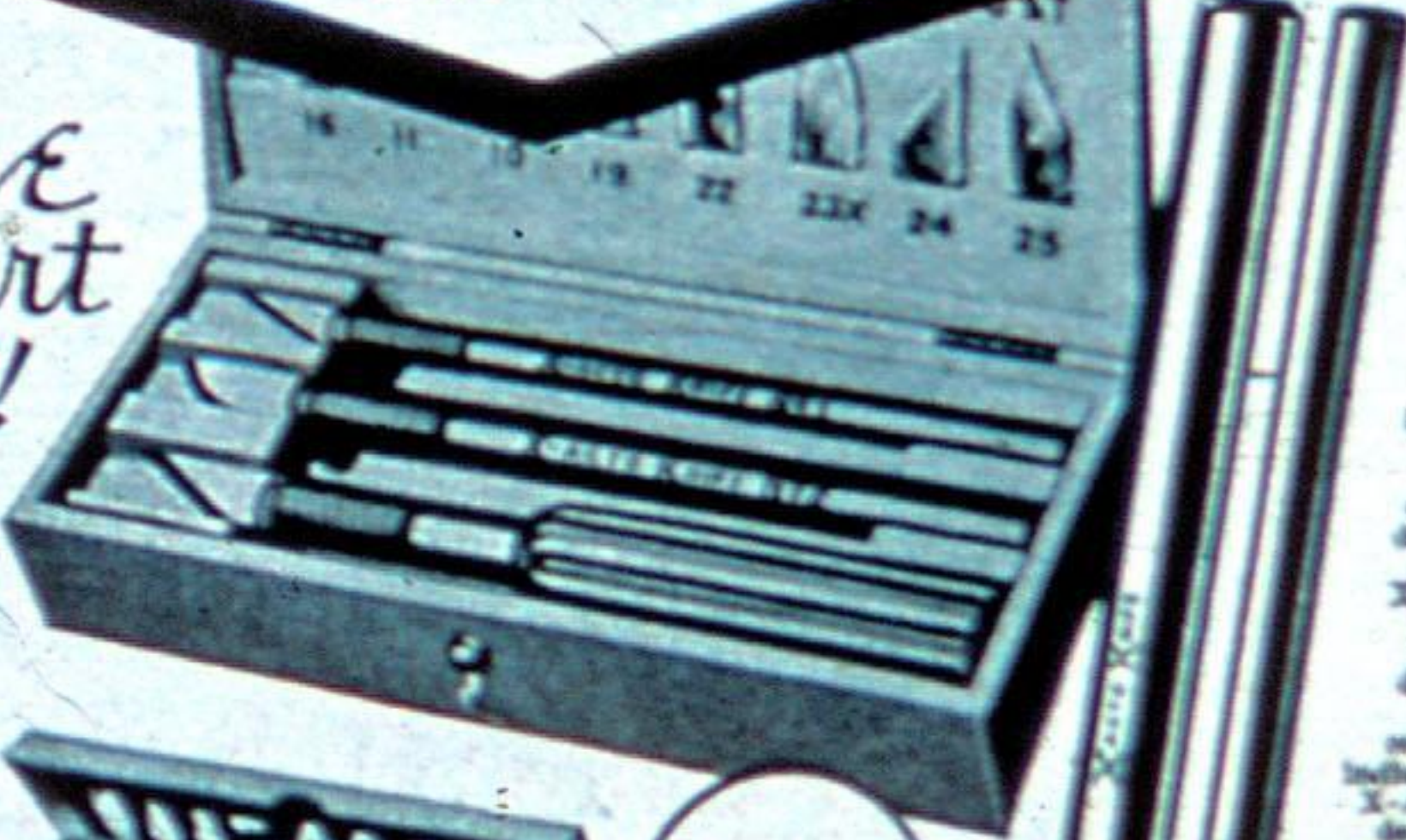
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City..... State.....

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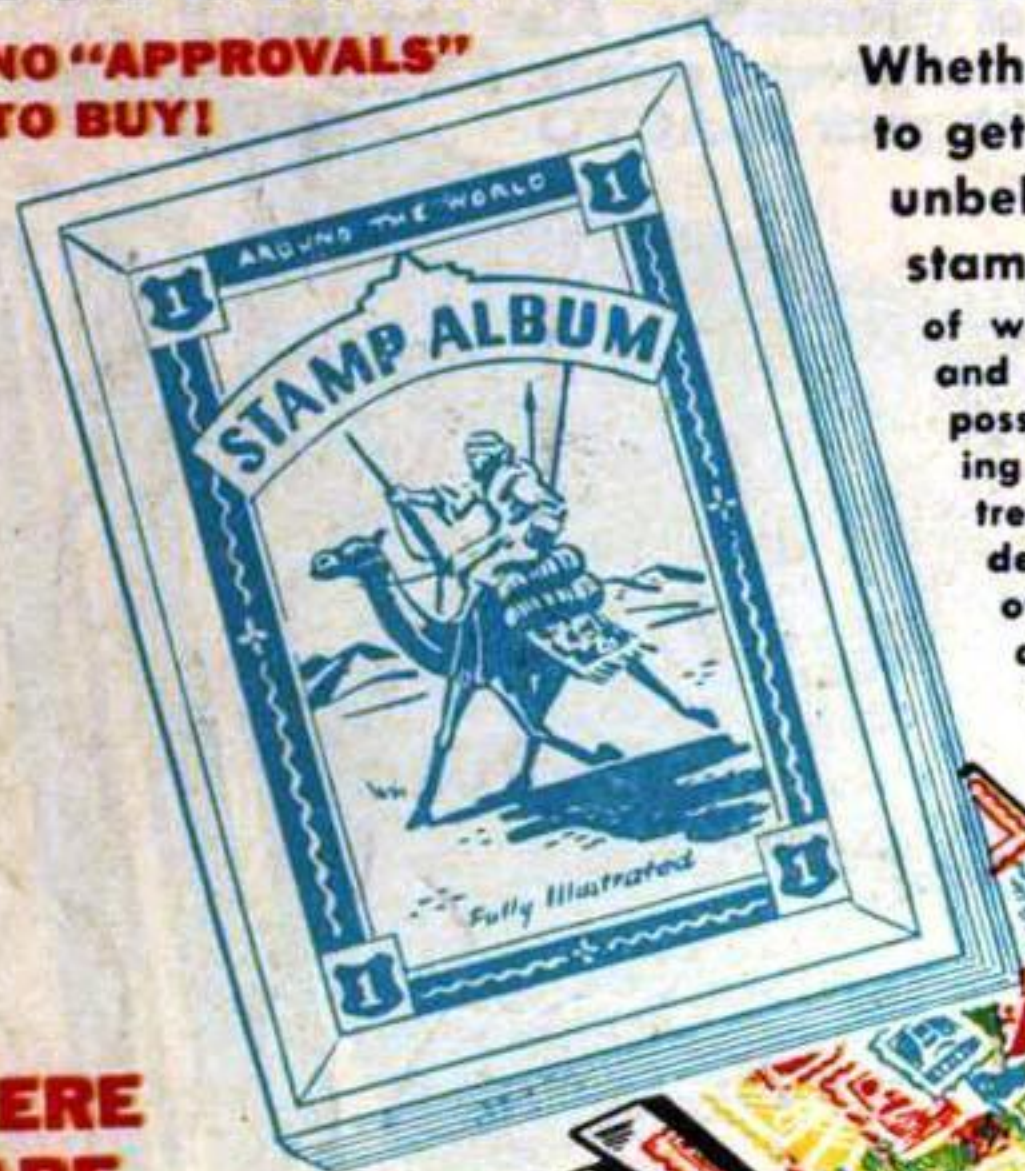
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